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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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THE FIGHT ON FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION

A SWEEPING DEMOCRATIC Presidential victory in 1924 is clearly indicated by "the fact that there are half a dozen able men contending for the Democratic nomination," at least so it looks to Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy, and while the conclusion is not shared by the Republicans, it is generally admitted that the contenders for the honor of bearing the standard of the Democracy are coming out into the open a full year in advance of the Convention. While no one has officially declared himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination, newspaper writers assert that the corraling of delegates has begun and leading politicians are declaring their preferences for this or that candidate. Furthermore, the statements of prominent Democrats on public matters are being analyzed to discover their personal platforms. Democratic editors in the large cities generally refrain from committing themselves on candidacies, apparently preferring to hold their fire; but throughout the country at large, particularly in the Democratic South, and among the small-town and rural journals which keep in close touch with their readers, a lively editorial controversy is already going on over the merits and demerits of the more conspicuous presidential "possibilities" in the party. At the present writing the discussion centers chiefly around three names: that of William G. McAdoo, because of his overwhelming lead in THE LITERARY DIGEST's poll of Democratic leaders; that of Henry Ford, who "carried" the *Collier's Weekly* straw vote taken among 250,000 of its readers, without regard to party; and that of Oscar W. Underwood, whose recent declaration of his views on governmental policies is taken as a preliminary to his avowed candidacy for the Presidential nomination. It seems to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) that THE LITERARY DIGEST poll will furnish the leaders of both parties plenty of food for thought. It will be remembered that the ten leading choices of Democratic office-holders and committeemen were, in order, McAdoo, Ford, Underwood, Smith, Cox, Wilson, Ralston, John W. Davis, Bryan, and Glass. Democratic papers in the great Democratic States of the South and West hail THE DIGEST's poll as remarkably significant. For instance, the Columbia (Tenn.) *Herald*, which has little confidence in ordinary preelection straw votes, approves THE DIGEST's method of gathering the sentiment of party leaders, observing that "if there is a predominant sentiment among the Democratic leaders for any particular candidate, the chances are that he will be nominated." In Arkansas the El Dorado *News* agrees that THE DIGEST poll is "thorough and certainly casts light upon a trend of the minds 'who make the nominations' at this time." The Montgomery *Advertiser* in Alabama likewise finds the result of the poll most significant, while the Wichita Falls *Times* in Texas sees the results running "true to Democratic form." Adds the Texas editor, whimsically:

"Those of us who are of the red-necked class are for McAdoo; those of us who don't know what we want or how to get it are for Ford; the conservative among us and those who want to go back to the old traditions of the party are for Underwood; those of us who like our likker are for Al Smith; and so on. It's great to be a Democrat."

On the other hand, the Charleston *Gazette*, in the doubtful State of West Virginia, would prefer at this stage less talk about candidates and more about principles:

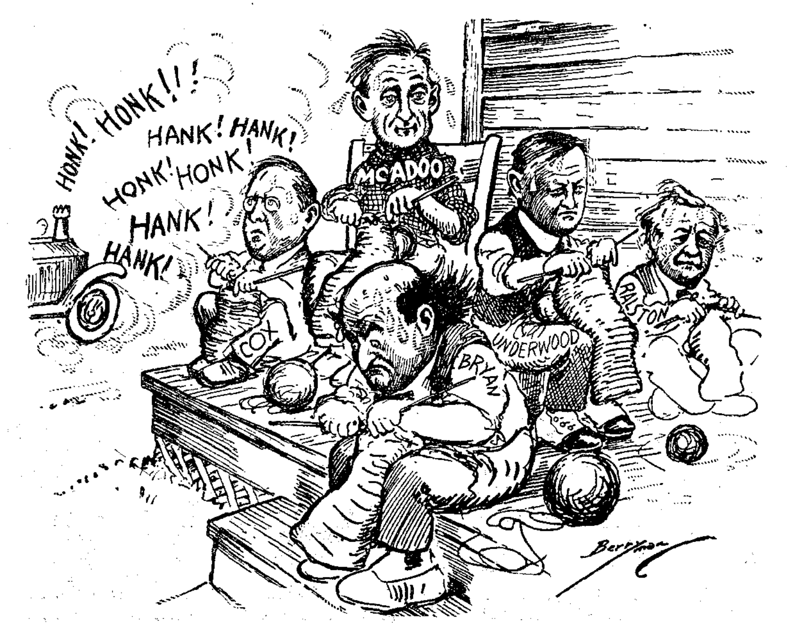
"We still contend, and it is bound to be fundamentally the true idea to follow, that the party should nominate with a definite purpose in mind, regardless of 'personal strength,' because that is the shadow of a myth. No individual is as strong as the party, if the party stands true. The party will be elected or defeated, not the candidate.

"First, then, the party must satisfy, by platform and candidate, the great majority of the Democratic voters. To frame a platform that makes this clear beyond peradventure, and to name a candidate who will fit it and who will need no defense, explanations nor diagrams, is the highest, the indispensable, duty of the national convention. Personal popularity can not enter into the equation."

But another Democratic paper in the same State, the Wheeling *Register*, is encouraged by the "splendid field of candidates" brought out by THE DIGEST's questions. It considers them all strong and all "much more attractive and appealing men than the Republicans could bring forth were President Harding to step aside and make it an open race." And yet while these men are strong, "none can be named who would not have one or more elements of the party against him." That is:

"McAdoo is strong with labor, has the West, and is well liked in the South; but the East is none too favorable to him, and he is poison to Big Business and Wall Street. Underwood can count on the South, is well liked by Wall Street and the East, but is weak in the West and Middle West, and is opposed by the prohibitionists. Bryan still has a following, but is too dry. Al Smith is exceptionally popular in the centers of industry, has labor with him, but is too wet for the South and West. John W. Davis very nearly harmonizes all of the factions in the party, yet exceptions would be taken to his Wall Street standing and perhaps his associations with England. Henry Ford, if he enters the race as a Democrat, would pull heavily from the West and South, but like McAdoo would be unacceptable to the East. Ralston commands a good position, with little to be held against him except his age and obscurity. Cox seems to have waned in popularity since 1920, when he was defeated by 7,000,000, altho his fighting capacity is acknowledged, and also that under normal circumstances he would make a much better showing. As for Woodrow Wilson, his physical condition is considered such as to make his candidacy a mere possibility."

The most sensational fact revealed in THE LITERARY DIGEST of June 30 was the strength of McAdoo among the local leaders in the Democratic party. McAdoo's lead with 706 votes, as against 231 for Henry Ford, his nearest competitor, convinces Florida Democratic dailies like the Jacksonville *Journal* and Tampa *Tribune* that the former Secretary of the Treasury has to-day by far the best prospects for obtaining the nomination, a sentiment in which the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* and the Bristol *Herald-Courier* in the Old Dominion strongly concur. In the



NEWS NOTE: A New York nerve specialist says knitting is fine for the nerves.
—Berryman in the Washington *Star*.

important doubtful State of Indiana, the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* finds Mr. McAdoo's heavy vote "all the more significant in that he not only polls the greatest number of first-choice votes, but the greatest number of second and third. When the leader in a convention is also the second choice of a majority of the delegates who prefer another as first choice, his chances for the nomination are exceptionally good." This fact also appeals strongly to the Pittsburgh *Sun*, which thinks it worth noting that in THE DIGEST'S poll of Democratic leaders McAdoo leads in 35 of the 48 States, and in the other States he loses chiefly to favorite sons

That Mr. McAdoo is not only leading, but deserves to lead, seems to be a sentiment widely shared among Democrats. In Florida the Jacksonville *Journal* believes he is "the choice of the rank and file of Democratic voters," and the Gainesville *Sun* thinks he will be "a shrewd and capable leader." The Mobile *Register* in Alabama and the Paducah *News-Democrat* in Kentucky agree that Mr. McAdoo would unite the various factions in the party. In the Middle West the Charleston (Ill.) *Courier* calls him "the logical candidate," the La Porte (Ind.) *Argus* considers him "closer to the Democratic heart than any other man in the councils of the party." Farther west the Ardmore (Okla.) *Daily Ardmoreite* finds Mr. McAdoo the ideal Democratic nominee: "He is progressive, in sympathy with the farmer and labor elements, a man of unusual vision, and a vital part of the old Wilson Administration whose works are regaining favor daily."

To the *Arizona Gazette* (Phœnix), the most widely circulated Democratic daily in the State, Mr. McAdoo seems the logical candidate, while in California, where Mr. McAdoo now resides, the Bakersfield *Californian* urges the point that he "is more feared by the opposition than is any other possible nominee."

On the other hand, there are Democratic editors who admit the present strength of McAdoo and regret it. It seems, for instance, to the El Paso *Times* that the professional politicians quoted in THE DIGEST poll care more about catering to the local "vote" than about selecting the best candidate. Yet their partiality must "be accepted as evidence of the fact that for the present, at least, it is the field against McAdoo," and—

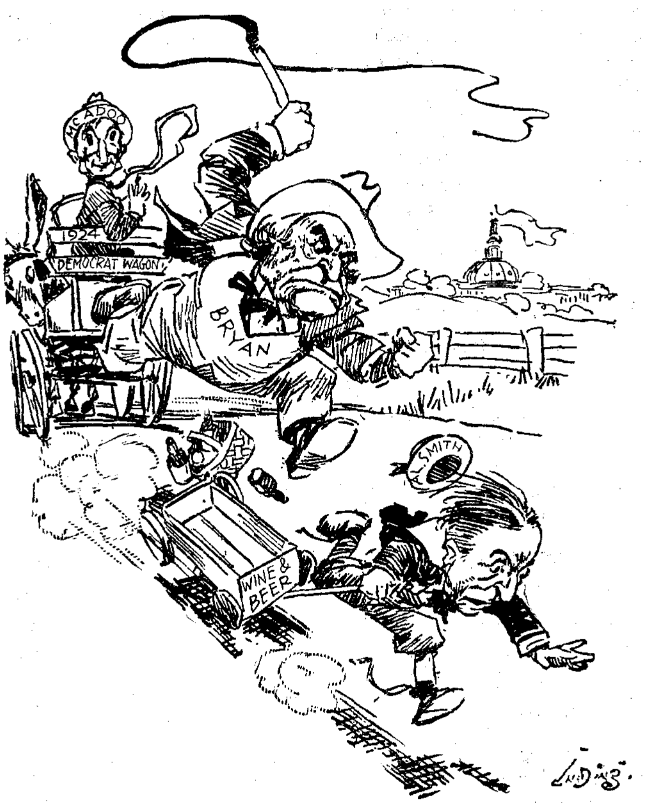
"Thus it is up to the field. By finding and combining upon its strongest, sanest and most intelligently progressive candidate, the field can beat Mr. McAdoo. By beating him it can save the Democratic party from the danger of nominating the candidate who would be weakest at election time and who, should he by a wild chance be elected, would be more likely to discredit the Democratic party in office than any other Presidential aspirant except Henry Ford."

And speaking of Ford, it should be noted that in THE DIGEST'S poll of Democratic leaders, Ford ran second to McAdoo. In the *Collier's Weekly* house-to-house canvass of its subscribers, regardless of party affiliations, Ford finally led with 88,865 votes; President Harding was second with 51,755, and McAdoo third with 19,401. Here again it is Ford and McAdoo, and several Democratic editors welcome this, believing that with either man as candidate the party would have a real "man of action" as its leader. The strength of the Ford movement is obvious and has been recently discust at great length in our columns. A typical pro-Ford statement comes from the editor of the Democratic *Texarkanian* of Texarkana, Arkansas.

"There is everywhere a marvelous sentiment for Ford. Not as a statesman, but as a business genius, with sincerity and honesty that challenges public confidence. Political inefficiency and extravagance in administration have almost stifled business and industry. The people are almost persuaded to try a purely business administration for once. Ford solves great problems, has the faculty of choosing capable associates, and there is faith that he would do so in public affairs if in the Presidential chair. But all this is but a symptom of the unrest due to a political breakdown, and should be a warning to both dominant parties."

Collier's believes that its vote "represents a genuine cross-section of American political opinion." It also believes that "Henry Ford has become the issue in American politics, whether he becomes a candidate for President or not." It comments:

"It seems probable now that one-third of the voters of America



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AND THAT'S THAT

The end of his pleasant little ride.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

> want Ford for President. But how about the two-thirds? For all we know, they may be unanimously, first, last, and all the time, opposed to Ford. Then, again, perhaps the one-third voted for Ford, not because they think he is the only possible candidate, but because they are utterly disgusted with the political way of doing things and want America to be governed by a great industrial mind.
>
> "If the politicians could know this, their distress might be relieved. They might find an industrial genius who would satisfy the Ford crowd and not arouse so much opposition as the name of Ford arouses."

Oscar W. Underwood, senior Senator from Alabama, received the third highest number of votes in THE DIGEST'S recent canvass. Newspaper comment on this poll reveals wide-spread Underwood sentiment in the South, as represented by the editorial utterances of newspapers in North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Texas, Florida and Louisiana. The Pensacola *News* characterizes Underwood as "a man that is trusted throughout the country."

Upon his return from Europe recently the Alabama Senator made a statement regarding American foreign policy, and his friends in the party, according to the New York *Herald*, "say it places him prominently before the country as a Presidential possibility with a definite and positive American policy to aid Europe as one of the chief planks in his platform." Senator Underwood sees "more causes for war existing in Europe to-day than in January, 1914." For this state of affairs he holds the American Government in part responsible, saying:

> "Our nation can do more than any other great country to-day to establish permanent peace, but we have done nothing and are doing nothing to aid the peace of Europe. We seem to be standing in respect to the affairs of Europe without a policy, without courage of conviction, without anything that goes to make a man a man, or a government a government. We seem to be just observing and drifting. Never in all our history as a nation have we occupied a more negative position in the affairs of Europe than we do to-day. We continue to drift down-stream and the roar of the cataract can be heard ahead.
>
> "We might have been far on the highway to permanent peace and restored business and industrial conditions if we had thrown the predominating force of our great potential powers in favor of a permanent, stabilizing and upbuilding program for the rehabilitation of Europe. The question that now confronts us is whether we shall continue a do-nothing policy."

Senator Underwood takes issue with President Harding in declaring:

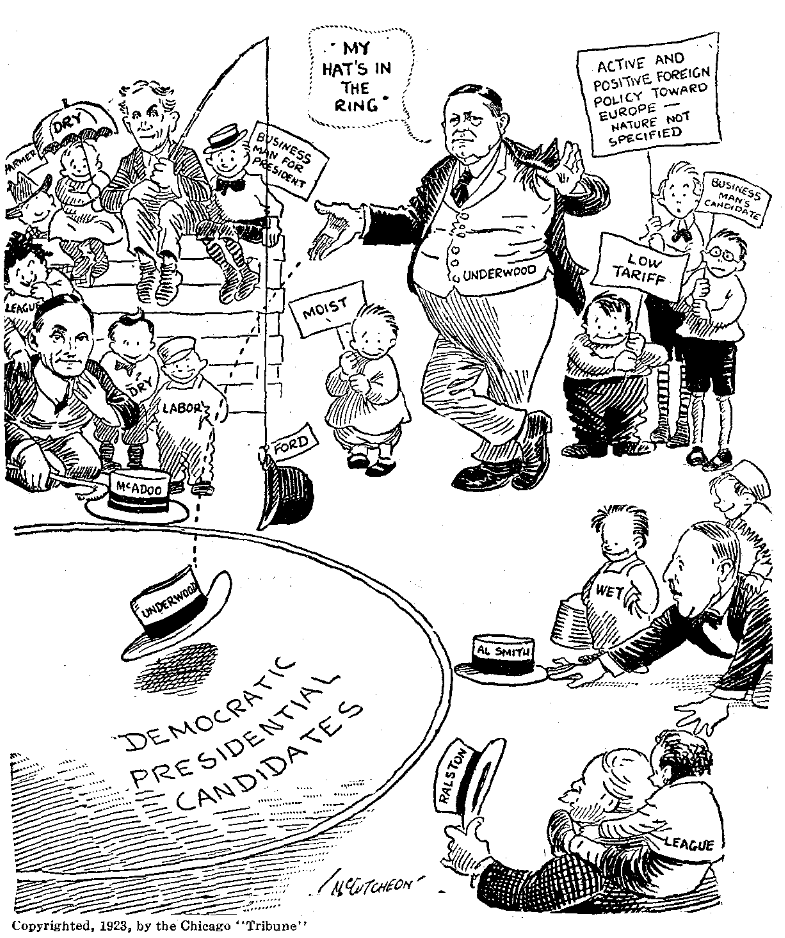
> "There is nothing in an International Court that can solve or direct the difficulties and dangerous economic and financial problems that are paralyzing the onward progress of business development in Europe. It is a wise and progressive policy that is needed and not the laggard motion of a court of law."

"Undoubtedly the most penetrating and statesmanlike report that has been brought back from Europe in recent months by visiting public men," is the characterization of this utterance by the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.) in the Senator's own State. Another Alabama daily, the Montgomery *Advertiser* (Dem.), sees a clear-cut campaign issue presented:

> "Harding favors the palliative represented in the vague remedy of a world's court. Underwood and the Democratic party stands for an unmistakable and clear-cut policy of joining the League of Nations."

On the other hand, several Republican and independent papers find the pronouncement all too vague, and in this view the Democratic New York *World*, Baltimore *Sun*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, and Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* concur. As the Baltimore *Sun* characterizes the Underwood statement, "it could not mean less if it had been written by Mr. Harding himself."

Senator Underwood is looked upon by the Boston *Globe*, independent but friendly to Democratic hopes, as "already the candidate of many conservatives, both within his party and outside it." The Boston paper makes the point that—



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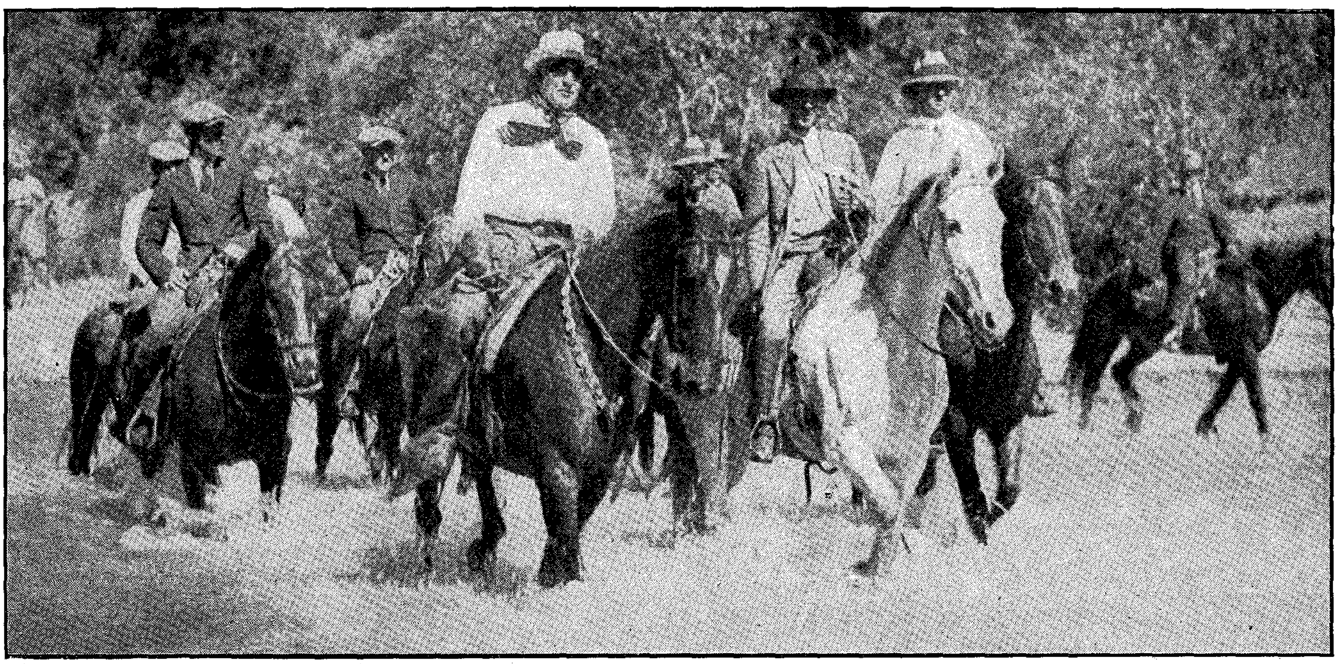
AT THE DEMOCRATIC RINGSIDE

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

> "No man can please entirely both the wets and the drys, but a Senator who, as Mr. Underwood did, opposed Prohibition, and yet stands well in an undeniably dry section, occupies a strategic position. He is slightly moist."

We are frequently reminded that the Democratic Convention is still a year in the future and that prominence in the early straw votes does not necessarily mean ballots in the final convention roll-call. In fact, on the eve of the Convention another straw vote might show Democratic sentiment veering toward others than the three leaders now being so widely discust. For instance, there is Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, whom National Committeeman Mack, of New York, offers as New York's favorite son, who will stand "for the modification or liberalization of the Volstead Law." To the Washington *Star* (Ind.) it seems that Senator Ralston of Indiana is an extremely probable compromise candidate in the event of a convention deadlock. Another favorite son is Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, whose character and ability are highly praised by the Roanoke *World-News* and Staunton *Leader* in his own State. Finally—tho the press discussion of possible candidates might be carried on almost indefinitely—we note the Cleveland *Times and Commercial* (Ind.) remarking that Ohio is not without a candidate, that James M. Cox is just as available as he was three years ago, that any Democrat would have been beaten, and that the Cox strength in Ohio has not vanished.



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"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS"

President Harding, who is here fording a stream in Utah, seems also to be making transportation arrangements for the political stream of 1924.

MR. HARDING FORESHADOWS HIS 1924 PLATFORM

THE FOUNDATIONS of the Republican platform for the 1924 campaign, political observers very generally agree, were laid by President Harding in the series of speeches that punctuated his journey to Alaska. One correspondent even goes so far as to predict the party slogan, which he says will be "Hold steady; don't rock the boat." For, explains David Lawrence in a dispatch to the Democratic New York *Evening World*, "this epitomizes all of his speeches on the Western trip." "Mr. Harding's whole platform," he says further, "is this: If the American people will be patient, the much-sought-after normalcy will come sooner by a continuation of the present Administration than by a change in leadership." Mr. Lawrence, who accompanied the Presidential party, is convinced that nothing short of a "political earthquake" can now prevent Mr. Harding's renomination. Still another correspondent who shared the journey, Mr. Carter Field, reports in the Republican New York *Tribune* that "the President has virtually outlined the planks in the next Republican platform and bid defiance to the Democrats, or any third party which may arise, to take opposing positions."

Turning to the editorial columns of our daily press, we find this opinion widely reflected. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.) thinks his renomination is "a foregone conclusion" and his platform "as good as written." Says *The Ledger* further:

> "In his speeches at St. Louis, Kansas City, Hutchinson, Denver, Cheyenne and Salt Lake City, Mr. Harding has dealt most definitely, even meticulously, with matters that will come before the Platform Committee. There will be no getting away from these speeches, whether or not Mr. Harding reaches for that second 'cup of coffee.' As may be instanced:
>
> "*The World Court (at St. Louis):* America will enter the World Court under such reservations as the Senate thinks wise. The Court should be further divorced from the League. The League issue is 'as dead as slavery.' Here is the compromise plank on international affairs.
>
> "*Railroads (at Kansas City):* Legislation to divide rail systems into regional groups. Nationalization would be disastrous. No immediate lowering of freight rates. The authority of the Railroad Labor Board should be increased.
>
> "*Agriculture (at Hutchinson):* Worst of the farmers' troubles are over. Legislation enacted of great import and further help promised, but not specified. The farmer should be patient. This outlines the farm plank.
>
> "*Prohibition (at Denver):* Eighteenth Amendment will not be repealed nor the Volstead Law weakened. Federal Government will enforce the law if States fail. The issue is to be whether the 'laws of the land can be and will be' enforced. That is the extra-dry plank for a dry Republican party.
>
> "*Coal (at Cheyenne):* Sweeping laws to deal with the digging, the hauling and the distribution of coal. Regulation but not the 'paralysis' of nationalization.
>
> "*Taxation (at Salt Lake City):* Taxes have been halved; the *per capita* rate cut from $53.78 in 1920 to $26.90. Instead of an estimated $832,000,000 deficit there is a surplus of $310,000,000. War debt lessened by $3,000,000,000 and to be cut $500,000,000 yearly. Great is the Budget System. This will be the citadel and strong fortress of 1924's platform."

Other editors discern still other possible planks in his speeches, among them being:

> The organization of consumers into cooperative groups to "shorten the bridge between producer and consumer," and to reduce the toll.
>
> A new conservation policy for the West that will bring our natural resources more speedily into use, but will avoid "the distribution of imperial estates to enterprising gentlemen whose only claim is that they would like to own them."
>
> A get-together policy for capital and labor. Labor not to be deflated, and industry not to be nationalized. No "open shop" plank.
>
> Continuance of the selective immigration policy.
>
> In case of another war, to draft the nation's wealth as well as the nation's manhood.

In these speeches, reports a correspondent of the Democratic New York *Times*, Mr. Harding has asserted himself as "the real as well as the titular leader of his party."

The independent New York *Journal of Commerce* discovers that the position of "Mr. Harding's faction of the Republican party" toward the major issues now before the country is "conservative in principle and compromise in practise." It says:

> "He opposes government ownership of railroads and coal-mines, but would make concessions in wages and rates. He favors development of natural resources, but protests against 'exploitation.' He wants economy in government management, but is ready to yield to the chief demands of the farm bloc.
>
> "There is every reason to believe that the platform tentatively outlined by the President is about as close a picture of his true views as he can give. President Harding's political opponents must decide whether to surpass him in conservatism or to take

the opposite side of current issues and to fight the battle on a radical platform. As to which course of action the Democratic party will choose, there is as yet no positive indication."

"The President's speeches, when read in connection with the record of his Administration, become unanswerable arguments for the electorates' support," avers the Washington *Post*, a paper which is said to have close affiliations with the White House. "While it was not as the head of a political expedition that Mr. Harding traversed the West, or as an assuming dictator bent on making the people swallow his views, it is inevitable that his trip should have great political effect," adds *The Post;* and it goes on to say:

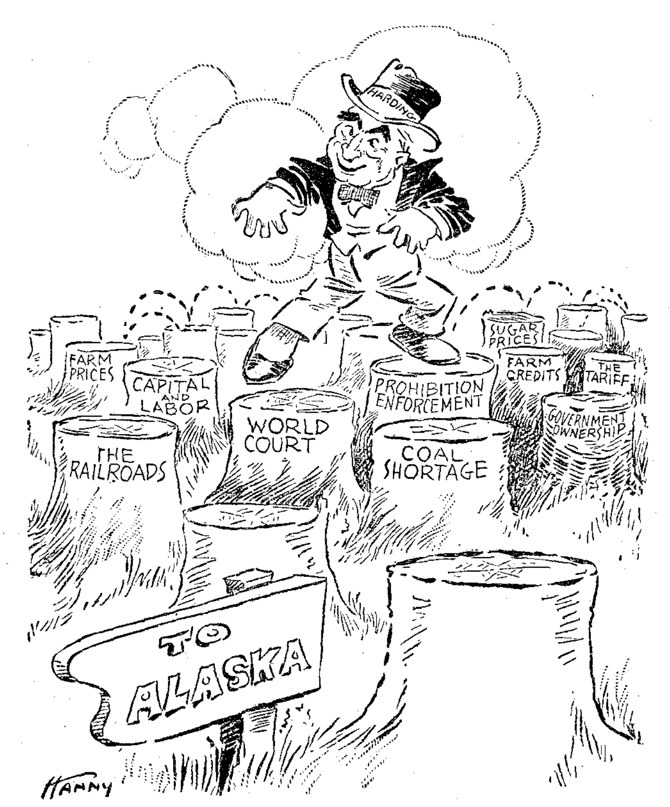
> "The President found the West warm to him—and he has left it warmer.
>
> "Through all his addresses, the Executive showed himself the champion of the public interest as distinguished from special interests. That was the burden of his utterances on agricultural conditions and on transportation. And in speaking of those subjects, he outlined a constructive program that merits the people's confidence."

"President Harding states his formula. The people and the national convention can take it or leave it," says the Republican Minneapolis *Tribune.* Nor can he be accused of lack of courage in his Western speeches, notes the Topeka *Capital* (Rep.), in which we read:

> "Politicians tried to persuade him to side-step such questions as the World Court and railroad consolidations. At St. Louis, metropolis of the State whose Governor wired him that 500,000 Republicans denounced the World Court, he made a powerful speech for it."

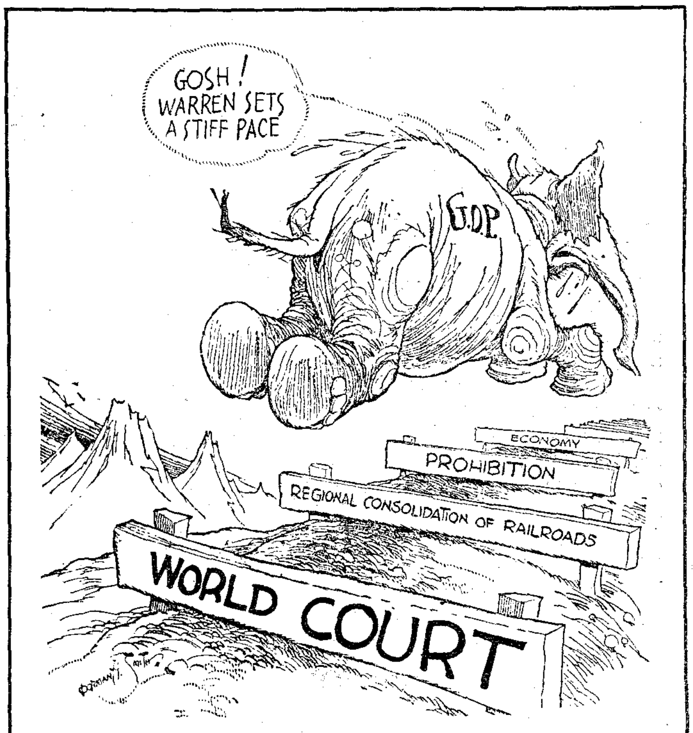
Democratic papers are naturally less enthusiastic; thus the New York *World* sees in the President's speeches little more than "a series of yearnings." "'My soul yearns for peace' was the first, spoken in Missouri; and from that point Mr. Harding has yearned his way westward to the coast":

> "At St. Louis, Mr. Harding yearned for world peace, but he proposed a form of self-perpetuation for the World Court which was certain to defeat his yearnings. At Kansas City, he yearned over the railroad situation, but he advanced no remedies. At Denver, he yearned over the prospect of increased illicit liquor traffic in New York, but he neglected to explain why the Federal Government had failed to prevent importations at the borders. At Salt Lake, he yearned over the condition of the farmer, but he did not recall the fact that the only recent remedial legislation for agriculture had been pushed through over his protest by the farm bloc. So when, at Idaho Falls, he yearned over the plight of the city consumer, his yearning was as usual unaccompanied by a plan for relief."



SKIPPING LIGHTLY FROM STUMP TO STUMP

—Hanny in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*


GOSH! WARREN SETS A STIFF PACE
G.O.P.
ECONOMY
PROHIBITION
REGIONAL CONSOLIDATION OF RAILROADS
WORLD COURT

GOOD INTENTIONS

—Smith in the Peoria *Evening Star.*

The Dallas *News* (Dem.) tells Mr. Harding that "Congress can do no better for the farmer than tear down those tariff barriers which keep his customers out of our market." The Birmingham *News* (Dem.) finds his speeches "lacking in punch," but excuses him on the ground that he "is much in the situation of a lawyer with a bad case to defend, and he is doing the best he can." And in the independent New York *Evening Post* we find the complaint that Mr. Harding, while speaking forcibly in defense of his party's record, lacked the spirit of leadership when he discust the World Court, an issue which he had made peculiarly his own:

> "The issues were ready-made for him by his party. Despite the farm bloc, a very important body of Republican opinion is behind the transportation act. Despite the farm bloc, again, a very important body of Republican opinion is with the President in believing that the farmer must pass through an unavoidable period of readjustment. And on the subject of Prohibition, of course, the overwhelming mass of Republican sentiment is with him.
>
> "Precisely on the one issue that represents his personal contribution to party debate and policy, Mr. Harding showed himself the weakest. He brought the World Court to the front by his dramatic proposals to the Senate last winter. He made it the subject of his opening address at St. Louis. He discust the World Court in impromptu speeches before minor Western audiences. But the fervor of his emotion on the subject of the World Court will not atone for the fatal abnegation of leadership in that opening speech at St. Louis. It is not leadership to plead for a cause and to confess at the same time that you have no definite plan in mind. It is not leadership to throw over a definite plan already before the country and to put nothing in its place.
>
> "In behalf of what may be described as the party record, Mr. Harding has spoken out forcibly. In behalf of the particular issue to which he was personally committed—the one issue on which the country was waiting to see him seize the initiative and give the word of command—he failed to assert himself as leader."

THE RECOMMENDATION TO SEIZE THE HARD-COAL MINES

ANTHRACITE MINE-OWNERS, OPERATORS, and miners will do well to take warning, suggests the Washington *Star*, from the recent report of the Coal Commission, rendered after nine months of investigation of the entire hard-coal industry. For the Commission declares that there must be an end not only to profiteering in coal, but of coal famines such as the country experienced last year. And while it is true that nothing can be done toward carrying out the Commission's recommendations until they are enacted into law—and Congress does not meet until December—we are reminded that "there is nothing to prevent the President calling a special session of Congress at any time. And if that were done, legislation more drastic than that suggested by the Commission could be expected." "The Commission's report is evidence that the Government and the public have learned their lesson and will not submit to another embargo like that of 1922," agrees the New York *Tribune*.

SOME OF THE FINDINGS AND RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE COAL COMMISSION'S REPORT

"THE Commission recommends at this time no punitive legislation. It awaits with interest whether the next agreement entered into shall show a cooperative spirit, and a proper conception of the rights of the American people.

"It recommends that Congress shall give the President authority, in the event of a cessation of operations, to declare an emergency, take charge of the mines, fix wages and the compensation to be paid the owner, subject to review by the courts, and to distribute the product as he deems wise and just.

"Coal is quite as much a public necessity as gas, street-railway service, or any other service or commodity that has been brought under public regulation. In the operation of coal-mines, as in the operation of railroads, telephones, water companies, or banks, the public interest must be respected and served.

"The Commission is convinced that publicity of costs, prices and profits must be provided to protect the interests of the public.

"As the item of freight alone takes from 16 to 30 cents of the anthracite consumer's dollar, a material reduction in the price of coal might come through a reduction of freight rates. The Coal Commission urges upon the Interstate Commerce Commission a reexamination of the reasonableness of anthracite freight rates.

"It recommends that the anthracite contract shall not expire at the same time the bituminous one does, and that the contract shall provide for its renewal except as to any subjects which either side may desire to review and of which notice is given ninety days before the expiration of the contract.

"It offers a number of suggestions looking toward bringing the operator and miner together in a more friendly spirit, and for the speedier adjustments of differences than now exist.

"The Commission recommends that each side forget past differences and grievances, and attack the problem in the spirit of justice and fair dealing, not only between themselves, but with due regard for the rights and sensibilities of the American people."

Probably the most vital part of the report, aside from the facts which it contains, is the recommendation made to Congress that it give the President the power to declare an emergency in case of a threatened strike. "This," declares the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, in the hard-coal State, "is the public's own weapon; the loaded gun to be kept behind the White House door. For the hard-coal industry as it exists to-day, the report is the handwriting on the wall."

The Commission's report, a 30,000-word document, can not, obviously, be digested here. A large number of the findings and recommendations, however, are to be found on this page. In *The Ledger's* opinion:

> "These recommendations are neither overly radical nor ultra-conservative. They do make the public's interest in the industry the paramount interest. The four main, principal, and challenging points are these:
>
> "First. Anthracite mining, a privately owned natural monopoly, now one-third exhausted, should in the public interest be regulated by the Government.
>
> "Second. The President of the United States should be empowered in a 'national emergency,' caused by strikes or other suspension of mining, to take over the mines, fix both wages and prices, and distribute coal in the public interest.
>
> "Third. Since freight charges constitute one-fourth of coal's cost, these should be reexamined with a view to reducing them.
>
> "Fourth. There should be a readjustment of royalties paid owners of leased coal-lands.
>
> "The findings of the Commission is the latest of a long series of warnings to coal. The industry, men and operators, distributors and handlers alike, has ignored these warnings. Now, after the crisis of 1922 and a storm of protests, a national commission prescribes regulation. It is railroad history over again. An Interstate Coal Commission is coming just as the Interstate Commerce Commission came. Thus far no American industry indicted by public opinion has escaped surrender. Coal has been indicted as the oil interests, railways and steel were indicted. Oil has mended its ways, the railroads were chastened, it is steel's turn just now—and coal is next."

The Commission, briefly, adds anthracite to the list of public utilities. And "public opinion will give full approval to this view," thinks the Boston *Globe*, "for hard coal is as essential to the people as water." "The facts as stated are a summary of what those in the anthracite industry have known for some time. But for the first time they are presented in the report with the weight of governmental authority behind them," observes *The Black Diamond*, a Chicago coal organ. "For the most part, the facts are carefully and soundly stated," believes *The Coal Trade Journal* (New York). "In the light of this strong report," says the New York *Times*, "the operators and miners will have no excuse for bickering over wage scales, nor will Congress be sustained by the people if it fails to enact regulative laws." True, there is little hope of a reduction in the price of anthracite, "but if the main recommendations of the Commission are enacted into law, the public will at least be assured of a constant supply of coal," points out the Buffalo *Express*.

"What is needed in the hard-coal industry," thinks the New York *World*, "is publicity. With publicity the public can take care of itself." "And this proposal has been before Congress for more than two years, but has always been opposed by the coal operators," declares the Baltimore *Sun*. "At present, all the public knows about the coal business is that the cost of a ton of coal has been mounting steadily, and that it is called upon to foot the bill," notes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. The Coal Commission, therefore, "is convinced that publicity of costs, prices, and profits must be provided to protect the public."

The Springfield *Union*, however, is chiefly concerned with the fact, brought out by the Commission, that in the past ten years the price of stove anthracite at the mine has increased from $3.53 per gross ton to $8.35—"an increase of $4.82 that has to be accounted for purely at the mine." Continues *The Union:*

> "The nub of the whole matter is in the $4.82 increase at the mine, and according to the figures given by the report, the labor cost of mining a gross ton has increased in ten years from $1.56 to $4.12—that is, it has increased more than two and one-half times. However, this may not settle the question of whether the present wages are just or not, because, tho they have increased far beyond the rate of the increase in the cost of living, the wages may not have been just in the first place."

"The ownership of the limited supply of hard coal is a monopoly, and the miners are so thoroughly organized as to constitute a monopoly, therefore, when either labor or capital acts against the public welfare it should be proceeded against on the charge of conspiracy, as the Commission recommends," observes the Boston *Post*. "But there is also monopoly in the transportation of coal," maintains the Philadelphia *Record*. According to this paper, which is in close touch with the anthracite region:

> "The independent producers can only ship their product over roads that are owned by their competitors in the mining business. Since the last effort of the independent producers to get an outlet of their own to tidewater was defeated by the purchase of the largest independent concern by the Erie Railroad, the independent producers have been selling their mines to the railway companies as fast as they could. Congress and the Courts are now trying to divorce the railway companies from the mining industry, but they have not yet achieved success.
>
> "There is not only a 'limited natural monopoly' in the coal itself, and a monopoly limited to half a dozen carriers in the transportation and marketing of anthracite, but there is a monopoly in the supply of labor. The miners not only have a very strong union, but they closely guard the supply of labor by the legislation they have procured requiring a miner to have a license. Doubtless the miners' monopoly has at least as much justification as the railway monopoly; but when the consumer has to pay for one 'limited natural monopoly' and two limited artificial monopolies, coal, of course, goes up to $15 a ton, more or less.
>
> "A business that is so thoroughly monopolized as this, and where consumers are threatened with freezing when the railway monopoly and the labor monopoly are dickering for terms, is evidently one that can not be left to itself. The Government has got to do something for the consumer."

Prominent among the critics of the Commission's report is *The Wall Street Journal*, which sees in the Pennsylvania law, requiring an anthracite miner to have a license, a stumbling-block to the Commission's plan to have the President take over the mining, transportation and distribution of coal. Says this financial authority:

> "How can the President operate the mines if the miners have already refused to work, except by taking them back, on their own terms, pending an arbitration settlement, which they may or may not accept? Anthracite is in a different position from bituminous coal. It is produced by miners licensed by the State of Pennsylvania, and those licenses can not be improvised for strikebreakers.
>
> "In fact, the Pennsylvania licensee law applying to anthracite produced within that State is the stumbling-block which would trip the President of the United States at his first step. There is no need for such a license. It was dishonestly passed on the plea of safety, exactly as the Adamson Law to raise railroad wages was dishonestly passed by Congress on the plea of safety for the employee and security for the passenger. The miner's license results in making a tight monopoly of anthracite production. There is no surplus of licensed miners, and the consequence is that on any wage dispute the mines must forthwith shut down under the law of the State of Pennsylvania.
>
> "Will it be believed that not a single newspaper commentator on the Commission and its report has been able to grasp the significance of this outstanding fact? They talk of the guilty railroads and the guilty retailers and the guiltily concealed profits of the operators. They do not talk of the repeal of the Pennsylvania license law."

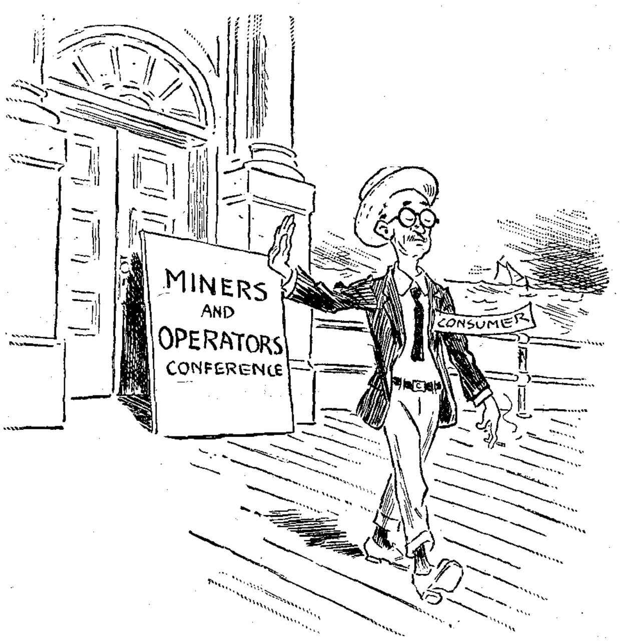
Even President Harding, in his Cheyenne speech, said a man could not be compelled to work against his will, recalls the Troy *Times*. Referring to the coal strike of 1922, the President said at Cheyenne:

> "You can no more enforce the mine-worker to produce coal than you can enforce the farmer to grow wheat or corn or wool. We saw the erroneous belief exploded a year ago."

Like *The Wall Street Journal*, the New York *Herald* charges the Commission with failing to deal directly with "the underlying problem of the hard-coal industry." In *The Herald's* opinion:

> "A standardized selling-price for coal in the various sections of the country can be had only through the substitution of group ownership for the scattered ownership now prevailing. The anthracite deposits form a natural unit, and under governmental regulation the operating companies ought to be merged.
>
> "This does not imply government ownership or operation. *The Herald* is opposed to governmental ownership. But it does mean that the fat and the lean mines should be grouped, and that the cost of production should be averaged."

Still another complaint is registered by the Socialist New York *Call*. The Commission would "strip the miners of their organized power, and compensate the mine-owners for any loss due to temporary government control, but not a word is said about compensation for the miners for their losses or of a guaranty of a decent status in the industry," *The Call* remarks. As for the Commission's publicity proposal, "this is a phantom penalty for the owners and operators; a slap on the wrist," thinks Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. As Mr. Gompers sees it—



"WHY WORRY; I'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT"

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.

> "Any attempt to outlaw the right to stop work as a means of improving the condition of the working people of the United States is doomed to fail. Such attempts have failed in the past and will be equally unsuccessful in the future. Labor will never give up the right to strike as a last resort.
>
> "The very fact that the Commission found that anthracite operators are receiving nearly three times as large a profit as before the war is a strong argument against any attempt to force the miners to remain at work, year in and year out, regardless of the attitude of the mine-owners."

This statement is amplified by another from Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of *The United Mine Workers' Journal*. Says this authority:

> "Government control, management or operation of coal-mines, as recommended by the Coal Commission, would not do the industry any good. We had a taste of that remedy during the World War when Dr. Garfield served as coal Czar, and it was a bitter taste for every one, the public included. No good was accomplished. No one wants any more of it. What the coal industry needs is a house-cleaning performed by those who own and operate the mines. Let them eliminate their old-time practises and dark secrecy about their business. Let them abandon wasteful methods. Let them cease profiteering. Let them deal fairly with the public. Let them pay the miners a decent American wage. Let them take a fair profit and no more. That is the way to avoid government interference. There is no need for government regulation, and it will not come if the operators do the proper amount of voluntary house-cleaning."

LESS PROSPECT OF LESS TAXES

IT IS DISAPPOINTING TO BE TOLD by such a recognized authority on government finance as Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, that no lightening in the heavy burden of taxation need soon be expected, despite the Treasury report for the fiscal year, which ended June 30, showing a surplus of $310,000,000. In view of these figures, believes the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the people had a right to expect a reduction in taxes during the next session of Congress, "and surely there is nothing else in which they are so much interested." Yet Senator Smoot, in the opinion of the Democratic New York *Times*, "probably knows more about finance and the business of government than any other man in Congress, and in now opposing a reduction of taxes he stands on solid ground, no matter how unpalatable his opinion may be." So much for Republican and Democratic opinion.

But the worst news is to come. Never again, within the lives of those present, said the Utah Senator recently in a Los Angeles speech, will the annual government expenditures be less than $3,000,000,000—a declaration that may spoil a lot of vacations this summer. The Senator, by the way, after hurling this tear-gas bomb, calmly set sail for Europe—where he is to learn still more about government finance and taxation. Before he sailed, however, he amplified his Los Angeles pronouncement and voiced a gentle hint as to what the taxpayer may expect. Said he:

> "I am opposed to a reduction in taxation. I am convinced that it would be an unwise governmental policy to reduce the taxes so soon after the excellent showing made in the last fiscal year. The war debt has not been reduced sufficiently to justify any radical, or, in fact, an appreciable reduction in the present revenue laws.
>
> "I know that there is a nationwide demand for some relief from the tax burdens, and that hasty political sense agrees with this demand in the face of a Presidential election. But I, for one, am against this move. . . .
>
> "There is sure to be a great demand for great expenditures in the next Congress. In fact, the expenditures will not be reduced next year. They will be greatly increased."

"I'M AGAINST THIS MOVE"

"I am opposed to a reduction in taxation," declares Senator Reed Smoot, the new Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

Senator Smoot, it should be added, also expects Congress to pass a soldiers' bonus bill—over a Presidential veto if necessary—and anticipates extravagance in public plans and in several other fields of national expenditure.

At this juncture, when all seems lost, Congressman Madden, Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, comes forward with the cheering prediction that the appropriations for the Government at the next session of Congress will be cut to the extent of $200,000,000, and that, "since there is a surplus, taxes should be reduced accordingly." With President Harding, Chairman Madden is said by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* to be in favor of reduction of expenditure all along the line. In fact, we are told by this writer that taxation experts of the Treasury have been instructed to draw up exhaustive reports on every possible alteration in the revenue system. Moreover—

> "The so-called progressive and radical blocs of the House announced some time ago that they will combine their strength in an attempt to force restoration of the excess profits taxes on large industrial corporations."

Thus the real problem of the Harding Administration is seen, and the first battle in Congress, it is said, will be over tax revision. As David Lawrence, a Washington correspondent who has qualified as an expert political observer, points out in the independent Washington *Star:*

> "The political peril which Mr. Harding runs is that the radicals will start out with a demand for tax revision. The next session of Congress is still six months away, but coming events cast their shadows beforehand. In the interim the Administration will have to make up its mind just what strategy to follow in either conciliating the radicals, compromising with them, or fighting them to the last ditch.
>
> "The Harding Administration would like to recommend a reduction of taxes and would support a simplification program, but the decision to take the initiative in the face of the radical elements who will be able to control the legislative situation has not yet been made."

Meanwhile, notes the Republican New York *Herald*, there is danger that the surplus of June 30 may lead to extravagance by Congress. For, as the Buffalo *Express* (Ind. Rep.) points out, "there is nothing so conducive to extravagance in government as a surplus of funds." "Politicians seeking votes will be pushing projects to empty the Treasury," we are warned by the Republican New York *Tribune*, which believes not only that reduction of taxation would help the country as a whole and therefore ought to be undertaken, but that if there were no surplus at this time next year, Congress would not have to sit up nights devising ways and means to spend it. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Ind. Rep.) does not see how the Republican party can afford to go before the nation in a Presidential year handicapped by the refusal to give taxpayers the due benefit of a $310,000,000 surplus. Of course, points out *The Herald:*

> "A surplus of $309,657,000 does not mean that the Federal Government has that amount of free money in the Treasury, or that it does not know how to dispose of it. It does not mean that the Government has too much money. It merely means that the Government has done better than its original estimates."

An official estimate almost as far off as the estimated receipts of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight is a serious thing. "What are the causes of this unheard of surplus of $310,000,000?" asks the independent Baltimore *Sun*. Many, many things, we gather from Washington dispatches. For instance:

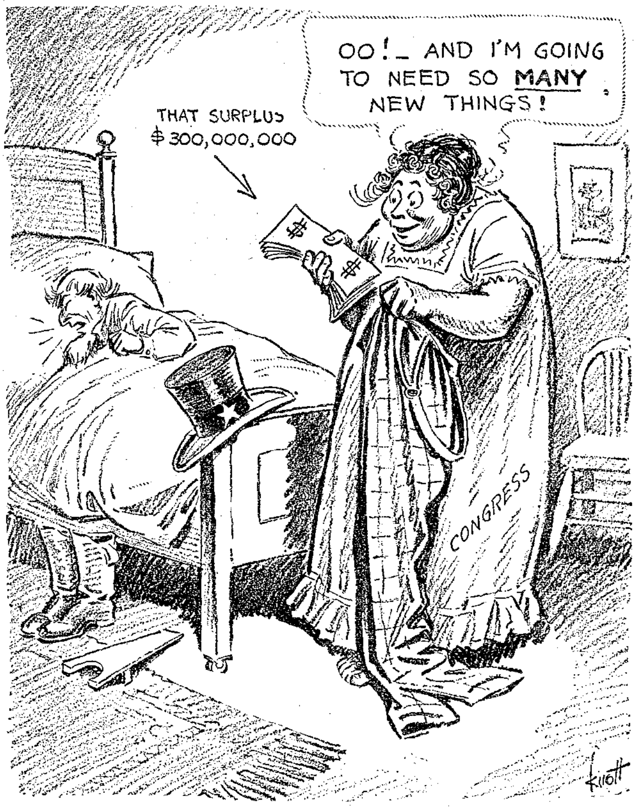
> "Enormous receipts from customs under the new tariff act, receipts which officials could not foresee, constitute one of the chief reasons. The customs receipts for this fiscal year exceed $557,000,000, more than $200,000,000 in excess of the last fiscal year. Never before did the Government receive such returns from customs.
>
> "Heavy income and profits tax returns this month, amounting as of date June 28, to $360,000,000 as compared with $288,000,000 in June a year ago, have materially helped on the surplus and made it greater than forecast.
>
> "Another aid to the Treasury has been nearly $70,000,000 received this month in the form of interest on foreign obligations. In fact, for this fiscal year, the receipts from this source have been upward of $201,000,000, as contrasted with $26,000,000 for the last fiscal year. About $6,000,000 increase in Panama Canal tolls also has been a factor."

The report on the financial status of the country also shows that the total gross debt of the United States has been reduced $613,674,342 during the fiscal year. This, and the saving of

$265,000,000 in government operating costs indicates to the Republican Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* "the effect of business management in government," and illustrates in action fulfilment of the President's pledge of economy. In fact, the accumulation of such an enormous surplus is considered by the Troy *Times* (Rep.) to be "one of the greatest financial achievements in the history of the American Government, and equaled only by Great Britain, which ended its fiscal year March 31 last with a budget surplus of nearly $500,000,000." But then, President Harding reminded us in his Salt Lake speech on taxation, "whereas a married citizen of the United States, with two children and an income of $5,000, for instance, paid $68 tax on that income in 1922, a British citizen of the same status paid $320." Mr. Harding also pointed out on that occasion that "over 35 per cent. of the national revenue this year will go to paying interest or extinguishing the principal of the public debt."

The figures, therefore, of the Treasury report for the last fiscal year, speak for themselves and for the efficacy of the budget system, say such representative Republican dailies as the Minneapolis *Tribune*, Washington *Post*, Boston *Transcript*, Buffalo *Express*, and Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Also, notes the Troy *Times*, they speak for the general revival of business, as indicated in increased revenues from income and profit taxes.

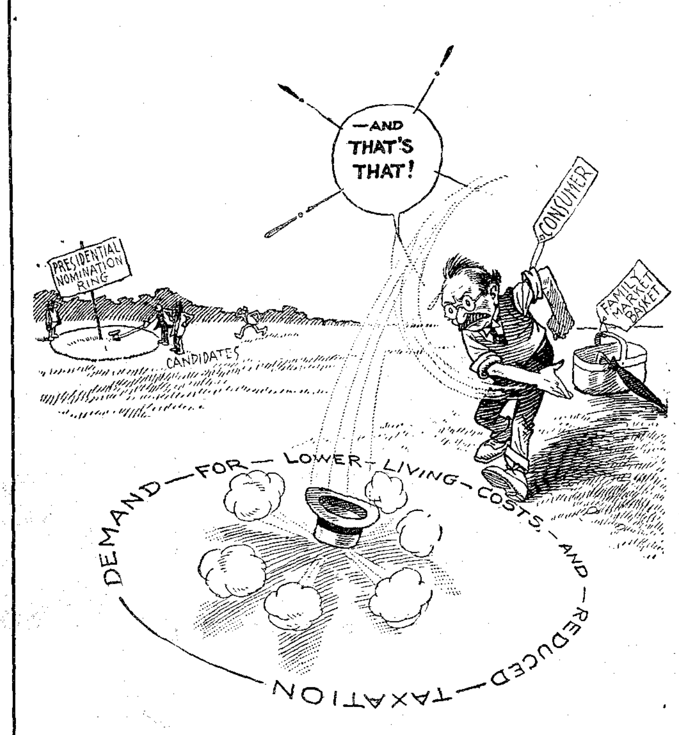
But the Republican papers are not going to have such excellent campaign material next year if the Democratic papers and campaign managers can prevent them. "Let's keep the record straight and have a clear understanding as we go along," suggests the Democratic Atlanta *Constitution*, which recalls that "Democrats reduced the public debt $2,500,000,000 during the 18 months prior to March 4, 1921." As for the vaunted benefits of increased tariff revenues, in particular, and taxation in general, the independent New Haven *Journal-Courier* has this to say:


OO!— AND I'M GOING TO NEED SO MANY NEW THINGS!
THAT SURPLUS $300,000,000
CONGRESS
Knott

IF SHE EVER FINDS OUT THAT HE'S GOT IT!
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

> "There has been more deliberate lying about taxation than about any other subject that we know of. The advocates of a protective tariff have taught that it was the foreigner who paid the tax, and with like duplicity have denied that the domestic consumer was the victim. Other advocates of taxation have strest the excess profits tax, a high surtax rate, and the graduated income tax as ways and means of lifting the burden from the shoulders of the poor to the shoulders of the rich. The truth is and always has been that the consumer pays the tax in the high cost of living. He pays it in increased rent, in a higher price for coal, food and clothing."

The Democratic Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* is more specific.


—AND THAT'S THAT!
CONSUMER
FAMILY MARKET BASKET
PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION RING
CANDIDATES
DEMAND—FOR—LOWER—LIVING—COSTS—AND—REDUCED—TAXATION

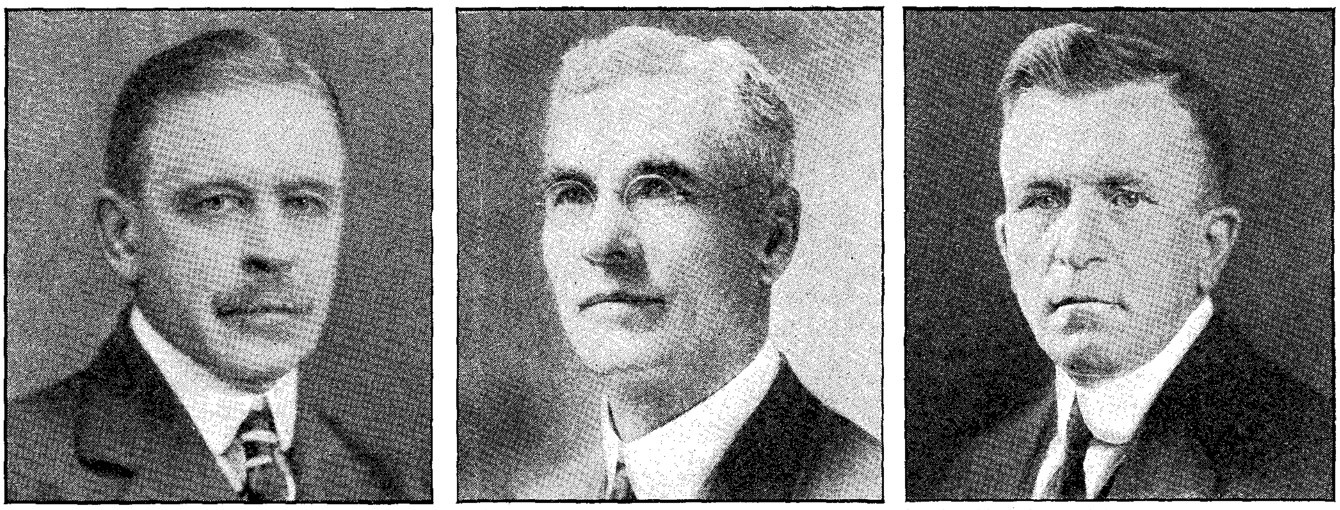
A LITTLE RING OF HIS OWN
—Clubb in the Rochester *Herald*.

"The tariff on sugar alone has added $200,000,000 a year to the cost of living," declares this paper. And right here, darkly hints the independent St. Paul *Dispatch*, is where Senator Smoot comes in. "The Senator probably will not deny that he is heavily interested in domestic sugar production," says *The Dispatch*, as it recalls the interest which Senator Smoot is said to have taken in having the tariff placed against Cuban sugar in order to protect the beet-sugar growers of his State. And the Charleston paper thus comments on another phase of the situation:

> "Retardation of industrial recovery is being charged to the combination of high tariff and high taxes. The tariff has invited profiteering and a rapid and unjustifiable inflation has followed. The boosting of prices has practically halted building operations and the excessive enhancement of all consumers' commodities has put a brake on buying."

The Democratic New York *World*, which is not generally regarded as timid about speaking its mind, doubts if any surplus, of whatever amount, exists. Moreover, it declares that if such is the case "it is a bookkeeping surplus at best." But to the Pittsburgh *Sun*, which claims to be fully as Democratic as *The World*, after deep reflection:

> "It appears that we are too close to the event to assay the budget-balancing labors of Mr. Harding. No standard of comparison exists. The last two years can not be compared with the war years, nor with any pre-war years. The fluctuating buying power of the dollar has upset every rule of measure, and until a sufficient number of years have elapsed to bring about some degree of stabilization that can be recognized as such, judgments are likely to be biased, or warped.
>
> "What is clear is that Mr. Harding's achievements in economy are not so great as his friends vociferously claim, nor so inconsiderable as his detractors profess. Where justice lies, between these two extremes, every citizen may estimate for himself—without too much confidence that he is right."



Photograph by Moffett, Chicago
THE SECRETARY

THE EX-DIRECTOR

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THE NEW DIRECTOR

THE FIGURES IN THE RECLAMATION TRIANGLE. SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR WORK, EX-DIRECTOR OF RECLAMATION ARTHUR P. DAVIS, AND HIS SUCCESSOR, DAVID W. DAVIS, FORMER GOVERNOR OF IDAHO

DAVIS OUT, WORK TO DAVIS TO WORK

THE STORM OF PROTEST that has followed the dismissal of Arthur P. Davis as Director of the Reclamation Service, after nine years in that position and eight years as chief engineer, "involves a principle that makes the case one of interest and importance to citizens the country over," declares the independent Republican Jersey City *Journal.* Apparently, however, this is about the only independent Republican daily that thinks so. For a diligent ten-day search of other dailies, followed by telegraphic inquiries to fifteen leading Republican papers, brought forth not a single Republican editorial on the action of Secretary of the Interior Work. His request for the resignation of the Director, the return of the written resignation to Davis for the elision of the statement that the resignation had been requested, and finally the receipt by Dr. Work of the letter in its original form, seem to have been ignored by the Republican press.

Strictly independent newspapers do not mince words in denouncing the dismissal as a scandal, and Democratic editors fairly revel in the episode, and predict that it will be kept alive for congressional inquiry if the full truth about it is not soon disclosed. The independent New York *Evening Post,* for instance, sees two important issues bound up in this case:

> "One is the question whether Mr. Davis, after more than thirty years of government service, was ousted for cause or under the pressure of selfish corporations. The other is the question whether the Reclamation Service is to be taken out of the hands of expert technical men and turned over, as Secretary Work suggests, to 'business men'—whose business is frequently politics. As for the choice between a technician and a business man, the former is clearly preferable. It is a technical bureau. Mr. Davis, the author of authoritative works on hydrography and irrigation, has overseen the building of a number of great dams—the Roosevelt, Shoshone, and others—and four large engineering projects are still uncompleted. Yet this leading civil engineer gives way to an ex-grocer and banker prominent in Idaho politics."

The history of the "case" is brief. According to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

> "Mr. Davis is recognized as one of the leading civil engineers in the United States. Information at hand shows that big power companies have sought for more than two years to get rid of him because of his recommendation that the Government build a dam in the Colorado River and prevent several companies using this power. The opposition became so pronounced two years ago that the then Secretary, Mr. Fall, was about to heed their protests. Agitation to obtain this end was started in the West, and this proved to be such a boomerang that Mr. Fall did not attempt to dismiss the Reclamation Director.
>
> "Before his departure with the President on the trip to Alaska, however, Secretary Work summoned Director Davis and requested his resignation, saying that he desired to put a business man in the office. He was succeeded by D. W. Davis, twice Governor of Idaho and recently head of a bank at American Falls, who has had no experience in reclamation service, altho as Governor he organized a reclamation association."

Of strange significance, thinks a Democratic paper, is the fact that the new appointee comes from the Congressional district of Representative Smith, of Idaho, Chairman of the House Committee on Reclamation.

"On its face, this dismissal is an exceedingly strange occurrence," maintains the independent Springfield *Republican,* while the independent Newark *News* considers the dismissal of the Director rather shabby treatment for a man who has "turned the deserts into fertile farm lands, made homes for tens of thousands of happy people where only the howl of the coyote once was heard, and added untold millions of natural wealth to the nation." Irrigation projects up to the present have resulted in the reclamation of approximately 19,000,000 acres, we are informed by the Dayton *News.*

"The ex-Director is not a rich man, like Gifford Pinchot, and he has no former President to make a fight for him," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.). Therefore, aver this and other Democratic and independent papers, there should be an official investigation of the Davis affair, else Congress in future may hesitate about appropriating funds for reclamation work. Already several engineering bodies, with a combined membership of more than 50,000, have made formal protest to Secretary Work against the dismissal of Mr. Davis, which they consider detrimental to the morale of technical branches of the Government. "Secretary Work," notes the Boston *Post* (Ind. Dem.), "says there was an insistent public demand for a business man for director. If that be so, we have not heard of the demand."

While, as noted at the beginning of this article, no Republican paper (so far as we can find) arises to defend the Secretary of the Interior, he gave a statement to the press before his departure for Alaska. Said Dr. Work:

> "We don't need two engineers in charge of the Reclamation Service. In the future the service head will be known as the Chief of the Bureau of Reclamation and will be qualified first to aid the farmers rather than supervise engineering works on the projects. D. W. Davis is such a man, and I have appointed him as the bureau chief, have abolished the office of Director, and placed F. F. Weymouorth, former assistant chief of the service, in the position of Chief Engineer of the bureau."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

France's Ruhral conduct is becoming less and less urbane.—*Washington Post.*

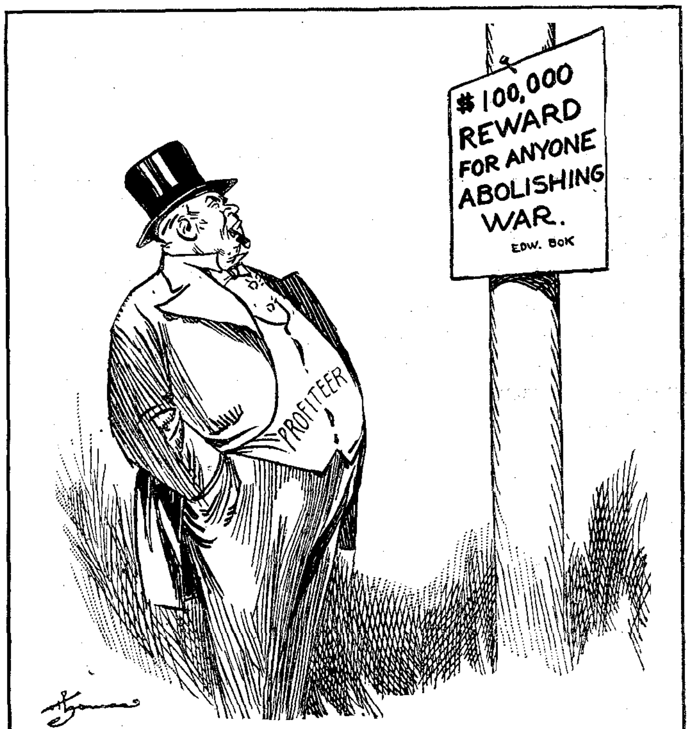
Ford may not be too rich to be President, but isn't he too useful?—*New Britain Herald.*

The fault in aliens is that those easiest to exploit are hardest to assimilate.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

This is a free country in which you may chortle, but not gurgle.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Disarmament's strongest point is that nations that arm to the teeth always show them.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The rivalry between prohibition and Ford jokes will soon reach the endurance stage.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*


$100,000 REWARD FOR ANYONE ABOLISHING WAR. EDW. BOK
PROFITEER

HUMPH! WAR PAYS BETTER THAN THAT!

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

If Europe doesn't soon get right, it will get left.—*Washington Post.*

A hundred reds in the country are not worth one red sent out of it.—*Washington Post.*

A writer says Alaska is a region favored by Providence. That's a fact. It once belonged to Russia.—*Cleveland Times.*

The young graduate is discovering that among the necessaries of life the most important is a living.—*Boston Herald.*

Civilization is advancing. Here's $100,000 offered for a World Peace plan, fully one-third as much as was guaranteed for a boxing bout!—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Glasgow is reported to have disposed of three hundred thousand bottles of Scotch whisky to America. One country's food is another country's medicine.—*London Punch.*

Naturally when Henry Ford acquired a railroad he began to look about for a ticket.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The nation will agree with the President that public expenditures have reached the braking point.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

It probably will not be long before the newspapers confine their reports of prize-fights to the financial pages.—*New York Herald.*

An economist says music helps in getting the work done. This does not, however, refer to chin music.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

Well, a prima donna wants a seat in the House of Commons, and we are for it. Anything that will give one of them a voice.—*Detroit News.*

W. R. Hearst of the Hearst publications says he was misquoted. One might say the chickens are coming home to roost.—*Toledo Blade.*

Now if all the mortar boards were put to their rightful employment we could solve the housing problem.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Of course insects have brains. How else could they figure out just where you are going to have your picnic?—*Greeley Tribune-Republican.*

President Harding says that the United States should help Europe with the Golden Rule. Europe, however, seems willing to rule itself if we will only furnish the gold.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

All bathing-suit designers must be from Missouri.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.*

Take it from The Literary Digest poll, McAdoo'll do!—*Jacksonville Journal.*

Ellis Island seems to be one of the most popular summer resorts in the world.—*New York Herald.*

One thing that America and Europe have in common is an ability to see one another's duty.—*Athens News.*

U-boat warfare cured some pro-German Americans, and buying German marks cured the others.—*Hartford Times.*

Fruit trees may be improved by grafting, but it doesn't seem to work in the case of political timber.—*Bridgeport Star.*

Opportunities always look bigger going than coming.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

Alien upheavers seem to regard America as the land of the free and the home of the rave.—*Washington Post.*

Birds can't see blue, says a nature note. Now let Burbank give us blue cherries.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Charles Darwin always knocked off his day's work at noon. If that was part of the Darwin theory, we're for it.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Indications are that England slowly will approach aridity as more Americans get seats in the House of Commons.—*Birmingham News.*

Senator Ashurst says he will not tell Europe what she ought to do. In that case nobody over there will suspect that he is a United States Senator.—*New York Tribune.*

The scars of war will heal, but Congress never will forget the new sources of revenue discovered.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

Professor Saunders asserts that the bagpipes have been played since 8000 B.C. Quite long enough.—*London Punch.*

By stopping all the little leaks and having pleasures few, one saves enough in fifty weeks to have a jolly two.—*Boston Transcript.*

It will be funny when the negroes all get North and the South begins to tell Yankees how to handle the race question.—*Stamford Advocate.*

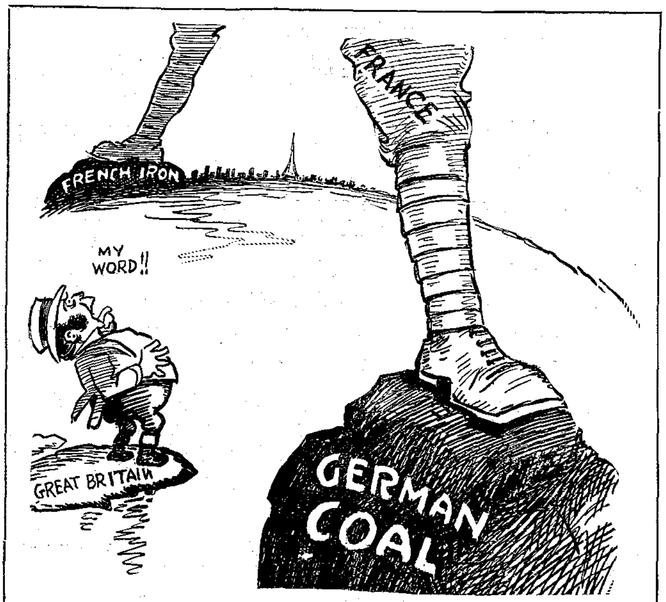
The labor shortage has become so acute that you seldom see more than a dozen idle men watching a sign painter.—*Trinidad Picketwire.*

If all the men who serve as prohibition enforcement officers ever land on the pension rolls, this will be a busted country.—*Houston Post.*

A critic of our churches says that they are "dominated by a lot of old hens." Does he refer to the lay members?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

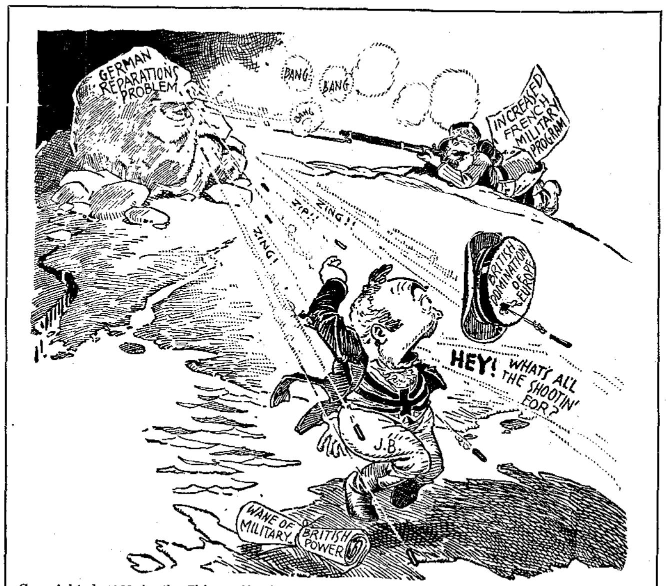
When you see a trickle of booze on the sidewalk it's a safe guess that the stuff has eaten its way through the bottom of a bottle.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Germans in the Ruhr say they are willing to pay if they can be sure the French will leave when they have their money. One good way of finding out would be to try it.—*New York Telegraph.*


FRENCH IRON
FRANCE
MY WORD!!
GREAT BRITAIN
GERMAN COAL

EUROPE'S FUTURE INDUSTRIAL COLOSSUS (?)

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.


GERMAN REPARATIONS PROBLEM
BANG
BANG
BANG
INCREASED FRENCH MILITARY PROGRAM
ZING!
ZIP!
ZING!!
BRITISH DOMINATION OF EUROPE
HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' FOR?
J.B.
WANE OF MILITARY
BRITISH POWER

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THE RICOCHET

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

THE BRITISH POSITION ON THE RUHR CRISIS

GREAT BRITAIN IS DETERMINED to make Germany pay, but realizes that "if we ask Germany to pay in excess of her capacity, we shall not succeed in accomplishing our purpose." This statement of British policy is officially set forth in Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin's speech of July 12; asserting that "peace is at stake," the Prime Minister went on to declare:

"We are firmly convinced that measures which would result in the ruin of Germany would be fatal to this country, our allies, and the whole of Europe.

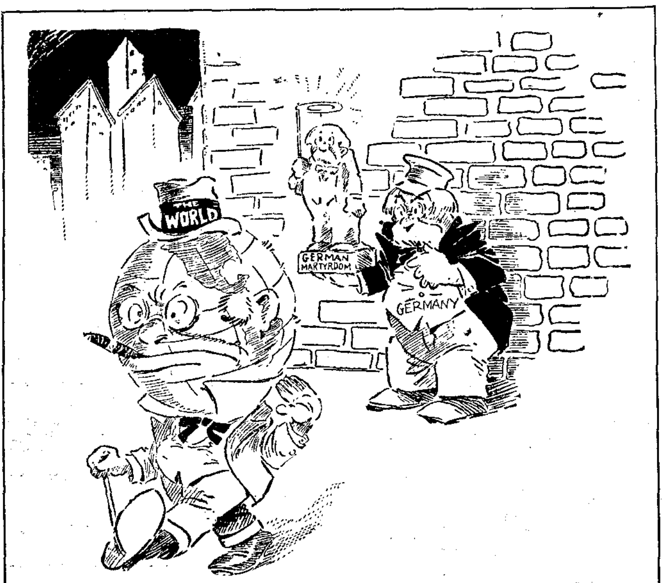
"The Allies are obtaining less reparations than before the occupation of the Ruhr, and these have to be exacted at the price of dislocation of the German economic system, and probably the future collapse of that system.

"Opinion throughout Europe, and not the least in Great Britain, is becoming more sensitive to these conditions, with alarm at their continuance. The recovery of the world is in danger. Peace is at stake.

"Peace can not be secured until three questions are settled. First the payment of reparations; second, settlement of the interallied debts; and the third, the security of a pacified Europe.

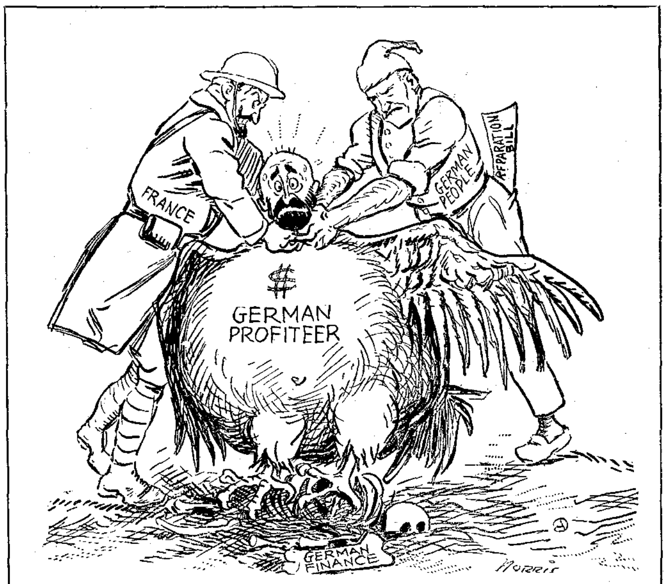
"From the beginning we have made it clear that in our opinion the occupation of the Ruhr was not calculated to produce the *maximum amount of reparations payment.* Many of the consequences which were anticipated are in the course of fulfilment. Germany herself appears to be moving fast toward economic chaos."

Of the situation in the Ruhr Mr. Baldwin said that indefinite occupation by one country of the territory of another in time of peace was a phenomenon rare and regrettable, to which an honorable end should be found as soon as possible. While the proposals in the recent German reparations note were inadequate, they should, nevertheless, be explored and examined, not ignored, in the opinion of the British Prime Minister, who added that his Government would submit a reply "to our allies for their consideration and remarks, and we indulge in the hope that we may be able to arrive at an agreement with them on the terms."


THE WORLD
GERMAN MARTYRDOM
GERMANY

ANOTHER MADE-IN-GERMANY ARTICLE THAT IS NOT SELLING SO VERY WELL

—Hanny in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*


FRANCE
GERMAN PEOPLE
REPARATION BILL
$
GERMAN PROFITEER
GERMAN FINANCE
Morris

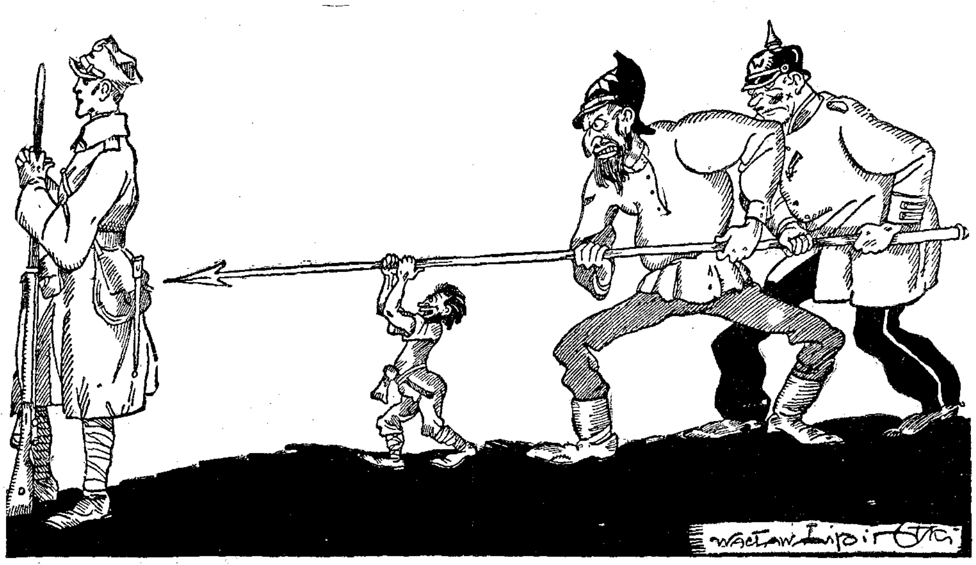
PERHAPS THE BIRD CAN BE MADE TO DISGORGE

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

HOW GERMANY IS WINNING RUSSIA

RUSSIA'S "WINDOW TOWARD EUROPE" St. Petersburg used to be called. It is that no longer. Only a tiny section of the Baltic coast remains Russian, and St. Petersburg, now Petrograd, is only beginning to convalesce, So to-day, as we are told, Russia's window toward Europe is Berlin. Indeed, the relations between Germany and Russia begin greatly to disquiet the new-born states at Russia's west, and we find a Warsaw paper, the *Mucha*, expressing a fear that Russo-German power already threatens Poland through Lithuania. In Berlin there is an important Russian colony, of which Mr. L. Leontine writes in *La Revue Contemporaine:*



WARNING POLAND AGAINST GERMANY AND RUSSIA

"Pole, beware! Tho the Lithuanian may be small, he may guide a great weapon!"

—*Mucha* (Warsaw).

"Russian signs, shops, theaters, restaurants, bookstalls and newspaper offices, to say nothing of the Soviet Embassy which flaunts its red flag almost across the street from our own, gives us some idea of the feverish activity of a Russian colony numbering 300,000. All Russia is represented in miniature in Berlin—monarchists who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, and who make common cause with their German co-religionists; the liberal bourgeoisie who worshiped Kolchak and Wrangel two years ago; the socialist-revolutionaries who already see themselves replacing the Soviet Government; the hesitant and the disillusioned who are being converted to Bolshevism by sheer brain-fag; and, finally, the communists who work in the numerous Soviet diplomatic establishments. Above all this rabble hovers the new Red bourgeoisie—profiteers, concession hunters, and former proprietors still unharmed by the Soviets and chanting their praises with great fervor."

All this is recent, of course, but, as Mr. Leontine reminds us:

"A glance at the history of the last two centuries will reveal the ties uniting Russia to Germany—a common frontier, economic, intellectual and political penetration, and blood-relationship between the two courts. Germany, more than any other country, has always influenced Russia, helped by business interests. Before the war the Germans led in trade with Russia. Their experience and their knowledge of the country and its language gave them every advantage.

"During the war this privileged position enabled the Germans to drain the occupied territories of their raw materials with the thoroughness that makes German enterprise redoubtable. Lumbering interested them especially. An unpublished memorandum of the 'Oberost-Verwaltung der Okkupierten Gebieten' shows the important part played by the Niemen and Vistula forests during the Great War: 'The occupation of enemy territory is intimately connected with the interests of our country, which must be enriched by the products of the occupied country. Russian wood, large quantities of which fell into our hands, enabled us to continue the war.'"

In the autumn of 1915, according to Mr. Leontine, Germany held three-quarters of the forests of European Russia, which furnished during the war 2,700,000 tons of wood to Germany. More than 10,000 men and 1,000 horses were employed, he says, and in formerly virgin forests little cities of shacks and stables sprang up. After the armistice on the Eastern front the work stopt and all the apparatus of exploitation was shipped home to Germany. Then—

"Poor in raw materials after the war, Germany sought to find them abroad and to extend her radius of activity into countries whose natural wealth had not been exhausted. A year ago, Parvus, the famous Russo-German socialist, wrote, 'As soon as German capitalism can find suitable business conditions just across the frontier, with lighter taxes, guaranteeing higher profits, it will shift its center of gravity to those foreign countries. At the same time German technicians and skilled workers will emigrate. We are speaking of Russia especially. The minute the juridic system in Russia is put to rights, you will witness an exodus of German capital and German technicians toward that country.'

"Last August this suggestion was made at the Congress of Political Economy at Hamburg by Hans von Eckard, who argues that Germany needs the immense stock of raw materials existing in Russia, while Russia needs German organizing ability, working power and finished products. On the political side the idea of Russo-German cooperation has found expression in the thesis, often developed by the German newspapers and emphasized by Marshal Hindenburg in his letter to General Denikine, which calls Russia and Germany the two great vanquished countries of the war of 1914. Similarly the historian, Professor Hoetzsch, tells us in *Der Osten* that the former 'historic relations with Russia,' relations whose necessity no one in Germany denies, ought never to have been interrupted by a war."

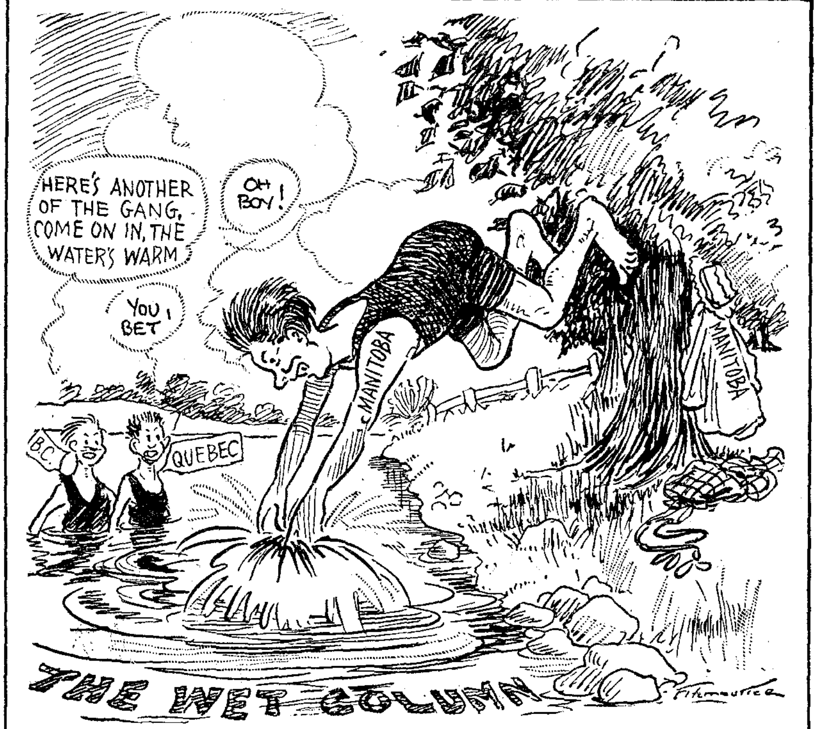
The economic invasion of Russia, we are told, is a plank in the platform of numerous organizations, among which the "Russo-German Union for the Development of Commercial Relations" is conspicuous. It is said to comprise 1,200 business houses, 50 chambers of commerce, and study-centers of which the most important are Der Wirtschaftsinstitut fuer Russland und Oststaaten and Der Ost-Europa Institut. Reading on—

"The point of departure in Russo-German relations was the signing of a commercial treaty two years ago. During the first year Germany sent Russia 133,000,000 poods of merchandise—in other words, 24 per cent. of Russia's importations came from

Germany. Meanwhile, despite the efforts of the Russian commercial mission, only 5 per cent. of Germany's importations came from Russia.

"The Germans frankly admit the difficulties of trading regularly with Russia—defects in the banking system and credit, certain drastic articles in the Bolshevik Code of Commerce, and the complicated bureaucracy of the Wniechtorg. But the Germans were the first to profit by Russia's New Economic Policy, and among the concessions acquired by Germans is that of 25,000 deciatines in the region of Rostoff on the Don, the concessionaires being the Krupp Company. The Otto Wolf concern undertook the reconstruction of the Kieff aqueduct and electrical works; a group of German capitalists took over the Treougolnite rubber factory, the largest enterprise in Petrograd, with 9,200 operatives; the Petrograd and Tiver arsenals are under Krupp control; and a group of German manufacturers runs a majority of the Ukraine sugar-mills."

Germany is the only country whose trade with Russia has reached pre-war proportions, it appears, and Mr. Leontine cites figures to show the dominant rôle played by Germany in the economic life of all the new states detached from the old Russian Empire. France gave them independence, and now Germany exploits them and England gets their raw materials. Says the writer:



THE GANG IS GROWING

—*The Daily Province* (Vancouver).

"In 1922 half of Esthonia's importations came from Germany. In Finland, out of 3,951,000,000 marks' worth of importations, Germany's contribution was 1,315,282,446 marks' worth. All these States—Esthonia, Finland, Lithuania, Poland, Latvia—have signed or are about to sign commercial treaties with Germany."

Moreover, the eastward urge—"Drang nach Osten," as the Germans call it—inspires designs on Russia itself. Says Mr. Leontine:

"To get control of that immense reservoir of men and raw materials we call Russia is Germany's dream. Twice—first when the Red army marched upon Warsaw and again when we occupied the Ruhr—it turned the heads of sane men.

"The idea of a new 'Drang nach Osten' has its partizans at opposite political extremes. On the one hand we have Captain Erhard, Admiral Hintze and Ambassador Ranzau; on the other we have certain Socialists and the entire Communist party. The Russo-German rapprochement, says Müller, the Socialist and former Minister of Foreign Affairs, 'will result in restoration of that balance of power which France has destroyed.'"

MANITOBA ABANDONS PROHIBITION

BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY the people of Manitoba have rejected prohibition after a seven-years' trial and voted to adopt in a slightly modified form the Quebec system of government sale. As the Canadian papers point out, this "does not mean a return to the despised open bar." The plan, we are told, provides for "the sale of liquors to holders of permits and specifies that it be delivered to the homes of the purchasers," while "beer is to be handled in much the same manner." Districts which "do not desire the establishment of government liquor-stores are free to bar them." In a word, Manitoba has ratified the Moderation League's program, and the new system is to be tried for three years. As the Toronto *Mail and Empire* observes,

"From utter prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic liquor as a beverage Manitoba is to ease down to exclusion of that traffic, under limitations, to the hands of the Government. That is the meaning of the orders of the people, speaking through the referendum. This decision is naturally discouraging to temperance workers, but they can do no good—perhaps not even render justice—by deploring it as evidence of backsliding on the part of Manitoba people."

However, the Windsor *Border Cities Star* foresees anything but good results, and says,

"If, as seems probable, the desire for extra provincial revenue from liquor profits was one of the motives of the Manitoba majority in voting for the system, government control will likely defeat the end which was one of the chief talking points of its friends. That has been the experience in British Columbia and Quebec, where the system is in force. Where a profit is possible, there is always a temptation to increase it. The commission which is empowered to administer the law will doubtless want to make a good financial showing, such as is openly boasted in Quebec. The administration of Ontario's prescription system of liquor sales is open to the same criticism. Government sale of liquor as a strictly temperance measure should eliminate all possibility of profit, and those in charge of it should work to discourage sales as much as possible.

"Another effect of the new plan will undoubtedly be to encourage smuggling of liquor across the border into the United States, leaving the bootlegging element practically untouched. Elimination of this vicious practise was one of the chief arguments of the Moderationists. Again, their profest goal seems impossible of attainment. Experience in British Columbia and Quebec will support such a view.

"This aspect of the question has been a serious one for Canada for some time. It involves a point of national honor, which the government at Ottawa should heed by taking stern measures to repress a trade wherein there is no good for this country. As a result of it, border points have gained an undeserved reputation for lawlessness and insobriety."

Another lamentable result of the new system, we are told, is likely to be an increase in the business of supplying tourists with liquor. According to the Toronto *Globe*, "the towns in southern Manitoba near the United States border gave large wet majorities, anticipating, no doubt, a large American tourist trade." And yet, despite such indications, the Manitoba *Free Press* is convinced that the referendum was necessary, and says of the result:

"After ample discussion and a vote which indicated that practically every elector concerned himself to reach a decision, a verdict has been rendered. A decisive majority has been registered in support of the plan for government control of liquor, which has been formulated by the Moderation League. The significance of this verdict ought not to be misunderstood. For convenience sake the public has insisted upon using the terms 'wet' and 'dry,' but the question before the people yesterday was not a definite issue between liquor and temperance. On any such clear-cut issue there would be no question, we think, as to what the decision would be. Those who favor the abolition of restrictions on drinking no doubt voted affirmatively; but the votes which gave the Moderation League proposal its majority were cast by men and women who would resent the suggestion that they are friendly to liquor and willing to encourage its use. Many of them are electors who voted the other way in previous referendums. They came by personal experience or by observation or as the result of arguments, presented to them, to regard the existing law as having failed to bring about the promised reforms and to believe that government sale of liquor, under the provisions of the Moderation League's measure, offered better guaranties for the control of drinking and better prospects for furthering sobriety among the people."

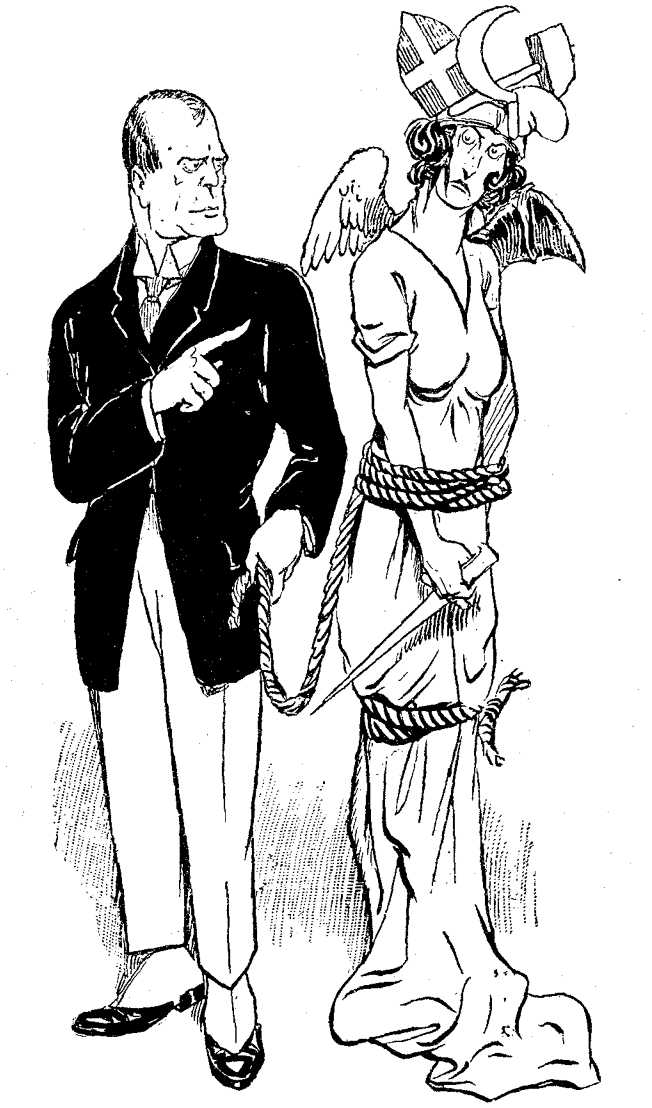
LEASING THE ITALIAN RAILROADS

THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY POINT in the program of the revolutionary Fascisti, we are told, is "the demand that the State, where it has failed to live up to the requirements of a sound and businesslike administration of the public transportation facilities, shall give way to private enterprise." In Italy the railroads, like the postal service, are running at a loss, it appears, and the deficit is so serious that, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* remarks, "the question of leasing the State's railroads forms a topic of continual and often vehement discussion in the Italian press and not only in the press; recently the Secretary of State, Carnazza, upon the authorization of the Government, exprest a belief that it might be possible to arrange for the cession of a railroad district to a private company." Loud protests followed this suggestion. The cabinet officer responsible for the railroads was indignant. Other cabinet officers objected as excitedly. Competing firms denounced in advance the favoritism they felt sure would attend the project; the Government should give everybody a chance to bid, they insisted. But, as the Vienna paper observes, the most cogent objection is the one raised by those who ask, "Upon what basis can practically passive working enterprises be capitalized?" Says the editor:

"Any undertaking whose profits are nil, is worth nothing. It will be hard to find a buyer and to attract one we should have to offer a subsidy. Moreover, the Italian Government has no intention of selling its railroads, either as a whole or part of them. All that is intended is to lease the railroads. How should it be possible to-day to ascertain the value of a railroad line when the lira may to-morrow be worth double or only half its present value? Even if only the leasing system is considered, who would not be able to foresee the difficulties as soon as we have to speak about the renewing of the material, its maintenance, and about amortization, especially when the State is one of the contracting parties? There exists no perfect solution, wrote Einandi recently in the *Corriere della Sera*, and certainly none which would satisfy completely. Besides, the point in question is really if an imperfect solution would not be more desirable and less burdensome for the country than an inadequate government administration. All seem to agree upon the point that, considering the present state of affairs, even a weak compromise would mean for the nation a pecuniary gain. This gain, of course, can not be exprest in round figures, because plus and minus stand in closest relation to the importance of a whole string of other questions which have to be asked, questions of a social, economic and military nature."

Explaining the problem further, the *Neue Freie Presse* observes:

"The first reflection suggesting itself was, if it would be advisable to transfer the larger systems of lines to private industry or only the smaller ones. The issue of so-called great licenses was hitherto the general custom in Italy. In that way there were established between the years 1885 and 1905 the systems of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and the Sicilian railroads. Many circumstances favor the leasing of the larger systems. The Italian railroad lines, of which the Government claims ownership, aggregate about 15,000 track kilometers. An attempt to divide them up and make them suitable for distribution under twenty or thirty licenses would result in dreadful confusion. Therefore, a majority of experts favor a compromise solution which would also be more in accord with the structure of the different lines, and besides would meet far better the national and military requirements. According to the opinion of the experts all the longitudinal and transversal lines should be retained under the Government's own administration, for they maintain the traffic with the adjoining foreign countries, or connect the big cities with the most important ports of the country. The big lines have to pay much more attention to the total organization. They also demand a much better trained and therefore higher paid staff of employees, and, last but not least, they are of unmistakable strategic value. As far as mobility and economy are concerned, the large lines would gain only if the side lines were separated from the trunk lines and the central administration. The side lines are mostly of local interest and could be conducted under a suburban tariff system."



HAS MUSSOLINI FETTERED LIBERTY?

MUSSOLINI: "I have only suppress that liberty which aimed at destroying Italy."

—*Il 423* (Florence).

What, meanwhile, is to be the rôle of the Government as lessor and owner? The *Neue Freie Presse* points out that "in 1885 a system was adopted which granted to the private companies, on account of operation and administration, two-thirds, and to the State, as owner, one-third of the receipts." But—

"This system did not make good, because the private concerns were in no way eager to make special efforts. The expenditures grew rapidly and amounted to more than the two-thirds which the companies earned. Einandi therefore recommends, especially for distances which in the beginning do not pay, participation of the Government in the net receipts which grow with the increas-

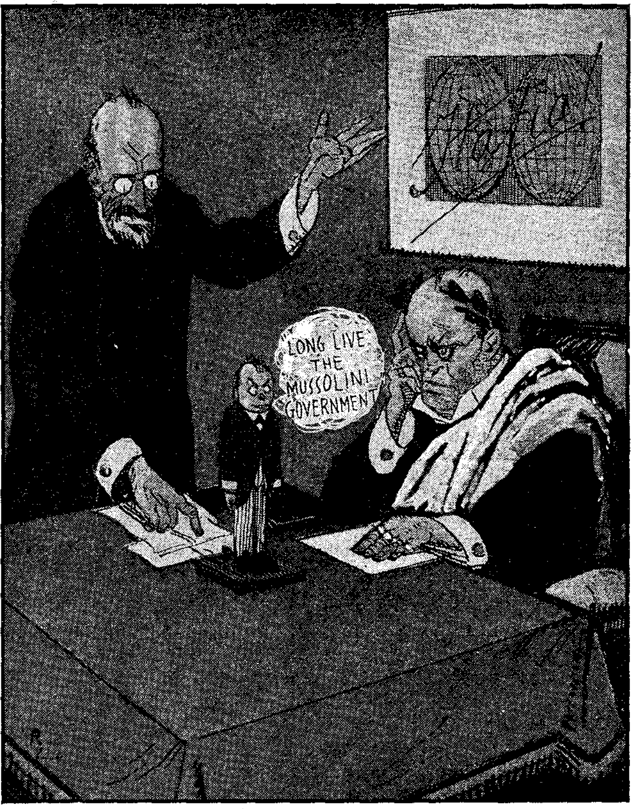
> ing gross receipts, while at the same time the company itself would be given a motive to increase the receipts as much as possible. For the last thirty years this system has been in vogue with the greatest success at the Italian banks of issue. The Fascisti Government of Mussolini has already taken up the same system with its partnership in the joint stock company of the Ansaldo Works. If the lines are self-supporting and upon a paying basis, the State, besides its participation in the net receipts, should also be entitled to a kilometer or mileage guaranty. But these lines don't come into consideration when one is discussing the problem of leasing the Italian railroads."

Instead of the Government's asking for a guaranty, the companies demand such a mileage guaranty, we are told, and—

> "Altho the granting of such a guaranty may appear to be a very easy task, it is in no way a simple arithmetical problem, as the point in question is if a mileage guaranty would not burden the finances of the State much more than the direct administration by the government. Besides, in stipulating a guaranty another difficulty had to be considered: the uncertainty of the Italian exchange, which can rise and fall, and to avoid any unpleasant situation that might result from the insecure monetary conditions somewhat elaborate rules had to be invented."

By way of conclusion the *Neue Freie Presse* observes:

> "To-day nobody is able to draw a clear picture of the plan the Italian Government has in view. This is the more difficult as opinions diverge even within the circles of the Fascisti. The Government has only announced the program which, according to its conviction, is best suited to lessen the deficit in the budget of the railroads and at the same time increase the efficiency of the traffic system. Meanwhile, there is a point that should not be overlooked: The railroads in Italy serve, as nowhere else, the purpose of elections and as propaganda for such elections; even representatives and senators belonging to the same political party often stand opposed to one another when it comes to discussions about the railroads as affecting local interests. Nevertheless, it seems to be recognized that the railroads should not be surrendered into the hands of the newly grown-up capitalists, but should be, if at all, transferred to companies already in the past entrusted with the administration of railroads and known to the country for their reliability. Of course, as opposition is everywhere, this proposition also has its opponents, who claim that the transfer to the old companies would mean the establishment of monopolies and trusts."


LONG LIVE THE MUSSOLINI GOVERNMENT

ITALY'S MODEL CITIZEN

THE MANUFACTURER: "Look, Excellency, you squeeze it and it cries, 'Long live the Government!'"
MUSSOLINI: "Good! Order forty million of them. I shall thus have all Italy with me."

—*L'Asino* (Rome).

But it appears that, if "to-day nobody is able to draw a clear picture of the plan the Italian Government has in view," it is also difficult to guess how long the existing Italian Government will last. That Government grows daily more despotic, according to a correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle*, who observes:

> "Local dictatorships and the tyranny of regional commissaries and of militia subalterns terrorize prefects, mayors and populations. The leaders struggle for place and honor with a bitterness and violence that go to the length of public accusations of graft, while a turbulent, irresponsible minority holds Italy at its mercy, and it often develops that the accusations of graft are true."

GOVERNMENT PROTECTS NORWEGIAN BANKS

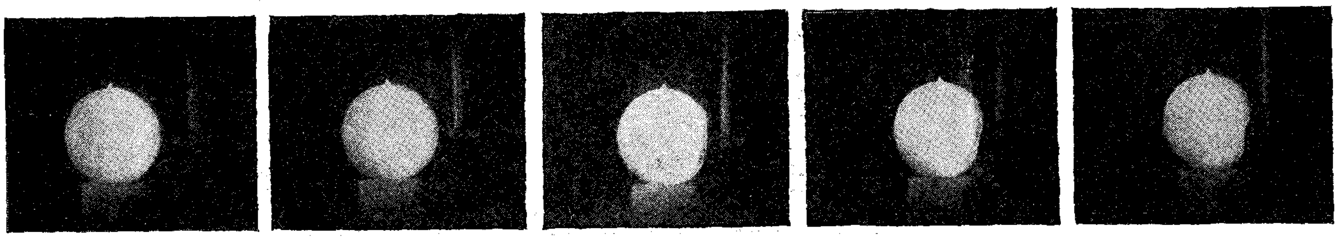
RUNS ON THE BANK are prevented in Norway by a new law providing that when a bank is in difficulties, tho solvent, the State may take it over for a period not exceeding one year. As we are told, two of Norway's larger banks recently got into difficulties and, at their own request, were placed under public administration. During the period of administration, banks thus maintained will respond to legitimate business demands, and, on the whole, the conditions are quite different from an ordinary stoppage of payment followed by bankruptcy and liquidation. According to *Farmand*, the leading commercial periodical of Christiania, "the object of the new law is to secure a bank, which has had to stop payment, against the losses which inevitably accompany sudden interruption of activity and a consequent winding up of business. Under the new law a bank in difficulties may continue business under public administration and all new claims enjoy preference when business is wound up later on." The banking situation in Norway has been much relieved by quick and determined government action, and the Christiania *Morgenbladet* says,

> "The guaranty which the Government had thus given for the liabilities of the two banks—both with respect to depositors and other creditors—is only granted after careful examination, the result of which is that both banks must be considered as capable of surviving. According to the Storting's decision this is the condition for granting such guaranty on the whole. Other conditions attached to the decision are that the guaranty must be granted only for the continuation of the bank's regular operation within a modest scope and that a thorough control of its operations shall be established. On the strength of the guaranty which is now granted the two banks will undoubtedly regain the public confidence which is the necessary means of making good the losses that the depression has inflicted, and restoring stable conditions. Each of them has tasks to perform in our community which are so important that the place they have occupied must not be allowed to remain vacant."

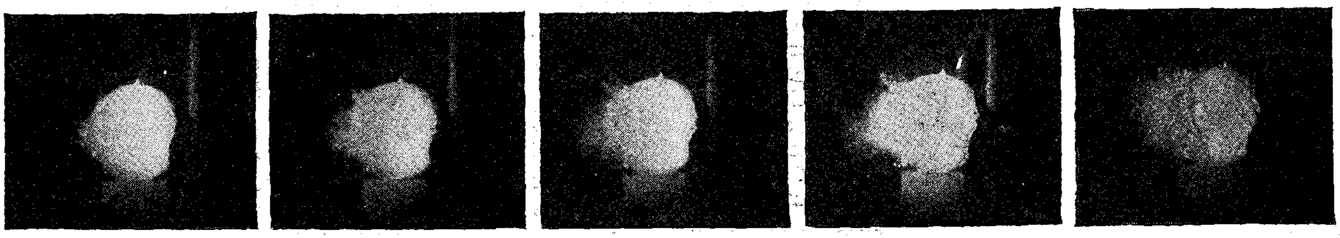
Nordisk Tidende, a Norweigian paper, published in Brooklyn, New York City, has obtained a statement from Hon. Abraham Berge, Norwegian Minister of Finance and chief director of the Bank of Norway. He is not greatly disturbed. The difficulties besetting the Norwegian banks are a result of after-war conditions, he believes. To quote his statement:

> "The chief cause is naturally the period of colossal depreciation with its deflation of all artificial war values. To this must be added other unfortunate matters, such as people's nervousness for their money which gave these banks the final blow. They lacked liquid means, the pressure became too strong and the only right thing that could be done was to seek protection under the new law."

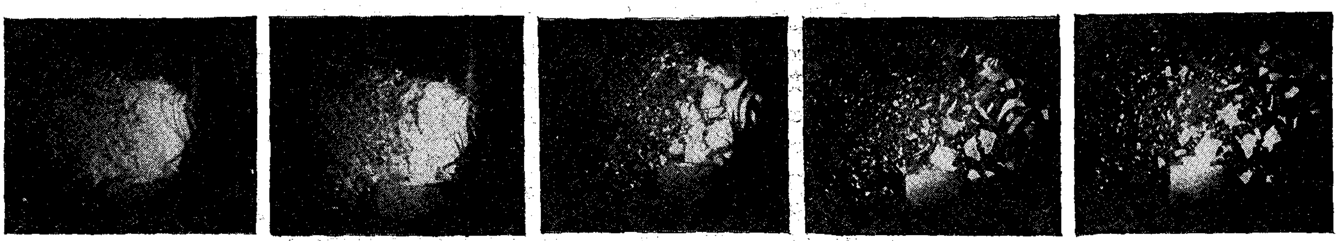
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



A GLASS VACUUM GLOBE 15 INCHES IN DIAMETER, STRUCK BY A HAMMER FROM THE RIGHT, CRUMPLES AT POINT OF IMPACT



THE RUSH OF AIR SUCKS ACROSS FRAGMENTS WHICH PERFORATE THE LEFT SIDE WITH A CLOUD OF POWDERED GLASS



IMPACT SIDE CRACKS IN LARGE PIECES, CLOUD ON THE LEFT INCREASES AND DISSIPATES, AND GLOBE COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATES

HIGH-SPEED MOVIES AT 2,500 PICTURES A SECOND: IT ALL HAPPENED IN 3-500THS OF A SECOND!

Films taken by Heape & Grylls Rapid Cinema Machine. Reproduced by courtesy of Heape & Grylls.

MOVIES AT 5,000 PER SECOND

THROWING AN EGG INTO AN ELECTRIC FAN has been reported on sundry occasions as the repressed life ambition of various distinguished men. People of a similar spirit of childlike curiosity may now pursue highly respectable scientific investigation with the aid of a recently invented movie camera. Exactly what happens when you drop an electric light globe down an air-shaft having engaged the morbid curiosity of several generations of boys, exactly what happens when you hit such a globe with a hammer can now be studied in detail, as the pictures accompanying this article show.

High-speed movies taken at the rate of 5,000 per second are in the scope of the new Heape and Grylls rapid cinema camera, according to *The Illustrated London News*. So far, we are told, only one of these machines has been constructed, and is in use by the British Admiralty at Shoeburyness, where it can and does take pictures on an ordinary moving-picture film at any rate from 500 to 5,000 pictures per second. Before going into any of its exploits, a description of the machine itself, which consists of three main portions—a film drum, a pair of lens wheels, and a shutter, is quoted from the *News* as follows:

"The film drum is six feet in diameter, six inches wide, and weighs half a ton. It is driven by an 8-horse-power electric motor at any speed from 100 to 1,000 revolutions per minute. At this latter rate its peripheral speed is 18,000 feet per minute, and the tensile stress in the rim is five tons per square inch. Two shallow parallel grooves are cut round the surface of the drum, in each of which a length of film is laid and securely held in place by means of vacuum.

"Two lens wheels are fixt on the ends of two horizontal shafts, one on each side of the drum, and driven off it by bevel gearing. These wheels are 15 inches in diameter, and are perforated near the edge to hold 40 lenses in each wheel. The wheels overlap the drum in front of it, so that, for each of them, at one point in their revolution, the center of each lens passes in front of the center of the film on the drum behind. Thus one wheel of lenses throws an image from each lens in succession on one film, while the other wheel serves the other film.

"Each wheel revolves toward the drum, and is so geared that lens and film travel at exactly the same speed, and, for a certain distance, in the same direction.

"The distance each lens travels with the film is sufficient for the production of a picture of the standard cinematograph size, such picture being taken through a narrow slit in the focal plane, referred to further below. The principle on which this method of rapid cinematography is based is the continuous movement of film and lens in the same direction and at the same speed. For this purpose, in this machine, when the film drum revolves 1,000 times per minute, the lens wheels revolve 7,500 times per minute. Thus, when going at full speed, a lens passes in front of each film 300,000 times in one minute.

"The Shutter Mechanism.—A vertical plate is fixt immediately in front of the drum, in which are two narrow slits, say 2 millimeters wide, set side by side, one opposite each film in the focal plane. Through these slits exposures are made on the films. Thus each lens in succession throws an image on its respective film, and, as lens and film both pass that slit on opposite sides, a shutter is not required to act for each photograph taken. But it is required to start taking photographs, and to stop them being taken on the instant the film drum has made one revolution, otherwise photographs would be superimposed on those already taken. For this purpose, a second vertical plate is mounted in grooved roller guides, in which it may move with great rapidity. This is the shutter plate, and it is placed between the fixt plate already described and the lens wheels.

"In this shutter plate are two holes, one opposite each film, which may be arranged either to lie side by side, in which case both films will be exposed at the same time and pairs of photographs taken (an important provision, since it admits of detailed stereoscopic examination of the pictures); or it may be arranged so that one of these holes is placed above the level of the other, in which case photographs are taken first on one film and then on the other.

"It is obvious that, when the shutter plate is raised and held in position so that the holes in it are above the focal plane, the narrow slits in the fixt plate will be closed. And this is where it is placed while the film drum is getting up the requisite speed. When the time comes to take photographs, the support which holds the shutter is instantaneously withdrawn (by an electrical device timed to act by falling weights on switches), and the shutter is pulled down by strong springs on to a second support. At this point the holes in the shutter plate are in alinement with the slits in the fixt plate, and photographs are taken on the films thus exposed—during one revolution of the drum.

"On the instant when that revolution is completed, the second support is removed, the shutter is pulled down on to a third support, and the slits in the fixt plate are again closed. This is what happens when pairs of photographs are taken. If it be required to use the films consecutively, the drop of the shutter on to the third support closes the slit opposite one film, and opens the slit opposite the other; this, in its turn, is closed when another revolution of the drum is completed, by removal of the third support and a further drop of the shutter. The shutter, once freed, is pulled down sufficiently quickly to open and shut off the film in, approximately, 1-4,500th of a second."

This machine, it appears, was constructed in the workshop of Thomas Cooke and Sons, in York, where the pictures reproduced herewith were taken. Exposed at a rate of from 2,000 to 3,000 pictures per second, they are, we are told, the first ever taken by reflected light at any such speed. From this point up to 5,000 pictures per second photography depends essentially on the light available. In this case the beams of two 90 centimeter searchlights were concentrated on one object, but they would not be strong enough, in all probability, for a much higher speed than was used.

In the pictures of the glass vacuum globe broken by a hammer, it is interesting to note how the globe bursts on the side opposite that hit by the hammer. The first perforation is brought about by the impact of pieces of broken glass, caught up by the inrush of air through the hole made by the hammer, and hurled across the inside of the globe. As these holes gradually become bigger with the subsequent cracking of the globe, a cloud of fine powdered glass emerges. It is not until after this that the globe completely disintegrates, or as we usually express the action in the case of an electric globe, "explodes."

Another most interesting experiment was made with a solid rubber ball, teed up like a golf ball on a loose cardboard cylinder, two inches in front of the muzzle of a "cannon." The cannon was a home-made gun, loaded with four ounces of powder and plugged by a wooden tampion two inches thick and with a four-inch head. The pictures showed every detail of the action from the time the "cannon" was fired till the rubber ball, having flattened itself against a steel target some distance away, rebounded toward the muzzle of the gun.

It was found that the speed of the tampion out of the gun was quick enough to enable it to sink at least one inch into the solid rubber ball before the ball began to move off the tee. Once under way it may be seen slowly regaining a spherical shape, only to flatten at first exactly like a snowball against the steel target. So great was the impact that the ball kept on flattening to a thin disk, and then at once reverted toward the oval, looking as it prepared to rebound like half an egg. Once clear of the plate again, the ball elongated, and then began to grow round, altho it has been broken on the impact side. In the last picture it was once more an almost perfect sphere.

Golfers will no doubt begin wondering what similar pictures taken just before and after the impact of a club on a golf ball would show. There may be a field for curious investigators here. Going further, it can be seen that the application of this instantaneous motion-picture photography to scientific research of all kinds may prove very valuable. Phenomena, as the *News* points out, which it has hitherto been impossible to see, may now be followed step by step and minutely measured at the same time. The great industrial applications of such an aid to knowledge may offer in the future practically unlimited economic possibilities.

TO FIND WHEN METALS GET TIRED

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE to "tire" a metal to the point where it gives way under repeated strains or shocks? The Engineering Foundation, in collaboration with the National Research Council and other corporations, has undertaken a comprehensive program of research to establish the endurance limits or so-called "fatigue" of copper, brass, bronze, and other metals. Everybody, says a press bulletin, issued by the Copper Research Association (New York), has used the simple process of breaking a piece of wire, perhaps a hairpin, by bending it back and forth, until it snapt, and has found that some wire has to be bent longer than others. The breaking of the wire was the result of "fatigue"; when the wire snapt it had reached its endurance limit. We read further:

"This is a simple example of fatigue failure, a subject which assumes great importance in the operation of machinery, in which such objects as shaftings, axles, springs, bolts, rods, ties and structural parts made of metal are subjected to repeated loads, shocks and stresses.

"Fatigue characteristics depend on the composition of the metal or alloy, the heat treatment to which it is subjected in manufacture, the structure of the metal, impurities present, even the shape of the object. It will thus be seen that the variety of conditions where fatigue is a factor is almost endless.

"Engineering science has an almost inexhaustible fund of fact with regard to the other physical properties of the metals, including tensile strength, compressive strength, ductility and hardness. There exists, however, this gap in regard to fatigue. The recognition of its vast importance is in line with the great engineering progress of the times.

"A fatigue failure of metal is apt to occur suddenly. The metal snaps as tho it were brittle, and in many cases at the point of fracture appears to have become crystalline. This crystalline appearance led to the old theory that under repeated stress metal crystallized, but this theory is now known to be unfounded. As a matter of fact, under the microscope all metals used for structures and machinery appear crystalline. Stresses produce no apparent change in the general structure of the metal, but repeated stresses seem to produce a gradual breaking down of the crystalline structure of the metal.

"To accurately determine the facts which govern the strength of the many metals and alloys employed under widely varying conditions of service is a huge task, calling for exhaustive research, as will be apparent from the fact that in some metals it becomes necessary to carry the repetitions of stress beyond one hundred million reversals (bend the hairpin back and forth, if you will), before the actual endurance limit can be satisfactorily established.

"For three-quarters of a century the need for accurate information on this subject has been apparent, but the costly character of the undertaking was long a deterrent. Finally, during the World War, the question of strength of airplane parts under repeated stress became of such prime importance that a full investigation of the endurance limits of commercial steels was begun.

"It is now planned to carry forward for the first time a comprehensive research into the endurance limits of copper, brass, bronze and other non-ferrous metals and alloys. The work will be supervised by an advisory committee of specialists connected with the National Research Council. Dr. H. F. Moore, Professor in the University of Illinois, will be in immediate charge of the experiments, which will be conducted at Urbana, Illinois. The Engineering Foundation, of which Mr. Alfred D. Flinn is director, has provided special equipment and funds, and is cooperating in other ways in this investigation which concerns every one, especially those having to do with high-speed machines, whether in power-plants or factories, in airplanes or automobiles."

WHY IS A DOPE FIEND?

OPIUM ADDICTS exist because they can obtain opium. They can get it because more is produced than is needed for medical purposes. Cut down production to the medical limit and the dope problem is solved. This is practically the contention of the American representatives before the international opium commission at Geneva. That it was not adopted shows, it is argued editorially by *Drug and Chemical Markets* (New York), that the opium-growing nations are not in earnest in their ostensible efforts to stop the evil. No kind of control can possibly be effective, the writer contends, unless applied at the source. So long as there is an overplus of opium, that overplus will be taken up by illegitimate users, no matter what the laws may be. We read:

"Settlement of the world-wide opium problem can not be made without the full cooperation of every civilized nation in whose territory the growth of the opium poppy is carried on. For Great Britain and France to interject a series of 'ifs and buts' in the consideration of the American opium plan recently presented before the League of Nations opium commission at Geneva, means only one thing. In their own minds, the delegates of these nations are against any drastic restrictions in opium production and also opposed to cutting off the supply of non-medical opium from the natives of their colonies. To solve a combined moral and political problem of the opium type is impossible if insincerity lurks behind the high-sounding phrases of the delegates of great nations attending the meeting of an international commission.

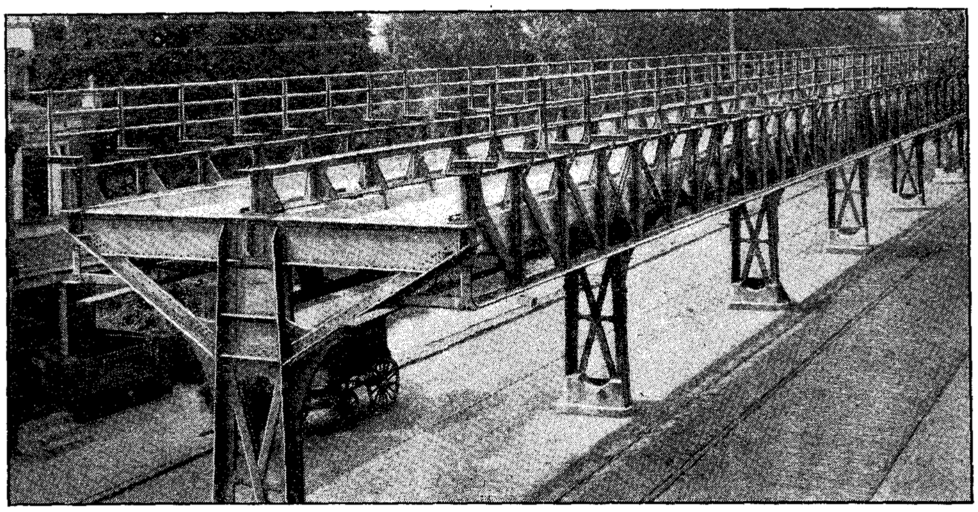
"The only method which can effectively stamp out drug addiction all over the world is to reduce opium production to the exact needs for scientific and medicinal purposes. Laws piled upon laws without this control at the source have been, and will continue to be, ineffective. In America, manufacturers and distributors of narcotics have been overwhelmed with all types of laws, forms and restrictions, both State and national, and still the reform associations say that drug addiction is on the increase. Federal and local authorities have made statements indicating that well over ninety per cent. of all narcotics seized in and near New York City in original packages, have been of foreign manufacture. This seems to point the finger of accusation directly at Europe."

The ease with which morphin, diacetylmorphin, and cocaine can be smuggled into the United States and out of the countries of Europe, owing to their small bulk and ready concealment, and the enormous profits in the traffic, make the combating of drug addiction in the United States doubly difficult, the writer says. He asserts that here is one matter in which world salvation is not being delayed because America is hanging back. In fact, the responsibility for the ravages of opium is laid squarely on Europe's doorstep. As we are told:

"The American plan placed before the commission in Geneva is undoubtedly the only method of permanently and effectively combating the evil. The refusal of other big nations to cooperate—and it is nothing less than this in reality—owing to selfish motives, indicates that they place government revenues and political expediency above moral considerations. Their delegates agree quite suavely with the American plan until the test comes, the actual restriction of opium production, and they then demonstrate their insincerity by quibbling and splitting hairs. And these are the same nations of Europe that have sent envoy after envoy to the United States to make us realize that it is the 'moral obligation' of America to join the League of Nations."

A SILENT ELEVATED RAILROAD

THE "SILENT" ELEVATED RAILWAY, or something approximating it, has been achieved in Philadelphia, we are told by William A. McGarry, writing in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). That city has just completed and opened to the public a 6¼-mile stretch of high-speed transit line that is held by engineers to be the quietest in the world. It is also of interest by reason of the advance it marks in the adoption and use of mechanical safeguards against accident. Considering that the New York elevated trains are being repainted in an attractive color, it would seem that the elevated type of rapid transit still has a future. Of the Philadelphia improvements, we read:



By courtesy of "Popular Mechanics" (Chicago)

THEY INSIST ON QUIET IN PHILADELPHIA

And so they have just completed a new elevated rapid transit line, a section of which is here shown, constructed so as to eliminate the usual deafening clatter that goes with such roads.

"The first contract for the work was let in 1915, and when completed, the aggregate cost of the line was $15,000,000. Of this, $3,000,000 alone was spent on cars.

"Quiet operation has been achieved quite simply from the point of view of the engineer. The methods used represent a forward step in comfort and health. Pedestrians may converse without effort while a seven-car train passes overhead at full speed. There is a noise, but it is more like the distant boom of a big gun than the familiar high-pitched clatter of a passing train.

"In the Frankford line, two major developments were made on the structure itself in addition to the improvements in the cars. The first was to fill the interstices of the H-beam uprights, on which the road is carried, with concrete. Various experiments have shown that such beams act as sound transmitters, carrying to the pedestrians vibrations that otherwise might have been dissipated in the air above. The second change was in the support for the rock ballast in the roadbed. Instead of using the familiar bolted lattice-work of steel, the engineers put in concrete arches. The result was a structure almost as solid and vibration-proof as masonry.

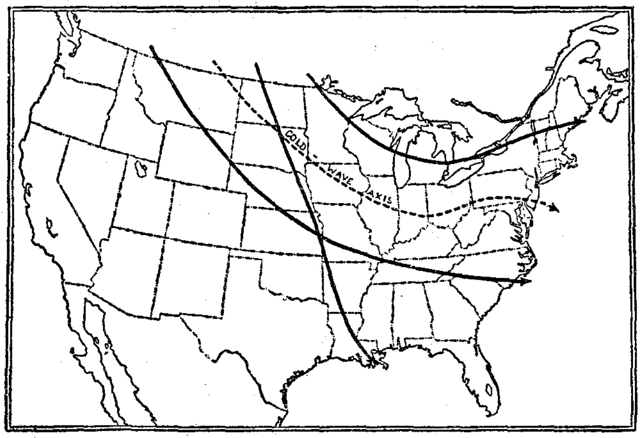
"For about a mile near the terminus, the line runs through a part of Frankford Avenue, which is so narrow that a center-column structure had to be used. Even here the engineers managed to attain an unusual solidity. A special type of column was designed, supported below the street surface by plate girders that in turn rest on concrete piers 12 feet apart. The result has been a considerable deadening of noise, even when the old-type cars are used.

"The new cars are similar in some respects to those in use on the later lines in New York, but they have some additional safeguards. Fully automatic couplers were installed, the use of which not only eliminates the necessity of brakemen standing between the cars when trains are being made up in the yards, but also equalizes the speed of each car so that the train acts as a unit. It makes for less noise and more comfort. Another step is dual control of the air-brakes, one of the old type, and the other electrical, the latter being instantaneous. In the old equipment, when the motorman applied the brakes, the first car in the train was the first to slow down. The second car bumped into the first, and soon throughout the length of the train."

WHERE THE COLD WAVES COME FROM

CANADA SENDS US OUR WAVES of lower temperature—cold in winter, merely cool in summer. We may curse her in the former season and bless her in the latter; the benefit offsets the injury. In both cases the low-temperature air is from the vast, treeless continental spaces of western British America, where radiation is full and free and the thermometer stands low. The great Rocky Mountain barrier often guides the cold air southward and freezes up the Georgia peach-orchards and the Florida orange-groves. "Typically American" are these sudden cold spells, we are told by Prof. Robert de C. Ward, of Harvard, writing in *The Scientific Monthly* (Utica, N. Y.) They "play a distinct part in the lives of many millions of people in the United States," he says. To quote from his article:

"For severity, suddenness and frequency the cold waves of the eastern United States are unique. They are typically American, a characteristic feature of the rear of winter cyclonic storms, and follow warmer weather, accompanied by winter rains or snow, in front of the low-pressure center. Following the passage of the center, the cold wave is heralded by a sudden shift of the wind to the west and northwest—a piercing blast, sweeping down from the cold continental interior of western Canada, reducing the temperature 20°, 30°, 40°, or even more, within 24 hours. The drop in temperature often begins before the rain or snow has ceased falling. If it is still raining when the westerly wind begins to blow, the rain quickly turns to sleet, and an icy covering forms on all objects outdoors. If it has been snowing, the snow soon becomes hard and dry.



OUR COLD WAVES COME FROM CANADA

Cold wave axis and generalized paths of cold waves across the Eastern United States.

"The northwest wind blows for a day or more, accompanied by clear skies and sunshine, and then gradually diminishes. The cold wave proper is, therefore, not at the center of the high, but on its southeastern margin, in the area occupied by the northerly and northwesterly winds.

"From their northwestern origin the areas of cold, usually more or less elliptical and covering hundreds of thousands of square miles in extreme cases, progress in a general easterly or southeasterly direction toward the Atlantic or Gulf coasts, but with much diminished intensity as they enter warmer latitudes. A cold wave may easily sweep over the country from the northern plains to Texas or to the Atlantic coast in two or three days.

"It is fairly safe to expect, on the average, three or four severe cold waves every winter in the eastern United States, but such intense cold spells do not, as a rule, last longer than two or three days except over the northern plains, and are naturally more frequent in the north than in the south. Similar conditions prevail also in summer. The clearing northwest winds in the rear of a passing summer cyclonic storm, or after a well-developed thunderstorm, are pleasantly cool, dry and refreshing, following, as they do, a spell of muggy and oppressive heat which has accompanied southerly winds. These summer 'cool waves,' therefore, give welcome relief during the hot months, and are an important factor in making the climate of that season more agreeable and more healthful."

Several factors, Professor Ward says, combine to produce the severe cold spells of the eastern United States. While the "wave" itself is due to temporary pressure-distribution, the initial source of the cold is to be sought in the larger climatic conditions of the North American continent. During the long winter nights, under the clear skies and in the dry air of the northern treeless interior, active radiation from the lower atmosphere, both to ground and sky, reduces the temperature. These fundamental conditions supply most of the cold, which is then imported to lower latitudes. He continues:

"The permanent winter high-pressure conditions over the northern portions of North America accelerate this flow of cold air. In addition, the original cold is reinforced and more or less effectively maintained by active radiation in the dry, clear air, especially when the ground is covered with snow. The minimum temperatures are not recorded during the northwest wind, but on the clear, calm nights which follow.

"Another factor of essential importance in the production of American cold waves is the frequency, intensity and rapid progression of the winter storms. A further condition is the presence of the warm ocean and Gulf waters to the south. Across these blow the warm southerly winds in advance of the low-pressure areas, importing the high temperatures with which the succeeding cold is in such sharp contrast. There is, further, a series of topographic controls peculiar to North America. The Rocky Mountains constitute an effective barrier to the west. Hence cyclonic storms moving across the Great Plains and then eastward can not readily supply their rear indraft from the west, and in place of that draw heavily on the reserves of colder air to the north. The absence of any transverse mountain-ranges across the great central lowlands leaves an unobstructed path for the cold waves to invade the whole tier of States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. These temporary incursions of cold are one of the most serious climatic handicaps of the Southern States from an agricultural standpoint. The long stretch of the Appalachian Mountains, paralleling the Atlantic coast, is not sufficiently high or massive to constitute an effective barrier against the advance of cold waves from the interior, altho it does, not infrequently, furnish some protection to the southern Atlantic coast States when severe cold waves prevail to the west of the mountains."

And these cold waves, it is noted, are no mere meteorological phenomena, of interest only to scientists and the makers of weather maps. They affect us and our interests, our everyday life and comfort, in almost every conceivable way. Professor Ward brings this fact home by reminding us that, for instance:

"When a cold wave is on the way, heating plants are prepared for an increased demand, and furnaces are run at full blast. Greenhouses are closed and kept at a higher temperature. Fire-plugs and exposed water-pipes are protected. Gasoline engines out-of-doors are drained. The water in automobile radiators is mixed with alcohol or some other non-freezing liquid. Railway companies arrange for more heat in their cars; accelerate the movement of perishable goods, and heat the cars containing them, or run these cars under cover for protection. The announcement of a cold wave is usually followed by hastened shipments of cold-storage eggs from the Western supply districts to the Eastern markets, in anticipation of a rise in prices. On the other hand many goods are not shipped until the cold spell is over. Advertisements call attention to cold-weather goods. Coal and wood dealers prepare for sudden demands for fuel. The dredging of sand and gravel ceases. Iron ore ready for shipment is protected so that it shall not freeze. Ice companies watch the increasing thickness of the ice forming in their supply reservoirs and decide whether to cut at once, or, if the cold is to be severe and prolonged, to wait for thicker ice. Philanthropic organizations of all kinds prepare for sudden demands for fuel, food and clothing on the part of the poor. In districts where outdoor crops are exposed to the cold, and to frosts accompanying or closely following the advent of a cold wave, as in the citrus fruit orchards of southern California or the truck-gardens of the Gulf and southern Atlantic coasts, immediate preparations are made for adequate protection by means of thorough organized methods. In certain cases the crop may be saved from damage by being gathered in advance of the arrival of the damaging cold. In these, and in countless other ways, cold waves play a distinct part in the lives of many millions of people in the United States."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ALAN SEEGER IN PARIS

ALAN SEEGER WAS KILLED on the 4th of July, 1916. His features now shine from the figure erected in Paris on this 4th of July to commemorate the Americans who served with the French at the beginning of the war, and did not live to see their own country take its turn. The bronze and stone figure, wrought by Jean Boucher, is another tribute of gratitude from France to America, and it was erected from small contributions, wholly French. A cable dispatch to the New York *Herald* describes the ceremonies:

"There was an imposing array of French troops, and school-children from all the districts of Paris saluted the bronze figure of the American soldier, which bears the features of Alan Seeger, the American soldier-poet. They then laid their tribute of flowers at the foot of the figure, and André Brunot, one of the leading members of the Comédie Française recited a French translation of Seeger's poem, 'I Have a Rendezvous with Death,' which was first published in the New York *Sun*.

"The monument represents an American in the French uniform calling to his countrymen to follow him, and on the base of the monument is inscribed the names of the American volunteers who were killed in the French service, including Russell Kelly, Richard and Edward Hall, Earle Fisk, Kiffin Rockwell, Norman Prince, Kenneth Weeks, Victor Chapman, and others, mostly members of the Lafayette Escadrille and the French Foreign Legion.

"The memorial was erected by voluntary contributions from more than 50,000 persons in all parts of France and from the French troops in the colonies. Large sums were refused, as well as any from non-French sources, so that the memorial might be an exclusively French expression of gratitude. Boucher, the sculptor, was a soldier and fought with the early American volunteers. In the opinion of many experts Paris contains no finer work of modern art than this.

"With the dedication of the memorial, the consequent calling out of the troops, and the profuse decorations of American flags throughout the city, the day took on the aspect of a French national holiday."

TO THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

France erects this statue by Jean Boucher, to the Americans who came to her aid in 1914. The features are those of Alan Seeger.

Ambassador Herrick, in thanking France on behalf of America, told how volunteers to the Foreign Legion, including Seeger, sought his advice before enlisting. He said:

"Their acts were an inspired answer to the babble of pacifism, neutrality and propaganda that 'fatigued the air' of America."

The cable to the New York *Tribune* has another version of who read the poem:

"Carving on the statue's pedestal shows a poilu and doughboy clasping hands before a winged figure of Humanity. As Seeger's poem was read by M. Silvain, a trick of the sunlight through the trees arching over the monument made the poilu emerge from the shadow into the full glare of the noon sun, and the light slowly extended to take in first the winged figure and then the doughboy.

"Premier Poincaré's thin, high voice carried to the fringes of the great crowd. Sketching Franco-American relations since 1776, and especially praising the Lafayette air squadron, he concluded:

"'I can not believe that humanity will forget the sacred cause it defended. Will it forget the torrents of blood, the grief of mothers and orphans, the misery of emigrant populations? After contributing to save innocent nations from the German jaw, will it watch indulgently while Germany seeks to overturn the victory and prepares to ruin the people whose territory she ravaged?'"

EMERSON HOUGH'S DYING MESSAGE

AMERICA'S RIGHT TO CREATE its own literature is "continually being assailed by a vulgar imported influence," and the question has arisen before the *Story World and Photodramatist* (Hollywood) whether Americans are "a people" or not. Various writers are contributing to the query, and one of these is the late Emerson Hough, author of "The Sagebrusher," "The Covered Wagon," and "North of 36," whose article is called the writer's "last message." Mr. Hough's reply to the editor's "Are Americans people?" is, in a way, an indictment of "The Young Intellectuals," whom he charges with giving the question a negative reply, and setting about "telling Americans what they should read and how they should write." Mr. Hough wonders why "any of us should be agitated over the agitations of the Intellectuals," and suggests a way out of our apprehensions:

"Once, in Trafalgar Square, in London, I saw one Sunday afternoon a number of groups of foreigners, each group under its own flag, and each rallying around an excited orator who spoke in a foreign tongue. This seemed to me a strange and alarming thing. I asked a bobby about it. 'Oh, we pay no h'attention to them,' he said. 'They march and speak of Sunday hawternoons, and damn the King and all that. But then they march 'ome again. It mykes them feel better, and it 'arms no one.'

"This, to my mind, covers very exactly the case of many of the New Intellectuals aforesaid. Let them rally around their own flags. True, it is not our flag; but it makes them feel better. And they 'arm no one.

"Of course, in certain circles, it is unfashionable, inept, deplorable to confess an American origin; yet I can not deny that unhappy truth in my own case. Alas! I know my grandfather. My family dates back to 1683 in America. It is most unfortunate, but they did not come steerage from England—indeed, I think they owned an interest in the ship that brought them, when they came over with William Penn. Myself, I can have had no chance in letters, because my first American ancestor had no statue of Liberty before which to prostrate himself on the ship deck when he greeted the land of Liberty, Cloaks and

Suits, and Literature. My said ancestor helped to make the village of Philadelphia. Obviously, I can have passed through no melting-pot. Wo is me! I have had no chance. Like Mr. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, I have largely been debarred by unkind fate from the uplifting associations of Hungarians of adenoidal propensity.

"It is terrible. Here am I, approaching years of discretion, and I know next to nothing of the 'new culture.' I do not eat spaghetti. I am not crazy over garlic. I do not know the hang-outs or the runways of the True Intellectuals even in my own city. Lost! Lost!"

Mr. Hough did not feel that even thus he was wholly "a barbarian":

"Not so long ago, I had one of the Intellectuals pointed out to me on the street. I was introduced to him. I shed tears over my inability to admire him as I was asked to do; but in good sooth I did not admire his conceit, his boots, his necktie or his nails.

"Neither do I admire the stilted self-consciousness, the smirking affectation, the grinning pornography which make the hallmarks of much of the 'new literature,' the 'new culture' of our country, as depicted by some writers who for all of my knowledge may belong to the Young Intellectuals. The hair rose on the back of my neck as I viewed my example of new culture. I could see him in his home, in his bathroom, querulous after a night of writing. He pauses at the door of the medicine-cabinet. 'Wife, where have you put the salvarsan bottle? Come, come now! This sort of thing has got to stop—always moving things around! And I declare, I believe we are entirely out of my nerve tonic, with me right in one of the tensest scenes of my novel! It is too much!'

"I say, the hair rises on the back of my neck, at the thought of such representatives of any American culture. To me, such men—such books—are utterly loathsome. I do not like them, do not need them. They are not, thank God! American in any true sense. And if the endorsement of any so-called 'set,' so-called 'school,' be shibboleth in literature to-day, I am content to remain of those who know little of adenoids or garlic, who need no aphrodisiac when they love or write of loving, and are not concerned with the sacred contents of the bathroom cabinet. I am content to take my chance with the sky and the hills, the people and the customs of a country which once, at least, was America. . . . I fancy also that when the time for trouble shall come in this country—as I myself believe it one day will and that not so long hence—it will be the old frontier stock of America who will be found in the saddle running things. Our really great men in every line always have come from that stock and always will. Count your great writers. Of what stock? How many?

"Be sure, when this Republic shall have grown old enough to have a distinctive literature, that will be a literature of our people, for our people—and by our people. For this inthrust, transient, babbling, self-conscious, let us only say, rapidly, *ça passe, ça passe, ça passe!*

"Yet you ask, Are Americans people! Believe me, yes—the most criminally careless people in the world, the most easily gulled. A cloud looks to us monstrous like a camel, if that be suggested to us blatantly enough. We are persuadable that a Bubbly Creek phosphorescence born of stockyards offal is of the same luminence as that of a far clean star. We let men tell us of Russian cockroaches and Syrian garlic when we could lift up our eyes to tall hills, wide and sweet skies, and men and women walking tall, strong—and clean."

ALTERNATIVES TO SEX NOVELS

WHETHER THE FUTURE WILL PROVIDE any substitute for sex novels is a theme debated recently by two of the cleverest of modern English novelists—two women, and among the younger set it must be added. There seems to be implied some finality in the situation, for the affair was staged by the London School of Economics and the institutions that benefited thereby are the London hospitals.

REBECCA WEST

Who recommends us to spend two months over a good novel.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, famous here as well as in England for her Sussex novels, put her reliance upon Professor Freud, and, according to the report of her words in the London papers, she declared that "there is no alternative to the sex novel and we do not want one." To show, however, that she *thinks* independently as well, she adds her "own theory," which is that "a novel can be legitimately founded on any one of the primitive emotions." Yet she would be "sorry to see the sex novel in the narrow sense die out, because sex is one of the few surviving emotions in modern life that has not become civilized out of nature."

Miss West was not for banishing sex, tho her side was not supposed to champion it. The novel, according to her, is capable of a great deal of development "in the way of asking much more from its readers." "Books ought not to be as readable" as they are, she insisted. "We let your attention down much too easily. When you get hold of a good novel you ought to be prepared to spend not two days, but two months over it. You ought to do that ten times if it is a good enough novel."

That these young ladies of the facile pen and tongue are not carrying their audience along with them quite as jauntily as their words assume is seen by the comment evoked by their exhibition, tho the *Westminster Gazette* is only half-hearted in its protest, reminding the fair debaters that "Stevenson in 'Treasure Island' and Sir Rider Haggard have shown that it is quite possible to write a novel without a single petticoat." Also there is timid acquiescence in these words:

"If there is no alternative to sex, there can be no alternative even if we really desired it, to the sex novel. But at least the strong silent hero and the simple clinging heroine of the conventional romance know nothing of Freud. Nothing so disquieting has ever entered their creator's mind, and love stories of this gentler sort are gold mines to the amiable ladies and gentlemen who write them. The choice seems to lie between the course of true love running smooth and the more turbulent and disruptive emotion of the best of our modern novelists. One or the other we must have. If, as Miss West suggests, we can have something else as well, so much the better."

Much bolder is the London *Morning Post*, which refers to the demi-god of the modern novel as "that unsavory and foolish person, Dr. Freud." It calls attention to the distinction made by the public—

"between the sex novel and the love novel, between the novel which is mentioned with bated breath by silly people and the novel which can be read in any society openly and unashamedly by young or old. There is the sex novel, which, to put it bluntly, traffics in indecency, and there is the novel which treats love as a romance, which is the way it ought to be treated, not only in art but in life. There is also the other variety of the sex novel, which makes everything sex, from piano playing to astronomical observations of the heavenly bodies, and which in retrospective vein would, we suppose, attribute sex motives to all the actions of all the characters in novels of the past, to *Dandie Dinmont*, to old *Mr. Woodhouse*, to the *Fat Boy* in the 'Pickwick Papers.' All that nonsense will in time pass away, but love and the novel, we hope, will remain. Indeed, we modestly put in a plea for a type of novel somewhat harshly criticized by Miss Kaye-Smith, what she described as 'the romantic novel very often sold for sixpence to mill-girls, in which a factory girl married the son of her employer or was followed by some man who told her that the minute he saw her she was the only girl in the world for him.' Factory girls have a hard time, and if such novels enable them to escape from the worries of life, we are not in favor of banning their circulation. Moreover, tho we are not competent to express an opinion as to whether the sons of mill-owners ever do marry mill-girls, we are romantic enough to believe sometimes in 'love at first sight,' even in a street near a mill.

"The reading public, we are convinced, is quite ready to do without the sex novel, but the story, the love story, it has had, and will have throughout the ages. Indeed, the love story fits itself admirably to all conditions."

Miss West is given to understand that the practitioner who expects to make profit out of his novels need not calculate upon too exclusive a monopoly of his reader's time:

"Miss Rebecca West held out a prospect of a reading public immersed in 'novels' as abstruse as an economic sermon of Marx or a treatise on the differential calculus. Novels, said Miss West, were much too easy for the reader, and she deplored the springing up of 'a most formidable technique of making things as easy as possible for the readers.' Even the late Marcel Proust was mentioned. But Miss West seems to have made insufficient allowance for the exigencies of modern civilization. In the Middle Ages the man of affairs got over the difficulty of finding time for reading by refusing to read at all. But to-day, even the most successful profiteer, if only for the sake of appearances, spends a few moments of the day if not in literature at least in journalism. And even those who are genuinely interested in novels find it hard to secure the necessary time and therefore the necessary inclination to read, unless the novel be so cunningly construed that it fits in with the strange interruptions to which our daily life is subjected. To read and enjoy Marcel Proust one must be a retired Civil Servant, or a professional literary critic, or a lady of wealth and leisure, or some other lucky person who can spend hours in an armchair. The ladies and gentlemen who write on the themes which Miss West favors are unconscionably long in the telling of their tales and they object to interruptions, as emphatically as an orator. The love novel, on the other hand, makes every allowance for the absurdities of daily existence in this year of grace, enabling us to drop it at any moment in the consciousness that we can pick up the thread of the tale without difficulty. The love novel, like the theme on which it descants, is infinitely adaptable, and therefore, we may take it, both will survive."

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Who declares "sex is one of the few surviving emotions of modern life that has not become civilized out of nature."

THE DEVASTATING MOVIES

ENGLISH COUNTRY HOMES and feudal castles have succumbed to the movies; so, in process of dissolution, has New York club life. The former statement rests on the authority of the English novelist, W. B. Maxwell, who declares that "many country homes in England have been abandoned because it is impossible to get servants to live in isolated places where there are no motion-picture houses." This is perhaps not so tragic a situation as that contained in the other assertion that English homes are given up because their owners have nothing left to pay the servants after paying the taxes. But it also covers the case of the profiteer as well as the old squire.

That the insidious movies are making its assaults upon exclusive club life in New York is the discovery of Mr. R. T. Tucker, who tells the readers of the New York *Evening Post*—

"Within the last year several old clubs have considered going out of business. Others are facing consolidation with similar organizations because they can't go it alone. The competition from the 'movies,' country clubs, and the radio, as well as the coming of prohibition, is too much for them. Still others have moved to less costly quarters in out-of-the-way places, which only the 'regulars'—the survivals of the old days who can't learn the new tricks—will find. . . .

"A walk up Fifth Avenue almost any night, whether in a winter snowstorm or on a balmy spring evening, will reveal mostly empty chairs in the club-houses whose expansive windows face the street. Only a few 'regulars'—the old guard—sit around, slouched down in their chairs. Their attitude is not that of the 'typical clubman,' to use the common expression; rather they might be used as models for some such statue as Rodin's 'Thinker.' And their thoughts, from their appearance, at least, are long, lone ones—of the days when club life *was* club life in New York City.

"The 'movies' have taken up the slack. There are a dozen motion-picture houses for one club nowadays. The husband or father who used to stay at the club now rushes home for an early dinner and takes the family to the 'movies' or a similar form of entertainment. The 'movies' are the most popular and accessible medium of escape from the commonplace and the fretful round of routine duties. Observation of motion-picture audiences, whether on Broadway or in the smaller community theaters scattered throughout the city, will reveal many who were formerly known as 'clubmen,' accompanied by their families or the men they used to meet at the club."

Clubmen, of course, are only a small proportion of the population whose habits are invaded and likely changed by the movies. Mr. Edison has recently said that "whoever controls the motion-picture industry, controls the most powerful medium of influence over the people." Mr. Thomas H. Dickerson in the New York *Times* asserts that Mr. Edison's statement "embodies a direct challenge to the influence exerted by the press." And he tries to discover how far the facts support this challenge:

"There are in round numbers in the United States about 18,000 theaters given over to motion pictures. As a mass agency of popular appeal this number is to be compared to about 2,500 daily papers and 4,000 public libraries. The number of newspapers of all types, daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly and weekly, is still something more than a thousand less than the number of motion-picture theaters. Total publications of all types run to only 3,000 more than the number of motion-picture theaters.

"When it comes to circulation, that is, to daily contact with large numbers of people, the daily newspaper has the advantage, leading with more than 40,000,000 circulation for the country as a whole. The daily attendance at motion-picture theaters is largely a matter of conjecture.

"Theaters listed by the Motion-Picture Directory Company of New York for the country as a whole fall into four classes in order of seating capacity, the first running from 1 to 249 seats; the second from 250 to 499; the third from 500 to 799; the fourth, 800 and up. Of all the motion-picture theaters in the country, about 35 per cent., or something less that 7,000, fall into the second class, seating between 250 and 499. About 30 per cent. are made up of theaters seating less than 250. It follows, then, that the majority of theaters seat less than 500. The remainder, about 5,600, are theaters seating from 500 up to several thousand.

"Averaging up the seating of these four classes and multiplying by the number of theaters, it would appear that there are from eight to ten million seats.

"Daily attendance at the motion-picture theater, of course, is not limited to the seating capacity. Most theaters give more than one performance a day, and some give as many as five or more. The average figure usually accepted for the daily performances in the motion-picture theaters is three, giving available seatings of about 25,000,000 a day. Naturally, by no means all of these seats are occupied at every performance. Estimates of attendance the country over run from a minimum of 50,000,000 a week to a maximum of 15,000,000 a day. The first figure is probably too low; the second probably too high."

STAGNATION AND POVERTY IN FRENCH ART

IN POLITICS THE FRENCH may be charged with Chauvinism, provincialism and a fanatical patriotism. But in French criticism of literary, musical and other artistic activities, there is no trace of narrow-minded prejudice or exaggerated nationalism. On the contrary, there is a candor, a bluntness, a spirit of sobriety, and a readiness to find fault with French work, or to proclaim merit or superiority in foreign work, that are truly remarkable.

In reviewing the drama, the music, and the paintings of the year ended with the last month of the French season—June—the leading critics of the serious periodicals have, with virtual unanimity, exprest the pessimistic view that French art is now stagnant, characterless, devoid of intellectual content, beauty, charm or significance. Some writers think that France is, in art, "between eras"—having dropt ultra-modern fashions but not as yet having developed distinct tendencies to replace the exhausted and outworn forms. Other writers are not sure that important new styles and tendencies are in the course of preparation. All that they see clearly is that this year, as for some years past, the artists of France have contributed little that is vital, vigorous, distinctive, or striking to the art of the world.

Dealing with the operatic and concert music of a whole year, M. Henry Bidou, who covers musical activities in the Paris journal, *l'Opinion*—a French LITERARY DIGEST, in a sense—writes as follows:

> "Of all the musical problems none is further from solution than that of the lyric drama or music drama. In the three hundred years of its existence the music drama—or tragedy—has passed through several forms. At the beginning it was the unanimous opinion among composers and critics that the text, the words, were paramount and the music secondary, the latter being a sort of declamation. During the nineteenth century, on the contrary, an opera of pure music developed; opera was a succession of airs, each of which was its own justification; the drama was a sort of decoration, which served to provide a vocal concert, a symphony and a ballet. The Wagnerian music drama reunited the disjointed elements, made them contribute to an organic whole, a puissant ensemble. But since Wagner the opera or music drama in France has been sheer chaos.
>
> "True, a few beautiful works survive. The most important of these assuredly is Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' in which unity is achieved by sensibility, sameness of atmosphere and mood. But the formula was personal to Debussy, as is the formula of d'Indy, of Dukas, of Magnard. No one will dream of denying the fact that a young composer about to construct the marvelous edifice of a music drama finds to-day neither rules nor masters to aid him. The result is that each seeks compromise. To take one example, the rôle of the orchestra in all the works we have heard since the war is absolutely indeterminate. Is the orchestra a distinct factor? Is it the echo of the characters in the opera? Is it the voice of nature enveloping a human drama? Is it the voice of destiny? No one can tell us. In short, the musical stage in France is as much of a nullity as the stage of the spoken word."

M. Bidou turns his attention to modern Russian opera, which France was eager to hear, hoping to discover hints or straws pointing to new conceptions, but in Russia only Moussorgsky wrote original operatic music, and while he had genius and at times attained sublimity and austere beauty, on the whole he had no style, no message. He used several styles, without method or consistency. His scores are often commonplace and empty, and at his best he employs the folk-song or the Gregorian chant. No, Moussorgsky does not blaze the way in opera. And no one else does, apparently.

Reviewing symphonic music, M. Bidou, after examining the programs of several Paris orchestras for a whole year, reaches the conclusion that, despite all the efforts of the orchestra conductors, it is impossible to "conceal the extreme poverty of contemporary musical production." Ultra-modern compositions are played side by side with classical and romantic, for the sake of contrast as well as to avoid monotony, and if any generalization is warranted to-day concerning symphonic music it is this—

> "that the most audacious of moderns are desirous, amid their revolutionary innovations, to establish their lineal descent not only from the classicists but also from the masters of pure and national music. It is difficult to discuss subtle nuances, but it seems certain that Debussy, and since his day 'the Six,' while going to the very limit of refinement, also refreshed themselves at the elementary springs of music. Such contradictions are of the essence of art. Thus Stravinsky, after the most novel and ingenious accents, comes back to pseudo-classicism. And it is very remarkable to note that like tendencies are being manifested in literature and in painting."

Dealing with the painting of the present day as exemplified by the latest Salon at Paris, the regular art critic of the same journal records and laments the disappearance of "ideas" from French portraits or landscapes. Fifty years of impressionism, neo-impressionism, Cubism, post-cubism, etc., he says, have brought France to this sorry pass. Assiduous search for novelty has led to emptiness and intellectual bankruptcy. The only paintings at the Salon that revealed vigor, individuality, charm and personality were the works of British and other foreign artists who have studied in Paris and made France their home.

Writing in the *Mercure de France*, a leading periodical of the progressive school, with which the late Remy de Gourmont was associated as critic, M. Gustave Kahn, poet and critic, and M. H. Beraud, dramatic critic, likewise deplore the decadence of French art—literary, dramatic and other. In the theater, they say, mediocrity and flippancy reign. Old themes, old farces, overfamiliar plots, tiresome dialog, and pornography characterize the new repertory, and even the great theaters produce cheap, sensational stuff if the playwrights pay for the privilege. Even the Balzac and Goncourt "prizes" have been awarded for inferior and undistinguished work in fiction. Where, they ask, is French genius, which so long led the world, and where the tangible results of the expected rebound from the war and post-war reaction?

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A BRITISH GOD-SPEED FOR AMERICAN PROHIBITION

TODDIES AND NIGHTCAPS have been given up by the vicar of a famous London church, now that he has seen Prohibition at work in America, and, tho not a Prohibitionist herself, Miss Maude Royden, famous English woman preacher, regrets that the average Englishman or Englishwoman "has nothing better to do than to crack cheap and silly jokes about one of the most magnificent struggles the world has witnessed." Miss Royden places some stress on the fact that she is not a Prohibitionist; but, she adds, "when I realize what alcoholism has meant to the Northern races, and means to-day, I think that the person who sees nothing about Prohibition but a cheap sense of humor is contemptible." Indeed she can not help feeling that the British attitude of "contemptuous amusement" toward Prohibition in the United States is "based upon a very guilty conscience."

Some months ago Miss Royden made a tour of the United States in which she covered 10,000 miles, addrest eighty large meetings and preached in three cathedrals and many churches. Opportunity was afforded her to see the result of Prohibition and to hear opinion as to its value and effectiveness. She returned to England in profound sympathy with the movement, tho she comments, "I say, frankly, it is not the way that I should recommend for our own country." But, as she told her audience in an address, published in *The Alliance News and Temperance Reformer* (London), "it is their way, and it is their country, and if it fails it will be largely because alcohol is smuggled into America under the British flag. Is that a thing for us to be so proud of, that we can do nothing but crack cheap jokes about it? I blushed with shame when I heard English people speaking of that great fight that America had put up, in terms so cheap and so poor." Miss Royden believes that she is not alone in this regard, for she goes on, "I wish that my voice could reach America when I say to her that there are millions of people in England who, whether they themselves desire to see this particular method used in England or not, do wish America Godspeed in her great struggle, do wish her from the bottom of their hearts, 'Good luck have thou on thine honor!' and may we, when we at last brace ourselves for that fight, may we do even half as well! It is, I repeat, a source of intense soreness in America that we should be so ignorant and so supercilious in our attitude." Because of the present situation in regard to liquor smuggling into the United States and the attempt of the Federal Government to negotiate for the extension of the three-mile limit to twelve miles, the address of Miss Royden is very timely. She goes on:

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

SHE BLUSHES WITH SHAME

Says Maude Royden, famous English woman preacher, when she hears her countrymen jesting at Prohibition.

"Do you realize that smuggling is carried on to an extent which makes it difficult for America to enforce Prohibition, and that this is done under the British flag? Only the other day in the House of Commons a question was put about the enormous amount of wine and other alcoholic beverages which had been imported into the Bahamas from 1918 to 1922. The increase is as follows: In 1918, £867 worth of wine was imported into the Bahamas, and £6,000 odd worth of spirits. Four years later—that is, after Prohibition—£27,000 worth of wine, and £1,000,000 worth of spirits; and this is exported from there, you see, into America. When the question was asked, how much of that gigantic increase is due to Prohibition in America, the answer was, 'I should say practically the whole of it,' and then later, 'I shall do nothing'—that is a government reply—'to interfere with British trade. If we attempt to do that, they will merely go to Haiti or some other convenient island belonging to another nation.' Well, let them go to some other island! How would you feel if you had some one in your own family who was an alcoholic, and was forbidden to take alcohol, and you found that your own brother was supplying him. Would it be any answer to you for your brother to say, 'If I did not do it, somebody else would'? Yes, somebody else would get the profit if we stopt. Let them get their horrible profit out of the iniquitous trade, but do not let us go on talking sloppy talk about our desire to be friendly with America when we won't pay that price for American friendship."

As to the charge that America took to drugs as a consequence of Prohibition, this English visitor to our shores believes "it can be literally disproved; for the figures published by a Commission of Inquiry before Prohibition came in are practically the same as the figures now after some years of Prohibition. The figures are terribly high, but they are not higher because of Prohibition." The liquor question, she tells us, is one potent to cause misunderstanding between the two countries, where there is great need for friendship. She goes on:

"I believe that a kind of sturdy optimism is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon races. We here in England, troubled and overcast as we are, have still a dogged conviction that we shall get through, that things will be better again in the future than they have been in the past—a kind of irrational, if you like, but indomitable conviction that we shall get through somehow and that on the other side it will be brighter. I believe it is a fundamental quality of the Anglo-Saxon race. It may easily be a vulgar optimism. The worst side of Anglo-Saxon optimism is rather a vulgar thing, becomes too often a cheap worship of success, and one may easily think that is all it is; but it is more than that. The coarse side of us worships success, but the deeper side of us, the nobler side of the Anglo-Saxon race, bases its optimism on a convinced belief that right will triumph in the end.

"Now that is a glorious quality, and it is one for which the world almost perishes to-day. We need not assume that because we have possibly this one great virtue other nations have not virtues as great and, perhaps, greater. The East has much, very much, to teach the West—great gifts of spiritual genius which we most sorely need. But yet if you were to look at the world to-day from outside, might you not perhaps say that the thing it needed most of all at this moment was that the Star of Hope should shine out once more upon its troubled and storm-tossed waters? So it has seemed to me, who greatly love other races besides my own, that the Anglo-Saxon race has at this moment something to give which the world needs perhaps more than anything else. Can we give it, we and America together? I am certain that we can, if we will take the trouble to understand one another. If we will really seek out, face and remove the sore things that exist between us, then I am certain that for the world there remains a great service which England and America can give together, and can not give if they fall out or stand apart; and to the promotion of that friendship I ask you all to give yourselves."

Whisky and soda is a well-known mixture in the British Isles, and custom does not deny it to wearers of the cloth. So it may be taken as expressive of a real sacrificial spirit when the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, announces his willingness to forego his glass in order to save others the temptation of too many. In the same meeting Mr Sheppard said, "No man in this audience enjoys his glass of toddy more than I do, but one thing I have learned is that it is much better not to drink alcohol at all." He explains why he is willing to give it up:

> "In America I saw the condition of the poor people and the other people too. I saw the kiddies—because I walk in the slums more perhaps than you realize—I saw the kiddies with boot-leather we have not got in South London. I found half the prisons empty. I found all the institutes for inebriates were closed down; and I simply said to myself, 'You profess to be wanting to help your country?' 'Yes, I do, as a parson.' 'Well, now, if it would help any one at all who was tempted more than you are to overindulge in alcohol, for you to knock it off, is it a very great sacrifice for you who profess to care and want to help?' That is merely the reason why it seems to me that in future, at any rate, if one could make that tiny sacrifice, and so assist others, not by any means worse, probably better than I am, those particularly tempted in that one direction to squander money that was meant for the children and meant for the wife, and was meant to make the whole conditions of life fuller for them—well, it is not a fearful lot to talk of in one who really is out for service. And when people to-day say, as they often do, 'Well, you want something done, what do you practically propose that I should do to help at this time?' I wonder whether it would not be well frankly to say, 'I don't think you would do much harm anyhow and might do a great deal of good, if you managed to do without your alcohol.' That is just the simple argument of a man who went to America, disliking the whole idea of Prohibition, and who still in a sense dislikes the idea, but is forced by what he actually saw—and he saw both sides—forced to come to the conclusion that we should all be better off if all classes of the community ceased spending money on alcohol."

CHURCH GAINS IN CANADA

NINE CANADIAN CHURCH DIVISIONS have gone above the 50,000 mark in increased membership, according to the sixth religious census, taken in 1921 and recently made public. The figures for the larger denominations are: Roman Catholics, 3,383,663; Presbyterians, 1,408,812; Anglicans, 1,407,959; Methodists, 1,158,744; Baptists, 421,730; Lutherans, 287,484; Greek Church, 169,822; Jews, 125,190; Mennonites, 58,797. The census report is thus summarized by the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) from *The Christian Guardian*, organ of the Methodist Church of Canada:

> "Of the larger denominations, the Anglicans have made the largest percentage of gain during the decade, having grown from 14.47 per cent. of the population to 16.02 per cent. The Presbyterians also have gained ground, increasing from 15.48 per cent. of the population to 16.03 per cent. We are sorry to say that the Methodists have fallen from 14.98 per cent. in 1911 to 13.18 per cent. in 1921. The Roman Catholics, also, have lost ground, relatively decreasing from 39.31 per cent. in 1911 to 38.50 per cent. in 1921: while our friends the Baptists have dropt from 5.31 per cent. of the total to 4.8 per cent. In twenty years, 1901-1921, the Anglicans have grown from 681,494 to 1,407,959, an increase of 106 per cent.; the Presbyterians have increased from 842,531 to 1,408,812, an increase of 67 per cent.; the Roman Catholics have increased from 2,229,600 to 3,383,663, or 51 per cent.; the Baptists have increased from 318,005 to 421,730, or 32 per cent.; the Methodists have increased from 916,886 to 1,158,744, or 26 per cent.; while the Lutherans have increased from 92,524 to 287,484, or 210 per cent."

THE FAITH OF THE CAMPUS

A COMMON CRY is that the campus has deserted the Church and forgotten its Creator; but, say two of them, the truth is that college students, while critical of the Church, are deeply and sincerely interested in religion—in that religion which is spelled with a capital R. They are tired of rigmarole, of dogma, of denominational squabbles, and of the fustian logic of theologians, but they are, nevertheless, searching earnestly for God and for the vital truths of life. No violent thoughts are harbored against the Church: they are merely "disappointed" that it is living in a "mass of inconsistencies." Thus writes a Harvard student in *The Outlook* (New York), which presents in the same issue a similar view from a girl student on this all-important and much discust subject. The truth, says the Harvard student, is that the Church—he specifies the Protestant Church—"however it may be progressing in the effort to keep abreast of the political and social movements of the day, is not advancing intellectually. The serious indictment of the Church by the college student is that she is 'stale' and 'boresome.'" It is not that religion has failed, says this young intellectual, for "religion is life, religion can not ultimately fail. The fault lies in the mirror in which we look for the reflection."

So, refusing to "recognize a static order," and eager to follow the new paths which philosophy and science have opened before him, the student asks the Church to throw off "the sham of conventionalities," and to permit him to follow the authority which is "the undying fire within him," and which he is bound to follow, "tho it lead him into clash with the churches, and into apparent contradictions of Holy Writ." And the prospect?

> "As many as the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa are the conflicting thoughts of any student body on questions of religion and the Church. Contradictions are everywhere apparent; extremes of statement greet one on every hand; yet through it all one thing is assured: the student is thinking religiously, thinking more honestly and more sanely than he has thought for many years, and because of his thinking there is taking place to-day a revival of religion, a renaissance of faith—developments to which the Church can not afford to be heedless. It is not the religion defined by creed, nor the faith in all its details on which our forefathers took their stand, but it is a religion, and it is a faith; and the significant truth is that, tho blinded, faltering, recognizing his weakness and cursing his own impotence, the college student is pressing forward, trying to live his faith—his practical, rational faith summed up in the words of the prophet. 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

So much for the young masculine point of view. Next: Is the college girl irreligious? Does college make her lose her faith? First of all, she would ask, writes Marianna Wemple Priest, "just what do you mean by irreligious?"

> "If you mean not going to church when the minister bores you; not attending missionary meetings where the tongues are sharper than the plied needles; not revering the Bible as verbally inspired; not believing God snapt his fingers and created each individual—then I can say, 'Yes. I'm irreligious.' If outward observances, the passive following of the social customs of religion, are what you are looking for, you can shake your head and drop a tear for the unfortunate girl who trains her brains. But if by irreligious you mean not thinking about the serious things of life, the whys and wherefores of existence; if you mean tearing down or ignoring real religious standards, the decision must be reversed. The college girl is not irreligious."

It is true, however, says the writer, that the college girl usually "loses her faith" when she first comes to college. Miss Priest, who is a junior at Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., and news editor of the Smith College *Press Board*, finds that the college makes a girl stand on her own feet socially, mentally and spiritually. Under the impact of new ideas her mental

THEIR LEGS WON'T WORK AND THEIR BACKS ACHE EVEN WHILE THEY SLEEP

But see the faces made radiant by the visit of Uncle Robert, whose hobby is playing Aladdin to unfortunate children.

processes change, and she learns to think things out for herself. And to the questionings which come up in her own mind—

"Her answer may not include missionary sewing meetings; but she may believe nevertheless in the propagation of religious ideas. It may not include going to church every Sunday; yet she may still believe in the Church as the organized force for religion. She interprets the Bible in its historical setting; yet she still gains inspiration from its teaching. She accepts evolution; but her faith in the God who began evolution is just as strong as her faith in the toymaker type of God. The college girl's religious answer may not be the one her aunts and uncles would give her; but must this divergence be called irreligion?

"The college girl's religious ideas may vary, but they do exist. Perhaps she can't definitely answer the bald question. 'Have you a religion?' But she is thinking about it and searching for it. Why not withhold condemnation until she concludes her search and proves herself religious or irreligious in her attitude toward life?"

ARABIAN NIGHTS IN NEW YORK

A MODERN ALADDIN who rubs his lamp and brings forth delicious lollypops and woolly, squeaking toys is one of New York's best known institutions, more important to a certain class of its citizens than the Museum of Natural History or the Brooklyn Bridge. "Uncle Robert," as he is more familiarly known to his host of adopted relations, is married, but childless, and the parental instinct which is strong within him finds its outlet in playing rich uncle to the aged and to children who were handicapped before they had begun to live. In private life he is Robert Spero, a busy business executive. But to the readers of New York papers, in which his name frequently appears as the benefactor of some charity institution, and to some thousands of unfortunates, he is known only as "Uncle Robert," who springs up from nowhere when occasion demands it, and then, like a genie, returns whence he came. He may on one day appear to give a party to the inmates of some old ladies' home, and on the next carry his lamp into a home for crippled children. Not Jackie Coogan or Baby Peggy herself, for instance, could have had more pride when they first saw themselves in the "pitchers" than a certain six-year-old Lewie and seven-year-old Tessie. For Tessie, whose legs will never be straight in this life, and Lewie, whose right arm is off at the shoulder, saw themselves in motion pictures given not long ago at the Henry Street School for Crippled Children in New York. Others, too, were in the picture—Mollie, whose back is twisted; Jennie, who walks with crutches, and Joseph, who has to be wheeled, as well as more than a hundred others who can never run and play. It was at a previous party that the picture had been taken, as a surprize for the little guests. As Mary Margaret McBride tells the story in the New York *Evening Mail*, when Tessie and the rest saw themselves on the screen the red pulsed in their pale cheeks, and smiles came into their tired, sad, unchildlike eyes. And when Uncle Robert came on, they "just forgot they were incurable cripples and yelled and clapped and even stamped on the floor with their crutches." "Wouldn't you think every man in New York City would want to play uncle to a bunch like that?" asked Uncle Robert. However,

"A lot of men have started doing it since Uncle Robert showed them the way. He began seven years ago with a Christmas tree for sixteen kids, in Long Branch, New Jersey, who had never had a visit from Santa Claus in all their starved, cramped lives. He's kept right on, until now when he has a party his guests run into the hundreds—all children who need an uncle.

"He has a last name, of course; but he says he's almost forgotten it himself—he's so thoroughly 'Uncle Robert' these last few years. Even his mail comes addrest like that, or, oftener than not, 'Unkkle Robbert' in crooked, up-hill writing.

"Yesterday was typical of the joyfests he puts on every two or three days. After the pictures, there was music, with the children, even little Lewie, who not long ago was found in a cellar with only a piece of plaster for a plaything, lustily singing 'Sawmill River Road' and 'Journey's End.'

"Then everybody adjourned to the big up-stairs playroom for peanuts, popcorn and lollypops, with Uncle Robert to make jokes and pass out toys for each child.

"The pinched, pain-racked faces lighted with actual glee as the kids encircled their every-day Santa Claus and mischievously gave for him the yell he has taught them for other visitors.

"'You see, they've forgotten for a little while about the legs that don't work and the backs that ache even when they're asleep,' he explained to me.

"'It's the only thing you can do for them—make them forget their pain a little. And the only way to do it is to come down and give yourself to them.'

"In accordance with this belief 'Uncle Robert' never accepts money from others for his children. But he advises anybody who wants to contribute to start his own series of parties.

"'There's not much art to it,' he commented. 'You just give the kids the thing you wanted yourself when you were a poor little "wisher." And if you have always had everything you want, then you give them more than ever.'

"What never fails to bring a lump into the throat of the big-hearted, broad-shouldered anonymous benefactor of children is that it takes so little to banish a child's misery for a while.

"'Look at them,' he directed. 'They will talk for the next six months about "being in the pitchers." And even after that, whenever they remember they were important enough to get into the films, there'll be a little warm feeling in their hearts.

"'Surely anybody ought to be able to bring that much happiness to some unlucky child.'"

ROCKEFELLER'S BATTLE WITH THE BACILLI

SOME MAY CRITICIZE the methods by which John D. Rockefeller attained his wealth, but it is being remarked that nobody can stigmatize the manner in which he is spending it. The report of the Rockefeller Foundation, after ten years of activity, gives some idea of a philanthropy which extends to the four corners of the world and embraces all peoples. Since May 14, 1913, when the great charitable organization was chartered by special act of the New York Legislature, the Foundation has spent a total of $76,757,040, which has been distributed under the general classification of public health, medical education, war relief, special charities, and administration. Much of the work of the Foundation is devoted to the promotion of international hygiene, a task made difficult chiefly by discord and distrust among the nations. For it must be owned, says Dr. George E. Vincent in his report as president of the Foundation, that there is to-day "a suggestion of irony in smooth phrases about cooperation, understanding, and good-will among the nations." Rather,

> "Suspicion, distrust, detraction, hatred, and threat of war are all too prevalent in the relations of the peoples of the world. Scientific comradeship and common tasks of hygiene seem almost negligible as bonds of unity. But the difficulty of a task is no excuse for not attempting it. Because it is not possible to predict the early dawn of a millennial peace, there is no good reason for not taking steps which seem to lead toward even a remote era when nations may substitute generous rivalry for deadly conflict. To stimulate world-wide research, to aid the diffusion of knowledge, to multiply personal contacts, to encourage cooperation in medical education and public health are the means by which the Rockefeller Foundation seeks to be true to its chartered purpose, which is to promote, not the exclusive prosperity of any one nation, but 'the well-being of mankind throughout the world.'"

To what degree the Foundation is fulfilling its self-appointed mission can be gathered from the report of Secretary Edwin R. Embree, who says that in carrying on its various activities the Foundation has expended all of its income from year to year and in addition $17,500,000 of its general fund or principal. A further sum of $15,500,000, payable in future years, has been pledged to various medical schools and public-health projects. The expenditures during the first decade, from 1913 through 1922, are roughly divided by Secretary Embree as follows: Public health, $18,188,838; medical education, $24,716,859; war relief, $22,298,541; all other philanthropic work, $10,445,628; administration, $1,107,174. Of the fund devoted to war relief the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board, Y. W. C. A., and other camp and community welfare organizations received $10,956,298; medical research and relief received $678,084, and to humanitarian aid, including the American and the International Red Cross, $10,664,159 was devoted. Secretary Embree writes:

> "Contributions outside the field of public health and medical education were made, for the most part, during the war and in the earlier years of the Foundation's work before its policies and program had become clearly defined. The chief item in this group is the sum of five and two-thirds millions ($5,678,599) given to various charities designated by the Founder before he relinquished on July 19, 1917, the right he had originally reserved personally to direct the use of a part of the income. A million dollars was given to Herbert Hoover's child-feeding plan in Europe, and another to make possible the Palisades Interstate Park.
>
> "In the development of the Foundation's program there has been increasing concentration upon medical education and public health.
>
> "The International Health Board, established as a department of the Foundation in 1913, has sought to promote public health throughout the world by demonstrating the methods and costs of controlling certain diseases, notably hookworm disease, malaria, and yellow fever; by fostering the growth of governmental health agencies; and by encouraging the formation of schools of hygiene. In carrying out this program the Board has cooperated with twenty-seven American States and fifty foreign governments. Its annual expenditures have increased from $133,237 in 1914 to $1,842,249 in 1922.
>
> "In medical education a special feature has been the work of the China Medical Board, in building, equipping, and maintaining a modern medical center in Peking. The Board has made appropriations to other medical schools and to thirty-two hospitals, as well as to the fostering of science education in China.
>
> "Substantial contributions have been made in recent years to centers of medical teaching in London and Brussels. The Foundation has also cooperated in the development of medical education in North and South America, Western and Central Europe, the Philippines, Hongkong, and Bangkok."

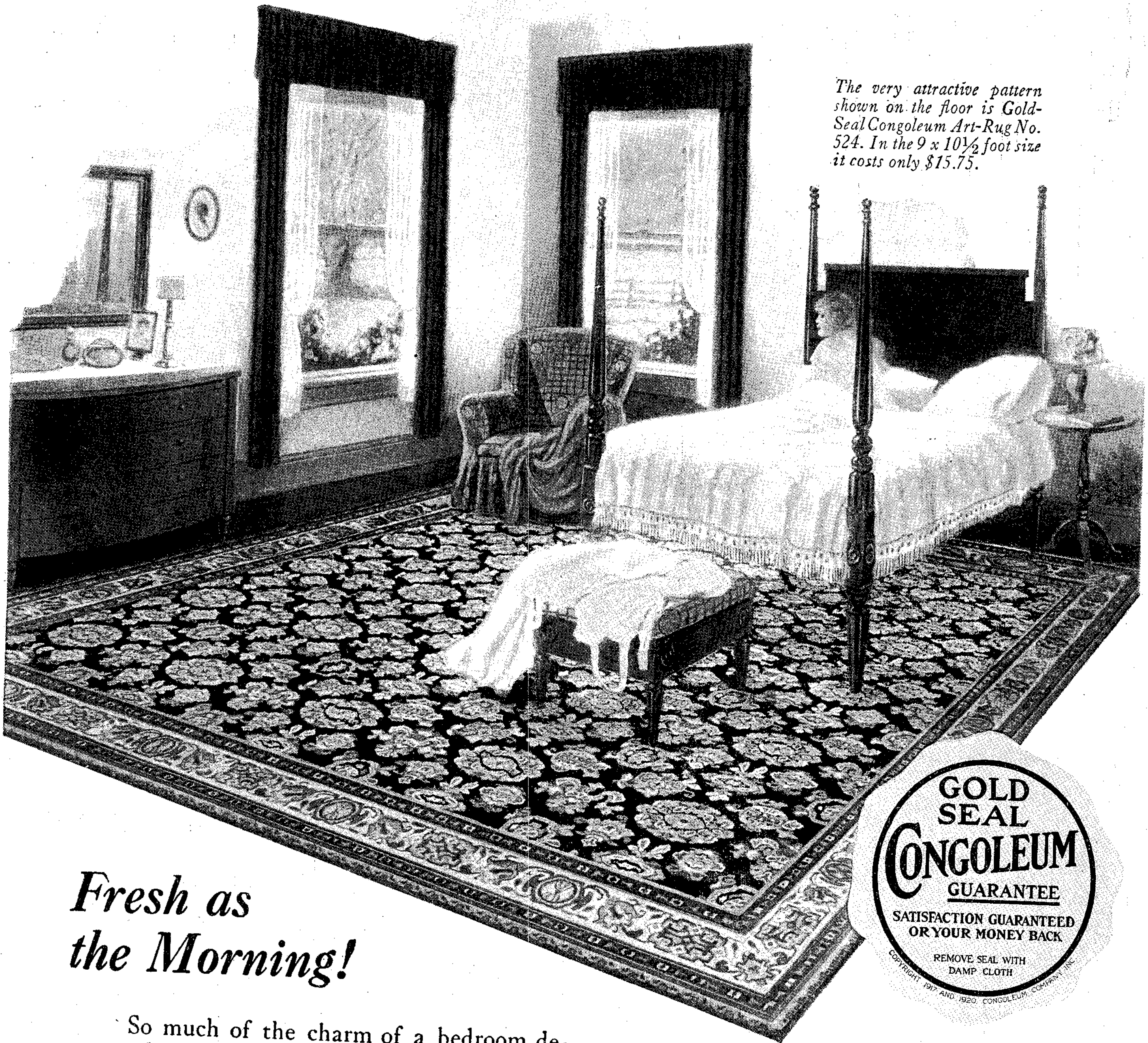
The largest donation by the Foundation for public health was a gift of $7,096,088 to Johns Hopkins University for a School of Health. Harvard University received $1,250,534 for a similar purpose. For the control of hookworm, malaria, yellow fever and for its county health and laboratory service the Foundation spent $6,378,672, and $2,119,945 was spent in aiding the French in their fight against tuberculosis. Other donations for public-health work were as follows: Fellowships and public-health education, $348,592; hospital dispensary and nursing studies and demonstrations, $313,502; mental hygiene, $390,227; social hygiene, $41,353, infantile paralysis, including a gift to New York City Health Department, $154,565; other public-health education and demonstrations, $95,000. The largest donation for medical education was $8,513,882 for the Peking Union Medical College, land, buildings and equipment. An additional $2,059,094 was donated for operation of the school. The Foundation gave $4,690,215 for a medical center in London, and $2,336,387 to the Canadian universities of Alberta, Dalhousie, Manitoba, McGill, Toronto and Montreal.

Looking at these vast sums of money spent for the welfare of mankind, the Troy *Times* remarks that "if John D. Rockefeller had never given another dollar to philanthropy he would still rank as among the foremost men who had done much for humanity. The millions with which he endowed the Foundation will continue to perform a great work years after he has passed away. The Rockefeller Foundation will be a perpetual monument to its founder, and Mr. Rockefeller could not have placed his money where it would have performed a greater service."

LESS LAW AND MORE RELIGION—Enlarged government control is not the pressing need of the hour, said Vice-President Coolidge at the commencement address at Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts, where the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on him. "We have looked to our industries," *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) quotes him as saying; "we have looked to our Government." Now "we may as well let a season of adjustment and experience disclose the results of the theories which have been adopted in the past forty years." For to the Vice-President,

> "The time appears to have arrived when we may more properly look to the people, when natural laws may well be left to supplement artificial laws. . . . In complete freedom of action the people oftentimes have a more effective remedy than can be supplied by government interference. Individual initiative in the long run is a firmer reliance than bureaucratic supervision. . . . We do not need more government; we need more culture. We do not need more law; we need more religion."

The very attractive pattern shown on the floor is Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 524. In the 9 x 10½ foot size it costs only $15.75.



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The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.

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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

BALLAD poetry doesn't come our way often, and this from *Contemporary Verse* is doubly welcome.

GRANDSER

By Abbie Farwell Brown

My Grandser was a fearsome man!
He died before I came;
But I have watched my Granny's face
That withered at his name.

And I have spied the scared gaze
And lips as white as chalk
Of slender aunts whose dreams he haunts
With his terrible sailor-talk.

Only my Mother always said
With wistful looks at me—
"His eyes were blue like the eyes of you,—
And he ran away to sea!"

Oh, the wild sea-thirst in the blood,
Her rhythm in the heart!
The mighty urge of the tide's surge,
The salty sting and smart!

Of course he fled the dull town
When the magic grew too strong.
A lad will go; (but a lassie, no!
She has to bide and long).

He sailed thrice over the round world,
To ports as strange as hell;
A thousand curious things he saw,
A thousand haps befell.

Till he docked at last in the home port,
And married a gentle maid
With a land grace and a flower face,
Whom the sea-wind blew afraid.

Oh, squalls are rough, the combers rough,
And sailors rough as the sea.
But Grandser was as soft as silk
To the daughter on his knee;

Growling her talks of serpents, whales,
And mermaids green as waves;
Of tropical girls festooned with pearls;
Of palms and coraline caves;

She did not fear the strange oaths,
Nor the blue fire of his glance,
Nor his callous hand. She could understand,
And so can I, by chance!

My Grandser was a fearsome man,
But a hero to her and me.
If I had a son I know he'd run
Like a brook away to sea!

One of the tenderest of our lyrists appears again in the *Yale Review*:

FOR A WORD

By William Alexander Percy

How shall you ever know the adoration
I spread like samite cloths beneath your feet?
How shall you guess the brooding desolation
Learned from your eyes so passionless and sweet?

There must be some word like the star that pauses
In summer's rose transparency of dusk,
Or like the bird-note heard through slumber's gauzes
Between the hour of dew, the hour of musk:

There must be some one word that is more tender
Than any word my lips have ever learned
Without which I can never, never render
In speech the love your cool sweet love has earned.

You know as none my heart's forlorn distresses,
Its passionate tides, its daily tint and glow:
Why must there be within obscure recesses
This tenderness of love you can not know?

Willa Cather may yet be due for other prizes than for fiction. We would nominate her the laureate of the West, for in prose and verse she has made it vivid. This is from "April Twilights and Other Poems" (Alfred A. Knopf).

SPANISH JOHNNY

By Willa Cather

The old West, the old time,
The old wind singing through
The red, red grass a thousand miles,
And, Spanish Johnny, you.
He'd sit beside the water-ditch
When all his herd was in,
And never mind a child, but sing
To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night,
The moon-enchanted plain:
The olive man who never spoke,
But sang the songs of Spain.
His speech with men was wicked talk—
To hear it was a sin;
But those were golden things he sang
To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars,
The world so golden then:
And the hand so tender to a child
Had killed so many men.
He died a hard death long ago
Before the Road came in;
The night before he swung, he sang
To his mandolin.

Whether self-pride or true devotion speaks in these lines, those who have felt this mood will answer. We note with pleasure the unusual meter and assign it to the latest *Harper's*.

PERVERSE

By William Rose Benet

Neither will I put myself forward as others may do,
Neither, if you wish me to flatter, will I flatter you;
I will look at you grimly, and so you will know I am true.

Neither when all do agree and lout low and salute,
And you are beguiled by the tree and devout for the fruit,
Will I seem to be aught but the following eyes of a brute.

I will stand to one side and sip of my hellebore wine,
I will snarl and deride the antics and airs of the swine,
You will glance in your pride, but I will deny you a sign.

I will squint at the moon and be peaceful because I am dead,
I will whistle a tune and be glad of the harshness I said.
O you will come soon, when the stars are a mist overhead!

You will come, with eyes fierce, you will act a defiant surprise.
Quick lightnings will pierce to our hearts from the pain in our eyes,
Standing strained and averse, with the trembling of love that defies.

And then I will know, by the heartbreaking turn of your head,
My madness brought low in a hell that is spared to the dead.
The upas will grow from the poisonous words that I said;

From under its shade out to where like a statue you stand,
Without wish to evade, I will reach, I will cry with my hand,
With my spirit dismayed, with my eyes and my mouth full of sand. . . .

The bird-man should no doubt be a poet's theme, yet we haven't seen many successful efforts at realizing it. This one may have its shortcomings, but it has its interest too. In *The Lyric* (Norfolk, July).

BUT SONG SHALL RISE

By John Russell McCarthy

The city's hands are lean and grey,
The city's hands are strong;
They wind about your throat by day,
They strangle all night long;
With eager tort and twist they slay
Morning and evening song.

The city's hands are grey with dust
And strong with slaying men;
They fold before the gods of rust
Within their iron den,
But song shall rise above their lust
And men be free again.

The man-god with the man-made wings,
Denying space and time,
Unto the clutching city brings
The scent of rose and thyme;
Like freedom's self the motor sings
Above the city's grime.

Morley knows the charm of old houses and he draws their perfections so completely that there is no chance of their realization outside dreams, so he gives his particular dream to the *American Poetry Magazine* whose June-July number is exclusively Pennsylvanian:

OUR HOUSE

By Christopher Morley

It should be yours, if I could build
The quaint old dwelling I desire,
With books and pictures bravely filled
And chairs beside an open fire,
White-panelled rooms with candles lit—
I lie awake to think of it!

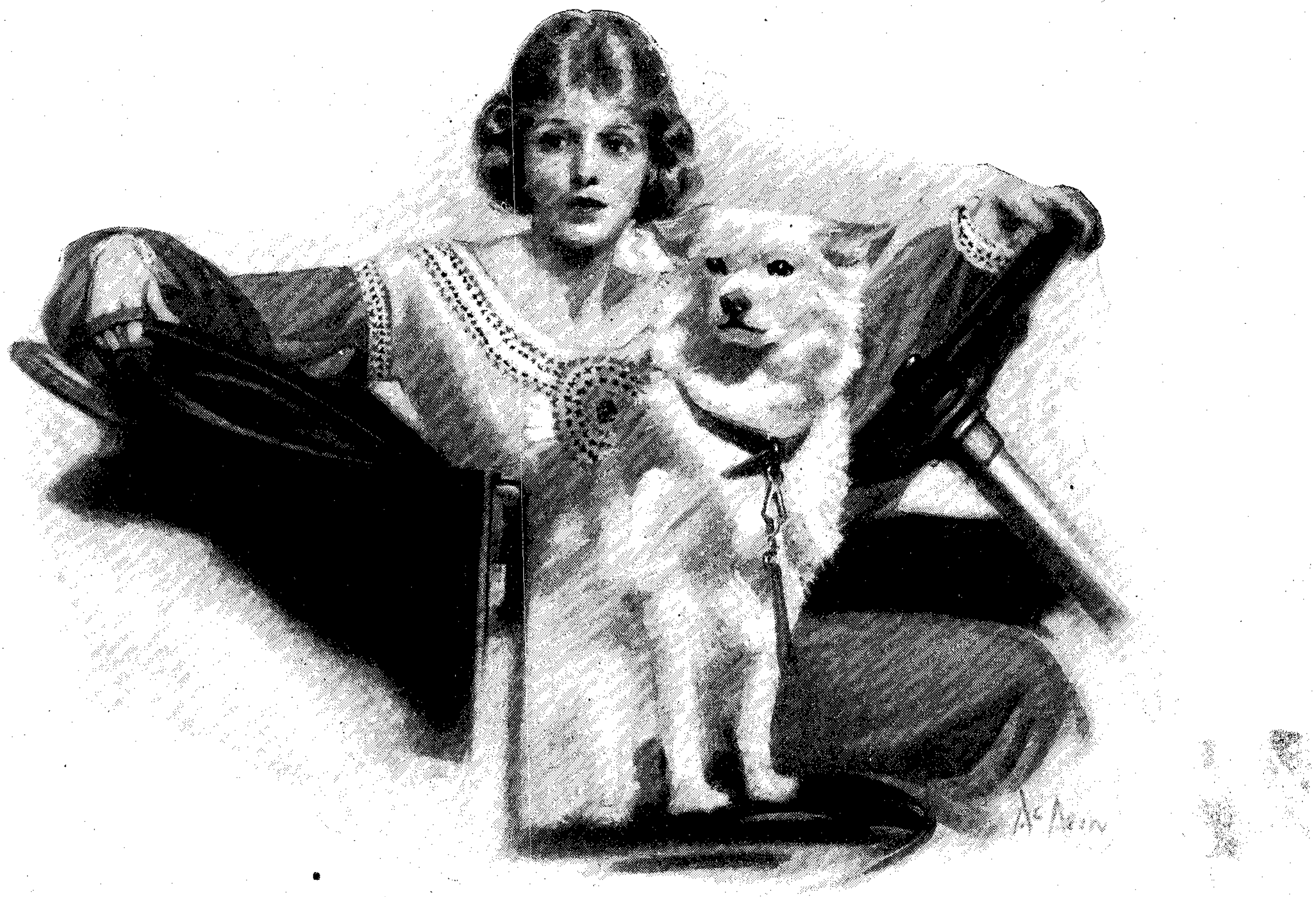
A dial for the sunny hours,
A garden of old-fashioned flowers—
Say marigolds and lavender
And mignonette and fever-few,
And Judas-tree and maidenhair
And candytuft and thyme and rue—
All these for you to wander in.

A Chinese carp (called Mandarin)
Waving a sluggish silver fin
Deep in the moat; so tame he comes
To lip your fingers offering crumbs.
Tall chimneys, like long listening ears,
White shutters, ivy green and thick,
And walls of ruddy Tudor brick
Grown mellow with the passing years.

And windows with small leaded panes,
Broad window-seats for when it rains;
A big blue bowl of pot pourri
And—yes, a Spanish chestnut tree
To coin the autumn's minted gold.
A summer house for drinking tea—
All these (just think) for you and me.

A staircase of the old black wood
Cut in the days of Robin Hood,
And banisters worn smooth as glass
Down which your hand will lightly pass;
A piano with pale yellow keys
For wistful twilight melodies,
And dusty bottles in a bin—
All these for you to revel in!

But when? Ah well, until that time
We'll habit in this house of rhyme.



STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

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But we doubt whether its beauty, or its comfort, or even its dependability is sufficient to explain women's favor for the Cadillac.

Isn't this favor due, rather, to their conviction that the Cadillac includes in full measure, not one or two but *all* of the qualities which they desire in a motor car?

Isn't it inspired by their knowledge that whatever they call upon it to do, from whatever standpoint they consider it, in whatever company it may be, the Cadillac stands out as a fine and exceptional car?

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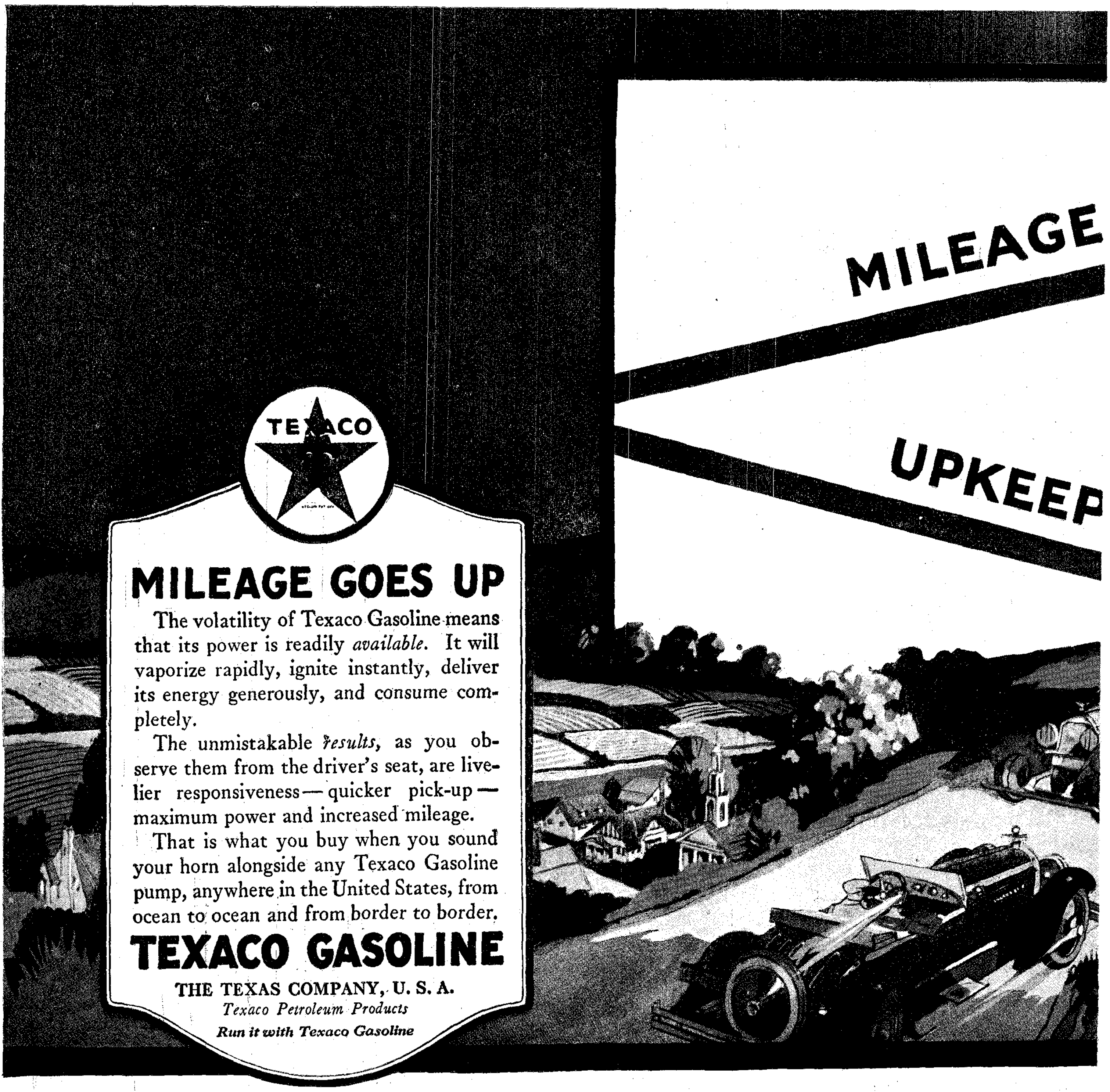

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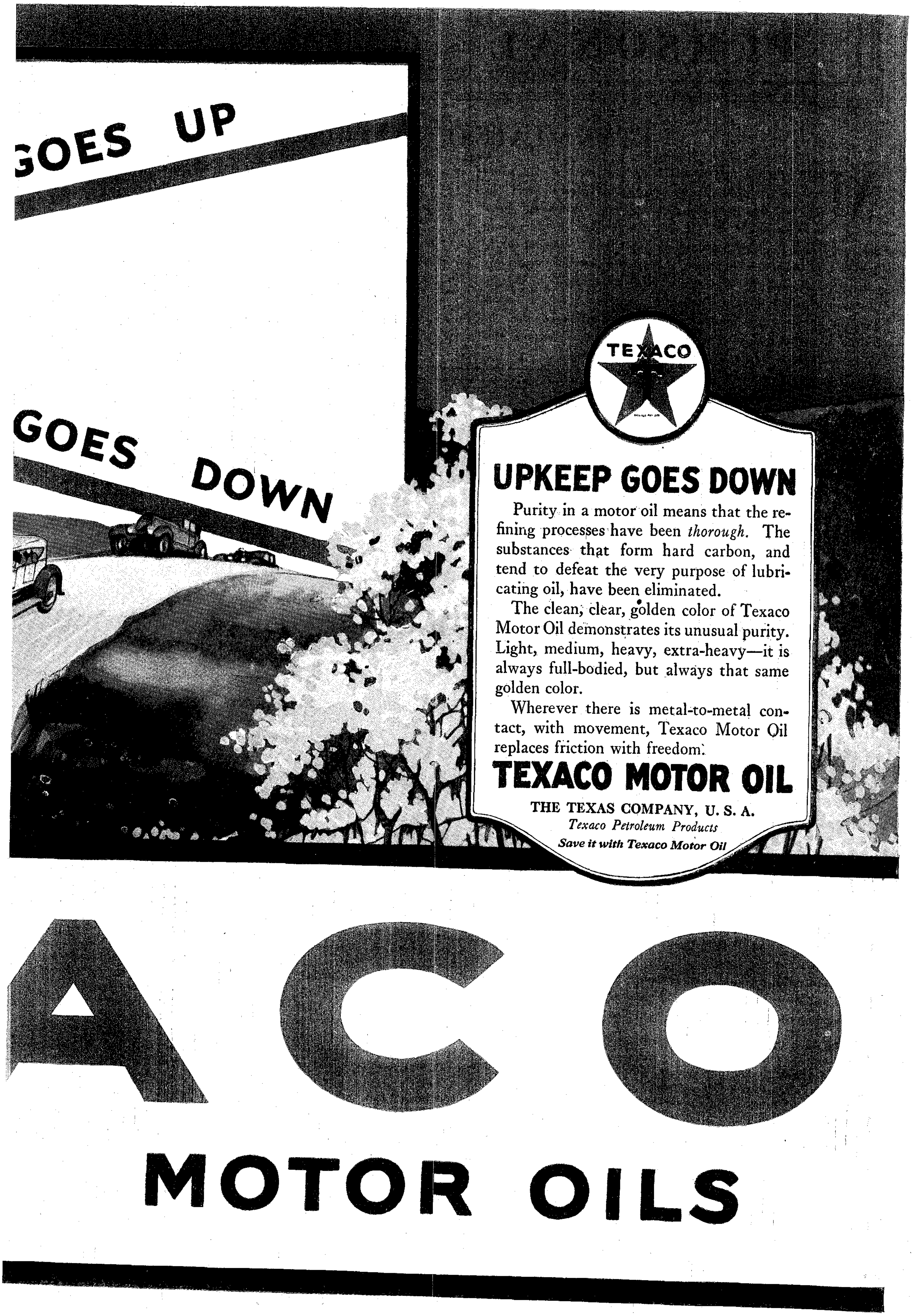

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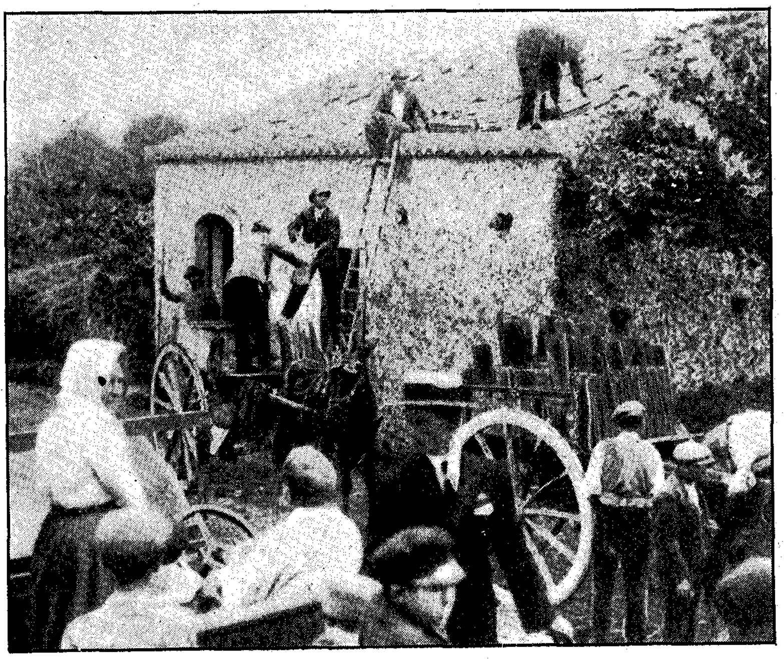
PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

ETNA'S LATEST TANTRUM

MORE THAN 30,000 SICILIANS are now homeless as a result of the latest eruption of Mount Etna, the largest active volcano in Europe. When the huge crater, towering about 10,700 feet above the Mediterranean Sea, began belching forth fire, smoke and lava, following earthquakes and ominous rumblings, the dwellers on the intensively cultivated slopes fled in terror. They abandoned to certain destruction their houses, rich vineyards, and fertile farms. Tho the property loss amounts to scores of millions of lire, the feeling in Italy seems to be one of thankfulness because this time the disaster did not take the awful toll of human lives that previous eruptions so often claimed.



"Wide World" photograph

NOT TOO TERRIFIED TO SAVE THE ROOF

These peasants of Cerro, tho preparing to flee for their lives, thriftily rip away for future use the tiles from the roof of their doomed home.

For many days after the volcano burst into renewed activity last month death and desolation appeared destined to spread far and wide. Even Linguaglossa, a city of 16,000 inhabitants a considerable distance from the main crater, was menaced by a mighty tidal wave of boiling lava which surrounded it on three sides. So inevitable did the blotting out of this place seem that when the seething stream of lava finally spared it a correspondent of the New York *Times* sent a wireless dispatch which began: "If such things as miracles still happen in the twentieth century, then surely it is a miracle that the town of Linguaglossa still stands where it stood a week ago. The statue of its patron, St. Egidio, is still erect on a hillock overtopping the town, facing Etna's fiery blast and seeming to hold back the stream of lava with outstretched arm."

Probably the tensest, most dramatic episode in the eruption is this advance of the lava upon Linguaglossa, of which *The Times* correspondent says, in earlier dispatches:

> The town of Linguaglossa is surrounded by molten lava on three sides. One stream of the lava now threatens Giarre, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, but if the present rate of flow does not increase, it will be several days before the danger there becomes imminent. The inhabitants continued to flee from the danger zone, and their numbers have increased so greatly that, despite the utmost efforts of the population of Catania to shelter them, arrangements are being made to erect huts and tents to house the surplus.
>
> About a mile and half above Linguaglossa there is a spur on the mountainside, on the highest point of which stands a marble statue of Saint Egidio, the patron of Linguaglossa. The statue faces the flaming crater with one hand raised as if in supplication. Only this spur, together with improvised trenches which were made in desperate haste by some hundreds of willing workers, stands between Linguaglossa and annihilation.
>
> The lava flowing down the mountainside struck the spur and was divided by it into branches, one cutting off the town on the right and the other on the left. The spur looks like the prow of a gigantic ship slowly making its way through seas of red-hot waves.
>
> The fiery stream has reached the base of the statue. It threatens at any moment to overtop the summit of the spur and pour down into the town nestling below it.

The inhabitants of Linguaglossa believe that their saint has worked a miracle and saved the town. All day under a smothering downpour of ashes many of them knelt bareheaded in the main square around the parish priest facing the statue of the saint, while the church bells tolled incessantly. Some of the bolder spirits took turns in making dashes for the statue, braving the fierce heat of the lava and the overpowering fumes to take votive offerings to it in the shape of flowers and lighted candles. So terrifying is the sight of the glowing lava and so enervating are the heat fumes that only a few can be found to attempt this.

Learning that the people of Linguaglossa were carrying in procession to-day the staff of St. Egidio, which is supposed to have the miraculous power of stopping the advance of lava, the people of Castiglione marched to Linguaglossa, according to a Rome dispatch to the Central News, and forcibly seized the staff, intending to use it to save their own town. The struggle for the staff, it is said, was so alarming that military forces were called out, but in the meantime a bishop arrived and took possession of the staff.

Describing the veritable river of fire, the eye-witness reporter goes on:

> The lava has now cooled sufficiently to be covered in parts by a crust. It presents the appearance of a great mass of dough advancing almost imperceptibly but with deadly steadiness. As it rolls, it cracks in places and white-hot lava immediately spurts out, soon to cool in turn.
>
> The scene seems to have been transplanted straight out of one of the cantos of the "Inferno." Clouds of smoke and ashes fill the air, obscuring the sun, so that the tragic panorama is lit only by the ruddy glow from the craters' mouths and by the spurts of incandescent lava issuing from the cracks in the crust.
>
> Terrific rumblings strike fear into the stoutest hearts, while the earth shakes almost incessantly. The air is a mass of hot, blinding ashes which assail the eyes and render breathing difficult. Groans, prayers and imprecations are heard on all sides, as houses fall under the relentless pressure of the lava.
>
> The lava has cooled enough in some portions for it to be possible to approach the stream comparatively close. Villagers follow it step by step and watch it with rage in their hearts invade their fields slowly, but with devastating effect. As each favorite corner of their vineyards is invaded some pray aloud that the remainder be spared, some curse and some watch with stony expressions.

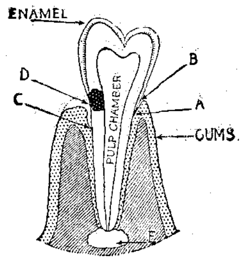
From an Associated Press story we learn that—

> Heartrending episodes are being enacted around Etna. In one case a woman refused to abandon her vineyard, declaring that her whole life had been given over to its cultivation, that its existence was her existence and its death her death. Rescuers

THE DANGER LINE

Fight ACID-EROSION at "THE DANGER LINE"

If you want sound teeth and healthy gums



The Menace to Your Health

This is an enlarged drawing of an ordinary tooth. Notice where the hard enamel stops at "A." That is The Danger Line.

The edges of the gums form a little triangular crevice at "B." Minute food particles lodge here. The gums become irritated and inflamed, and gradually recede as shown at "C," exposing The Danger Line.

The tiny food particles decompose and form acids which attack your teeth. This is called Acid-Erosion. It is the forerunner of tooth decay which starts at "D" and spreads up and down from The Danger Line. The poisons from such decay are carried into the tooth. They form abscesses at the apex "E." Many sinister dental and physical diseases result.

Squibb's Dental Cream, due to the Squibb's Milk of Magnesia contained in it, protects your teeth against Acid-Erosion and decay in a way which no other dental cream can.

Users of Squibb's Dental Cream will be glad to know that they can also get SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA in convenient sized bottles at the better drug stores.

Examine the surface of your teeth closely and you will detect a slight ridge at the margin of the gums.

This is where the hard, protective enamel stops and the softer, bony structure of the teeth begins.

It is The Danger Line.

The edges of the gums do not cling flush to the surface of the teeth here. They are slightly rounded, forming a little "V"-shaped crevice.

Food particles are forced down into this crevice. They ferment and form acids which attack and destroy the surface of your teeth. This is called Acid-Erosion. It is the forerunner of tooth decay.

Decay is Dangerous Here

Once decay starts at The Danger Line it spreads rapidly. The gums become infected and pyorrhea results. The poisons from pyorrhea and tooth decay may be absorbed into the system and cause loss of teeth, rheumatism, heart-disease and other infections.

You cannot have sound teeth or perfect health if Acid-Erosion exists.

Years of the most exhaustive research have proved that milk of magnesia is the best product ever discovered to prevent trouble at The Danger Line. It neutralizes all forms of mouth acidity. It also gets into the crevices in your teeth which your toothbrush cannot reach, as well as the pockets at The Danger Line, thus preventing Acid-Erosion.

Now—in Your Dental Cream

A delightful new dental cream has been produced by the Squibb Laboratories. It is made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a pleasantly flavored, concentrated form. It protects your teeth and gums in the thorough way possible only by milk of magnesia.

In addition, Squibb's Dental Cream combines the necessary ingredients to keep your teeth clean, bright and attractive. It is soothing and beneficial to irritated gums—and an ideal preventive for Acid-Erosion.

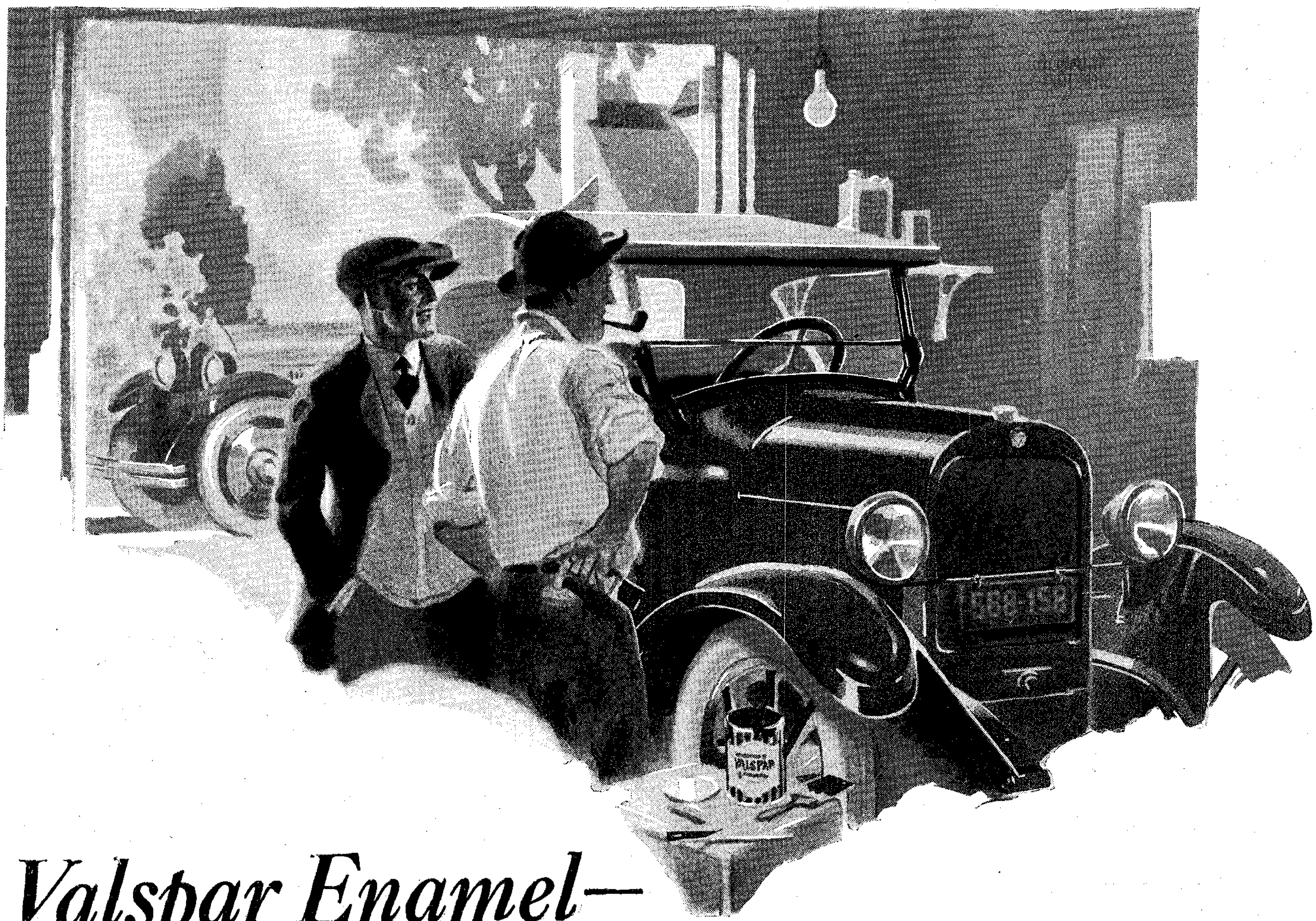
No other dental cream combines these same essentials. You can enjoy this protection only by asking your druggist for Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Copyright 1923, E. R. Squibb & Sons



Valspar Enamel—
for long life and lasting beauty!

You can't beat Valspar Enamel for your car. Remember it's *VALSPAR* Enamel, and that means it's waterproof, heatproof, and weatherproof. For these Enamels are made of Valspar Varnish combined with the finest pigments, giving you Valspar durability and waterproofness plus beautiful, permanent, solid-covering colors.

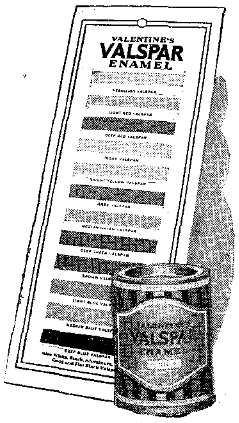
Radiators can boil over, but the lustre of Valspar Enamel won't dull or turn white. Mud and dirt have no terrors for Valspar Enamel. A wash with clean water and the car is as bright as ever.

And Valspar Enamels are extremely *durable* and therefore economical. They withstand the destructive action of gasoline, oil, acid, and alkali. Their toughness resists scratching and abrasion. Neither vibration nor sudden change of temperature causes them to check or crack. Their waterproofness protects the metal underneath from rust and destruction.

Valspar Enamels are easy to use. Follow the simple directions printed on each can and you can't go wrong. One quart will refinish the usual small car.

Valspar Enamels come in 12 standard colors: Red,—*light or deep;* Vermilion; Blue,—*light, medium, or deep;* Green,—*medium or deep;* Ivory; Bright Yellow; Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum, and Flat Black.

Send for color card
and instructions
for painting
your car



This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

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State color . . . .
Clear Valspar . . ☐
Valspar Stain . . ☐
State color . . . .

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The famous Valspar boiling water test

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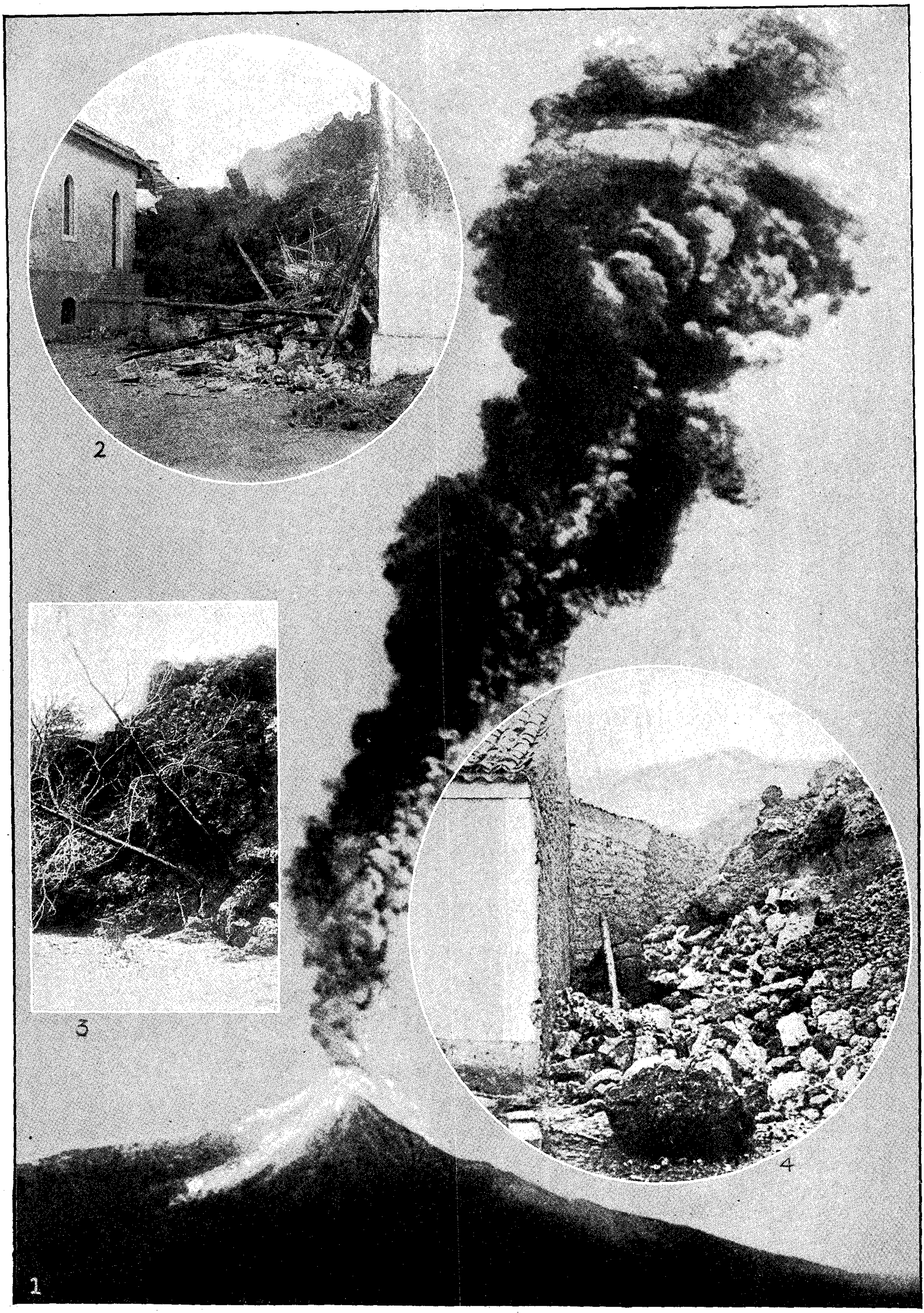
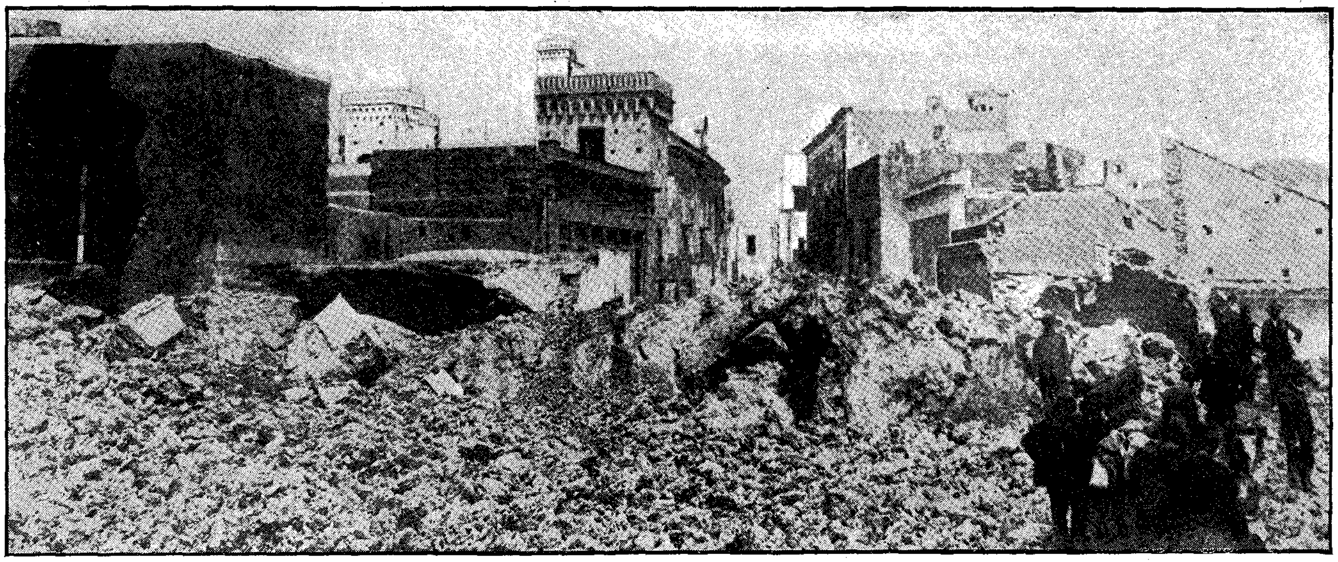


MOUNT ETNA, CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF MAKING 30,000 SICILIANS HOMELESS

1—Smoke, ashes and lava being hurled high into the air in this latest eruption (International Newsreel Photograph): 2—The fiery flood of lava, fifty feet high in some places, sweeping down upon houses (Underwood and Underwood): 3—Shrubbery, and even huge trees, bowing before the relentless advance of the lava (Underwood and Underwood): 4—Houses on the mountain-slope about to be engulfed by the lava, which is pushing before it rocks and other dêbris, after having set fire to everything combustible (copyrighted by the Keystone View Company).



Copyrighted by P. & A. Photographs

GIARRE, A CITY OF 20,000, WRECKED BY QUAKES, LATER BURIED FIFTY FEET UNDER LAVA STREAM A MILE WIDE

tried to carry her away, but she rushed back to the trees and embraced and kissed them singly, calling them her children. When finally she was removed it was found that she had lost her reason.

The exodus of the inhabitants began soon after the first eruption, and a steady line has been slowly traveling in the direction of safety for the last two days. When they started from their homes the people were loaded with their household treasures, but gradually along the road these have been abandoned.

Many mothers carrying their children or crowded upon little hand-carts are among the fugitives. In numerous cases stalwart peasants carry on their shoulders aged relatives unable to walk, who otherwise would have been obliged to remain awaiting death in their abandoned homes.

Village priests, bearing crucifixes or the statue of the patron saint, accompany the sad procession and encourage the parishioners. The sound of chanted prayers rises above the rumblings of the eruptions and the patter of falling stones and cinders. The stricken people seem to be in dumb despair, hardly conscious of whither they are going, invoking the saints and inquiring tremulously, "What have we done to be visited by this awful scourge?"

Again reverting to one of the copyrighted dispatches in *The Times*, we read:

The effect of King Victor Emmanuel's presence has been more than had been expected. Nowhere does he show to better advantage than on the field of danger. This is testified to by persons familiar with his conduct in other eruptions and earthquakes, besides millions of soldiers who saw him on Italy's battle-fields, careless of danger if by so doing he could help.

The King stopt all demonstrations in his honor, saying: "Hand-claps are every day's occupation; now is the time for extraordinary deeds." He inspected the relief measures adopted to feed and comfort the refugees, especially the supply of milk for babies, who touched his heart, their mothers holding them out for him to caress.

Linguaglossa has been abandoned by all except a few who refuse to leave. Food is brought to them daily by carabineers or Fascisti. The road leading there is getting more difficult, due to the ashes which are silently and continually falling, rendering the progress of motor cars, horses, or men hazardous.

The condition of the inhabitants that remain behind is full of hardships, because of the ashes and sulfurous fumes in the air, the high temperature due to the nearness of the lava and the fact that no food is left, as all was carried away by the departing refugees. Most of these people live on soldiers' rations, which are carried as often as possible to them.

The priest of a hamlet near Linguaglossa descended to the camp of the artillery troops, near Cerro, and asked to be allowed to take away with him some wine, as he had no more to use in the celebration of mass. The whole garrison returned with him to the hamlet, where mass was celebrated in the Square, in the presence of all, with Etna rumbling in the distance and such thick clouds of dust that army lanterns had to be used to light the improvised altar. The priest, standing on an army car, preached on "The Trial Sent Us by God."

The natives, fleeing for their lives after forsaking their homes, only saw the eruption at a distance. It was left for a newspaper woman, Helen Augur, correspondent of the New York *Herald*, to give a close-up description of Mount Etna in action. She "climbed up the volcano for 7,000 feet and witnessed those spasms of Nature in her most furious mood." In the story cabled to *The Herald* and copyrighted, she declares:

When we left Linguaglossa early in the evening the great fires of the lava-stream were banked and looked like a dying grate fire a mile and a half long. On the terraced hillside hundreds of peasants sat entranced at the wondrous spectacle of a river of fire descending from the volcano's flaming mouth.

There are words to describe an eruption in our vocabulary scaled down to human dimensions, but they do not have the slightest relation to this experience which is so terrific that the mind refuses to believe what the eyes behold. Except for observers attached to Mount Etna, nobody has climbed the volcano during this eruption, and I had to bribe guides to make the ascent.

With an American scientist I started from Randazzo, at the foot of the volcano, at eight in the morning. For four and a half hours we climbed on mule-back through the waste lands created by lava eruption since time immemorial. While the lower slopes are covered with grain and vineyards, as we mounted we found only traces of charcoal-burners amid the desolate wastes, which sometimes cut off our view, but as the path ahead lifted we got even a clearer view of the smoke columns from the volcano.

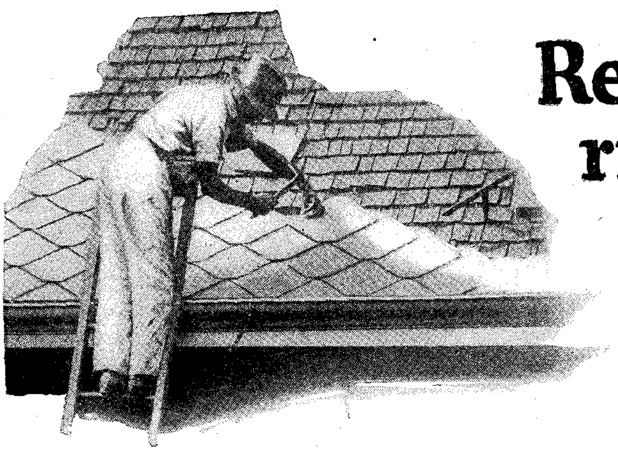
Near Monte Negro, on the north side of the volcano, we crawled into a stone hut to escape the cold rain. At 8:30 we began to climb afoot, soon reaching the eruptive mouth on the west side of Monte Negro. Here was the inferno itself, where the lava, rushing underground from the core of the volcano, miles above, found its vent. A torrent of liquid fire spurted under more than a dozen of small cones, which had been formed by the constantly thrown up cinders and stones. These cones disgorged great jets, some white columns of steam and black smoke, others sulfurous fumes. One mouth, under which there were constant explosions, hurled blood-red stones a hundred feet in the air.

The lava poured from this final mouth in a spasmodic rhythm, more rapidly than from all the others. I crawled on all-fours across the steaming lava a few yards on to witness this horrible torrent of fire, too flaming and too rapid to describe. The guide whimpered and closed his ears against the titanic puffings, detonations, and eruptions. Then I climbed 1,220 feet up beside the fissure within which the lava stream flowed, sometimes far underground, sometimes at the bottom of the smoke-filled chasms.

The hills, all covered with pine woods, have been scorched by the great lumps of molten stuff which fell during the first explosion. Finally I reached Monte Pevillo, where on the west side was a tremendous cañon filled with smoke, through which a burning torrent rushed with the sound of colossal waves.

The smoke and gas volumes from this infernal chasm, thrown up many hundreds of feet, changed with incredible rapidity. Suddenly the wind revealed the whole side of the volcano. The central crater threw off a column of white smoke, thick like a gigantic cauliflower a thousand feet high, and within the fire was raging. Then the crater ejected a heavy column of black smoke.

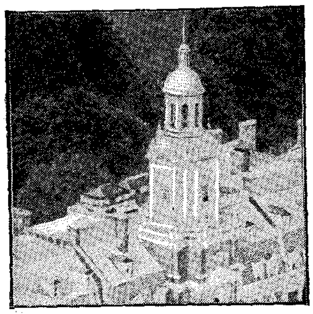
While I stood aghast at the sight the ground shook beneath me, heavy explosions began in the cañon and cinders and black stones were hurled five hundred feet in the air. Evidently a more savage temper had begun, for the explosions were at the



Re-roof for the last time right over the old roof

We waited ten years to tell you this ——

A ten year test

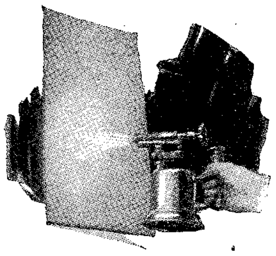


Garden City Hotel—re-roofed for the last time right over the old shingles twelve years ago.

The purpose of the Johns-Manville method of laying Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof is to give you a permanent, fire-safe house-top at the lowest possible cost.

This method now has the endorsement of time and experience. Over twelve years ago we laid our Rigid Asbestos Shingles over the old roof on the Garden City Hotel, Long Island. Then we waited ten years. In all that time no repairs had been needed; not a single shingle had dropped out; the roof was still an unbroken covering of permanent protection against fire and weather. So, two years ago, we announced this practical, money-saving means for re-roofing your home easily and permanently. Since then thousands of people have taken advantage of this Johns-Manville method; thousands of roofs that were not only leaky and unsatisfactory, but actual fire hazards are now tight against the weather and permanently fire-safe.

Save money and get a better roof!



The test that proves.

Of course, you save money by not having to tear off the old roof.

You save your lawns and shrubbery from the damage caused by falling, broken shingles. There is no mess or dirt in or around the house. Your home is never exposed to the damaging effects of a sudden rainstorm.

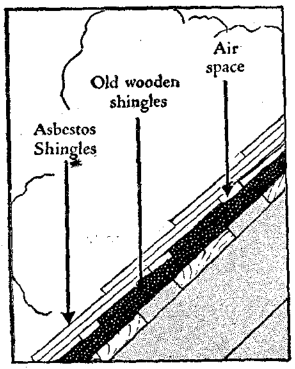
The blanket of old shingles under the new Asbestos Shingles is actually an asset. Once an eye-sore and a fire menace, it becomes, under the Asbestos Shingles, an invisible insulating agent. (See diagram below.) Dry wood is an excellent insulator. The old roof helps to keep the upstairs rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

More than fire-safe —Fireproof!

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are in a class above ordinary "fire-safe" shingles. They do not merely "resist" fire; they are proof against it.

Have a roofing dealer show you the famous Johns-Manville blow-torch test. The white hot flame is turned aside—harmless.

This test will assure you that you need never again fear the sparks from your chimney or from a nearby fire.



Double roof protection. Air spaces here are valuable as they are in any insulating structure.

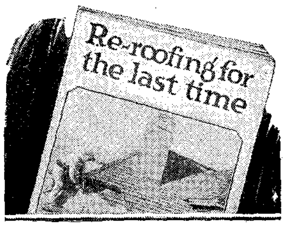
Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Many beautiful roof effects

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles make probably the most beautiful roofs that are applied to-day. There is such a wide range of choice in color, in shape, in method of application. You can procure Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in soft tones of gray, brown and red. You may have rough, artistic edges or neat, smooth ones.

The end of roofing bills!

The big thing to remember is that Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are permanent and that you will never have to re-roof again. Made from asbestos rock fibre and Portland cement, they are practically indestructible. In fact, they take on a harder "set" with age. All this means that when you lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof, you have paid your last roofing bill. Your home has a beautiful, permanent and fire-proof roof. You will be further interested in our booklet, "Re-roofing for the last time." Send the coupon below for your copy.



You will want this very interesting booklet. The coupon below will bring it to you.

To Carpenters:—

This method appeals to carpenters for two reasons: it is sound roofing construction and it eliminates all the "dirty work" hitherto attached to re-roofing. We should be very glad to present you with facts, samples and information on this method which should prove most valuable to you. Write us.

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Please send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

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> very edge of the chasm and the ground seemed about to crumple beneath me.
>
> Just at noon came a terrific sound as from the central crater rose a wall of black, dense smoke several thousand feet high. When I regained the erupting mouth below I found the lava stream pumped down from the tormented core of the volcano larger and more rapid. And yet, when in the early evening the members of the party tied their mules and joined the workers coming home from the vineyards, I found that all this gargantuan activity had scarcely pushed forward the front of the lava stream six miles below, near Linguaglossa. The lava was piling up to a greater thickness on the ground already covered.

The discrepancy between the amount of energy produced by the volcano and the slight advance of the lava, on which Miss Augur comments, probably was due to the fact that the molten stream, having gone so far from its source, cooled and solidified, so that it no longer could flow fast. Says the correspondent of *The Times*:

> It advances with a slow, rolling action and can proceed uphill just as easily as downhill. The stream leisurely, almost majestically, approaches any obstruction, creeps up its side, slides over it and submerges it.
>
> *The Times* correspondent watched the lava overwhelm a house just below Castiglione Station. The house was a modern, solidly built one. The lava advanced like a black tidal wave, washing before it all kinds of débris. When it reached the house it prest solidly against its outer wall, but the wall resisted.
>
> Almost imperceptibly the top of the surface of the lava formed into the shape of a wedge and began creeping up the wall. It smashed through windows and doors and began filling the house, and continued its upward progress until the roof was reached. Suddenly the roof gave way and collapsed under the tremendous weight.
>
> The lava then streamed down into the house until the space within the four walls was completely filled, and it began flowing down the walls on the far side. A few minutes later the house looked like a tower of solid black stone. In half an hour there was only a faint protuberance showing on the surface of the lava.

Lava does not always advance slowly. In fact, during the early days of an eruption it moves forward with the speed of an express-train, a special article in the New York *Sun and Globe* informs us. For instance,

> Lava from Mauna Loa, which is of the same type as Etna's lava, was observed in 1855 to tumble down the mountain at the rate of forty miles an hour. Lava from Vesuvius in 1805 made upward of fifty miles an hour. But in each case the speed was checked progressively as the fiery fluid advanced, thickening like a mess of Scotch porridge.
>
> As it thickens, the crust breaks up into innumerable clinkers, which completely conceal the hellish gruel within and which make a music of their own as the mass lurches ponderously forward. Its monstrous crest, which may be as high as a three-story house and as wide as the Hudson River, ever topples over in advance of its foot, which is ever retarded by the cooling earth.
>
> Thus it gives a lazy and horrific imitation of a tidal wave, embellished by the smoke of consuming vegetation, the flame of human habitations, the deafening explosion of great steam bubbles and titanic rending of the lava flood's crust.
>
> Of the two great types of lava, the Etna type is called "basic" and the other "acid." The acid type, which is rich in silica, is much thicker and never flows so far afield, but hardens into ropy formations about the parent crater and tends to build up steep cones, whereas the basic kind, which is basaltic in nature, builds mountains of gentle slopes and also flows over the plains.
>
> Its heat is terrific, and yet its crust is such a poor conductor of heat that one may walk or lie upon it without being incommoded by that interior fire. An Italian scientist by means of a platinum electric resistance pyrometer ascertained that lava of Etna at a depth of one foot had a temperature of 1,060 degrees Centigrade—and that's less than half of what it would be in Fahrenheit figures. Yet there are instances in which, while burning up the underbrush of a forest, it carbonizes the tree trunk without killing the leaves.

Paradoxical as it may seem, this very lava which is the chief menace to the 300,000 persons on or near Mount Etna also is their best friend. As *The Times* notes editorially,—

> There will be the familiar expressions of wonder that the Sicilians persist in living on the slopes of Etna, tho they and all of their ancestors from times immemorial have known of the appalling dangers of the site, and again and again through all the ages have suffered, as they used to think, and perhaps as some of them do still, from the struggles of the giant Enceladus to break the prison into which Jupiter chained him.
>
> They live there because between the eruptions life is easier there than elsewhere, the soil more fertile. Human beings can not afford to keep always in mind a peril that is intermittent—that leaves long periods of prosperity under a threat that, for any one generation, may not, probably will not, be carried out.
>
> It is a peculiarity of volcanic outpourings that, except when they take the form of lava that hardens into stone, on them big crops can be raised. And even the lava soon disintegrates into richness. That is enough to explain why, all over the world, people make their homes on or near mountains that at any moment may overwhelm them with fire, but usually are kind and useful neighbors.

It is no wonder, then, as *The Herald* points out, that—

> The slopes of Etna, with an area of more than 400 square miles, support a population more dense than that of any other equal portion of Sicily or Italy. There are sixty-five cities and villages in the area, and the number of inhabitants who obtain an excellent agricultural living from the fertile lava beds totals more than 300,000.
>
> Mount Etna is 100 miles around the base, and the soberest peasants are working in tranquillity on the other side. The people who win their laborious living from the scanty soil of lava hundreds of years old even look with affection on the volcano, soon forgetting the suspended horror above their little stony vineyards.
>
> Like all the world they enjoy the marvelous spectacle of nature's greatest manifestation, believing the peril can never approach them.

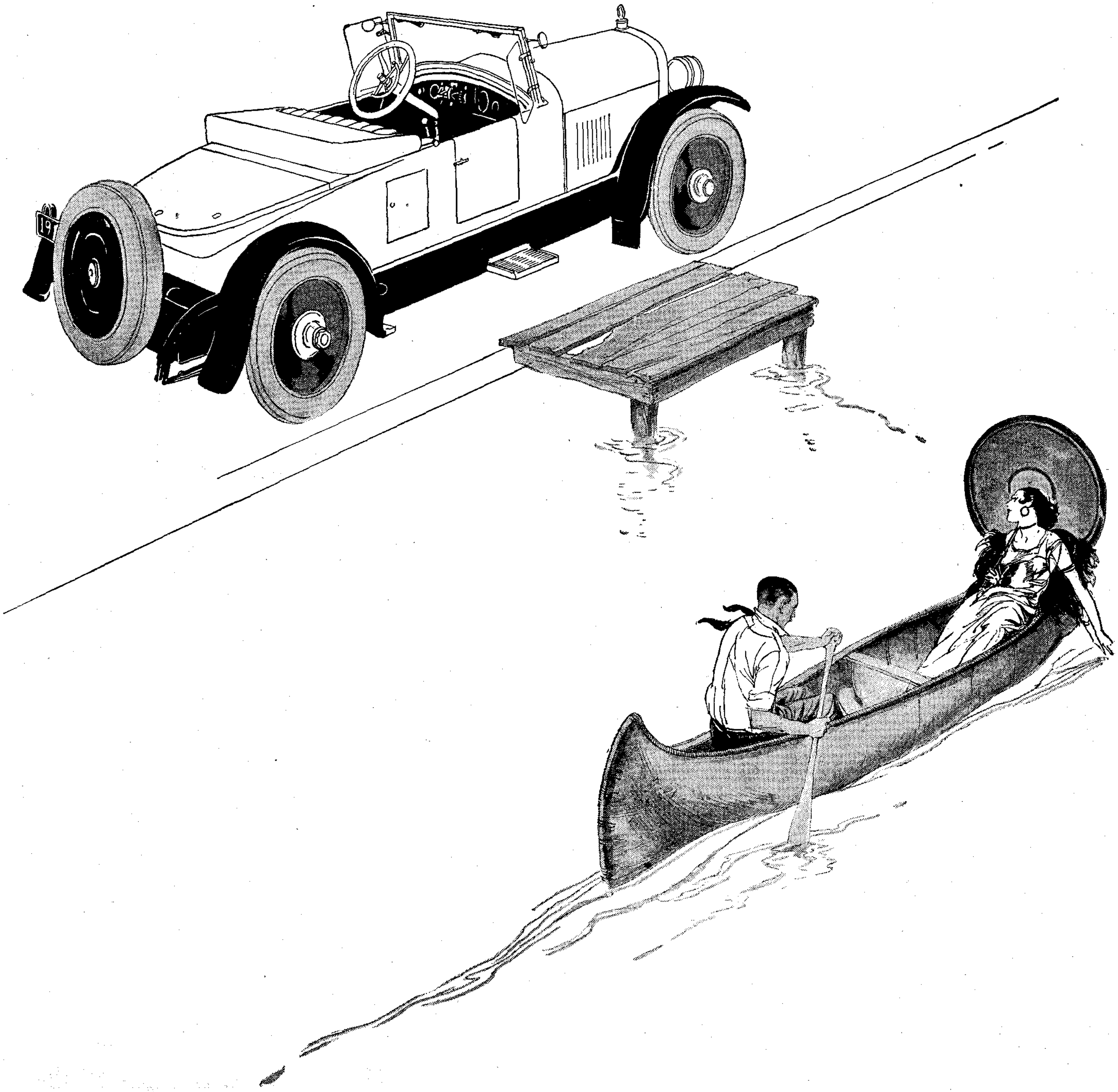
All too often, tho, the peril has approached, with the result that records of disastrous eruptions stretch back as far as 476 B. C., for Mount Etna seems to delight more in being a treacherous and cruel neighbor than in being a kind and useful one. We read in *The Herald* that—

> One of the worst catastrophes caused by Etna was in 1669, when the harbor of Catania was partly filled up with a stream of lava and 20,000 persons perished. In 1693 there was an earthquake which did much damage and killed practically as many people. In 1769 Catania was destroyed and 15,000 persons were killed. In 1527 two entire villages were buried and many persons lost their lives.
>
> Still another eruption occurred in 1879, and since then the volcano has been active at intervals of four or five years, tho there have been no regular intervals for serious eruptions. There are records of eleven eruptions previous to the Christian era.

The temper of Mount Etna apparently is becoming more ugly with age, and in recent years volcanic activities have caused panic and considerable destruction, notably in 1910 and 1911. The eruption and earthquake of 1914 destroyed nearly a score of villages, killed nearly 200 people and injured more than 1,000. The loss of life at that time would have been many times greater had it not been for the series of slight earth-shocks which forewarned the people.

Instead of relying on nature to warn the populace, the Italian Government dispatched several airplanes to the scene of the latest eruption. They watched the progress of the lava and relayed information to special signal stations which were established at strategic points. From these observations volcanologists estimated that six new craters have been opened, of which only two are important. The slopes and summit of Etna are studded with hundreds of craters which have been active at one time or another. From *The Outlook* (New York) we learn that—

> The cause of such violent volcanic phenomena as those which have just occurred is believed to be vast subsidences of the sea bottom, the passage of large quantities of water into deep earth cavities, great rock displacements because of the action of the water, heat caused by the ensuing pressure, and thus the forming of steam under pressure, and finally the explosion of the steam in its confinement, thus causing the rending of the mountain top or side by fissures and the expulsion of masses of melted rock, ashes and cinders.



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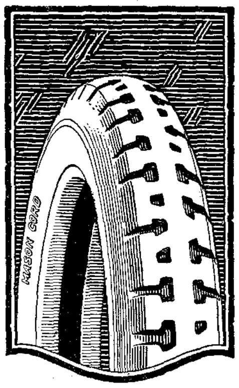

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HUMBLE JOBS OF FORMER RUSSIAN ARISTOCRATS

FROM PRINCE TO PAUPER, *from leisure to labor*—such is the fate which apparently has overtaken the members of the former Russian aristocracy since their fleeing from their native land when the Bolsheviks began to rule with the "mailed fist." "There is nothing like it in all history," the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna is quoted as saying; "two million human beings being driven from their homes and being scattered throughout the world." It is difficult for us in America to comprehend the misfortune which has befallen these erstwhile nobles. But Frederick L. Collins, in his new book, "This King Business" (The Century Company), tries to give us some idea of the situation by declaring that "it is as if the President of the United States, the governors of all the States, most of the doctors and teachers and judges and preachers and bankers and manufacturers and merchants of Kansas City and Chicago and Seattle and New York and every other American city, most of the big men of the small towns—with their wives and grown children and little babies—were to be suddenly expunged from our American life and dumped without warning or resources into foreign lands and foreign conditions. It is as if you and I and all the people we know were pauperized and exiled."

Illustrations from "This King Business" (The Century Company)

ROYALTY IN AN EMBROIDERY FACTORY

The aged forewoman of the Grand Duchess's establishment in Paris is the dowager Princess Poutiatine. The distinguished-looking old gentleman is her husband. The other workers are also from the Imperial Court of Russia.

Paris, the center of so many activities in Continental Europe, was the Mecca toward which many of the outcast Russian nobles instinctively turned upon their hegira, altho as told in our issue for March 17, "the largest group of Royalist refugees that ever left Russia" is said to have been on board that strange squadron which the Russian Admiral Stark led into Manila harbor early this year. The present article describes how some of the exiles who went to Paris fared. Many and amazing are the tales which have been told from time to time about the way these refugees managed to eke out a scanty livelihood. There is, for example, the Grand Duke Dimitri, first cousin of the late Czar, and the one who is credited with killing "that old rascal Rasputin." Mr. Collins informs us that Dimitri is recognized in some circles as the hope of Russian Imperialism and is, in his slender, well-groomed person, all that a Grand Duke should be—especially if you like a Grand Duke young, clean-shaven, and concave at the waist-line. The Grand Duke told the author about his escape from Russia after the collapse of the Imperial Army, his wanderings about Europe and his arrival in Paris with less than one hundred francs in his grand ducal pockets and only one extra shirt.

"How did I live?" The young man smiled at the directness of my question. "How did all my class live? We knew nothing, that is, how to do nothing. We had no money. But, my dear sir, we had friends! The first year, I made a loan. Last year, I made a loan. But I could not go on that way. This year, I am working on such a grand plan—a plan to pay back my loans and live."

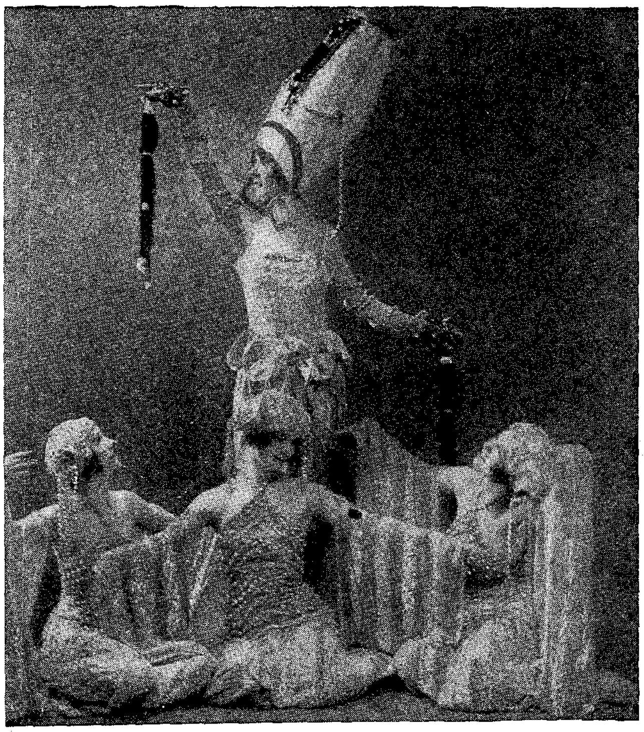
"And what is the plan?"

"Floating a company, monsieur." The Grand Duke smiled as he used the current American phrase, and I smiled too, but not at his facility in the idiom so much as at the thought of this untried, unworldly aristocrat embarking on the stormy sea of commercial endeavors. "But I can not tell you what kind of a company it is until I see if it is successful. . . ."

I asked my French friends about "the grand plan," the company that this ingenuous young man was trying to "float," and they shook their wise old Gallic heads. "A dressmaking establishment," it is said, and then they would wink to indicate that the monseigneur was probably more interested in the dressmaker than the dressmaking. I saw visions of a gilt-chaired establishment on the Rue de la Paix or the Rue de Royale, where the Grand Duke's reputation would be capitalized to lure the unwary dollar and the more conservative crown. It wasn't until I met the Grand Duke's brother-in-law that I learned the truth. I didn't find Prince Poutiatine in any gilded Rue de la Paix establishment, but in a little embroidery factory which he and his wife, the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna and her brother Dimitri of the "grand plan" had started in the servants' ell of a modest house in the Harlem of Paris. This little embroidery factory was the "dressmaking establishment" of current rumor. . . .

"The grand plan" that Dimitri was trying to "float" was to give employment to émigrés of noble birth who, like himself, are willing to work for a living while they await "the future day" (when, they hope, the imperialists will return to power).

The writer made a tour of inspection through the shop and found there the Dowager Princess Poutiatine plying her trade



FROM COURT TO CHORUS

The three seemingly gay members of the chorus at the Folies Bergère, who are shown supporting Nina Payne, the American danseuse, are daughters of a ward of the late Czar.

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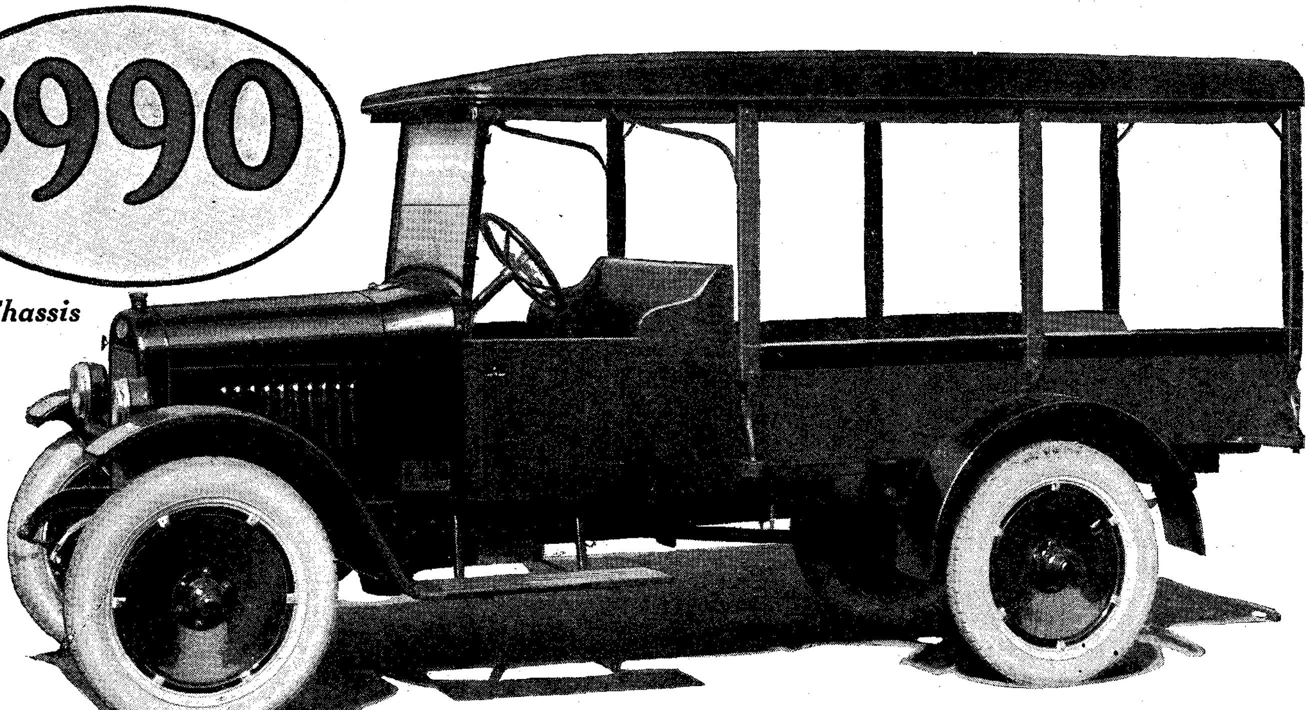
The Stewart 1-Ton Truck

Every Truck Buyer Should Investigate

$990

for Chassis



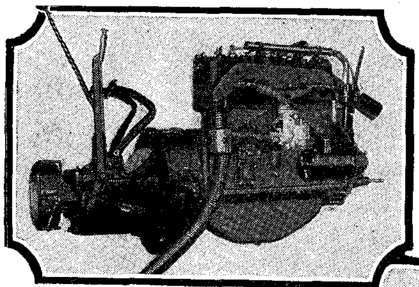
Stewart 1-Ton Truck. With Body and Complete Equipment as Illustrated, $1225, F. O. B. Buffalo

Matches Trucks Costing up to $1800

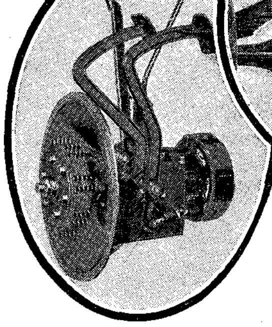
At $990 the Stewart 1-Ton Truck matches trucks costing up to $1800. It has altered all truck values. Compare it point for point with any 1-ton truck. That will show Stewart's real value.

With body and equipment complete the Stewart 1-Ton Truck costs less than the chassis alone of many trucks which it will outlast and out-perform. It is saving buyers from $500 to $800 over trucks of like quality. See it and compare its value before you buy any truck.

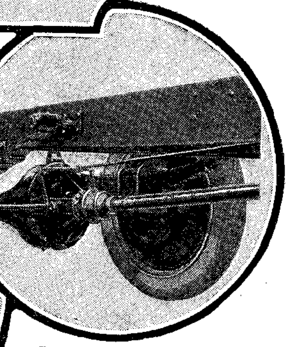
Wheelbase, 130″. Loading space 8 feet. Will exceed 40 miles per hour with capacity load. Throttle down to 4 miles. Fine appearance. Owners report 12 to 16 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Electric lights, starter, electric horn, tool kit and jack. Instrument board equipped with ammeter, oil gauge, starting choke, lighting and ignition switches. Disc steel wheels—Demountable rims. Non-skid cord tires 34x4½″.



Motor—Ample power low fuel consumption



Clutch—Positive and smooth to operate



Rear Axle—Sturdy and built to last

A Few of the Many Units in the Stewart 1-Ton Truck, Which are also Used by Far Costlier Trucks

Motor—5-bearing crank shaft. Pressure feed lubricating, automatic control. Removable cylinder head and block. **Matches motors of trucks costing up to $1800.**

Clutch—7 dry plate, multiple disc type with automatic adjustment. **Same as in trucks costing up to $1750.**

Axles—Front, I-beam, drop-forged. Rear, spiral bevel gear, heavy Brown-Lipe differential. All Timken roller bearings. **Equal to trucks costing $1800.**

Zenith carbureter, Remy ignition, starter, generator, Gemmer steering. **All found in trucks costing $1500 to $1800.**

Cooling—Cellular type core, pressed steel shell. Extra strong chassis frame 6″ at greatest depth. **Equals trucks costing $1400 to $1750.**

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1¼ to 1½ ton	$1495
1½ to 2 ton	1870
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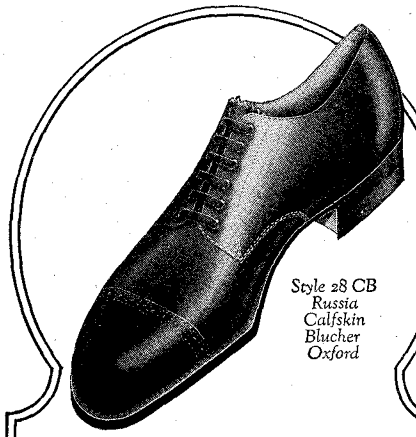
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Styled for Comfort
Built for Wear

Step out—firmly, confidently—certain that with Hanover Shoes you are putting your best foot forward.

Hanover Shoes add distinction to your appearance. They indicate, as much as anything you wear, your critical taste in clothes.

Hanover Shoes are good-looking — long-wearing — comfortable—honest value through and through. The choice of discriminating men for a quarter century.

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In 60 Cities

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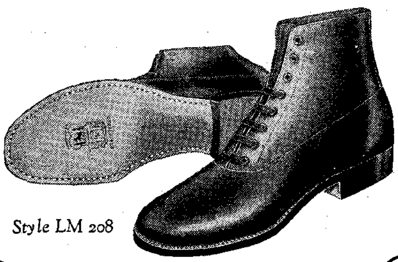
The HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially made for growing feet. They're staunch, serviceable and good-looking. $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.


Style LM 208

Little Men's Brown Russia Lace Shoe

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

as forewoman and saleswoman of its exquisite products. We are told that—

> Sixty-five she was, and tired and thin and silently sad except when her eyes lighted up over some beauty in her daughter-in-law's designs or some prospect of aiding financially the wonderful work in which she was engaged. I asked her if she wanted to go back to Russia. Her face clouded.
>
> "No, no," she said, almost violently; "I have here my husband and my son. I am content."
>
> "Your husband?"
>
> "Yes, monsieur." She reached down into the pile of embroideries and brought up a pattern of exquisite workmanship. "My husband's design. He is our hardest worker. We live here, in the shop, sleep here, eat here, my husband and I."
>
> Her fine old eyes had strayed from me to the embroidery in her hand, and thence through the open door, up two rickety steps into a room where a man was vigorously ironing—engaged, as I afterward learned, in transferring designs from the patterns to the cloth. But this workman was drest as a retired banker might be drest of a late afternoon at his home on Chicago's North Side, in a clean, starched collar, a light silk tie, and a well-cut buff-colored summer suit. His face, his whole head, was like the late King Edward's, a high noble forehead above a closely clipt, white beard. He was the most significant figure I had yet met.
>
> Dimitri, for instance, was still young. There was hope in his future day. Poutiatine's son was strong and busy, and, in a way, happier than he would have been in a less active life. Even the old Princess, with her armful of embroideries, was a woman doing a woman's work—and, besides, she was content. But this courtly old gentleman, for whom there could be no future day, no active career, no congenial occupation, bent over an ironing-board like a tailor's apprentice—here was the picture of a race declassed! . . .
>
> The old Prince led me up another narrow, gray flight of stairs to the workroom, where a dozen embroidery machines—not unlike the old-fashioned sewing machine that mother kept in the spare bedroom—were ticking off thousands of minute stitches. Bent over these machines, their eyes scarcely leaving their work as we interviewed them, were a dozen members of the Russian nobility—*working for a wage of two francs an hour!* A franc at the moment was worth about eight cents. Two francs were a tip to the boy who carried your bag. Eight hours of this exacting work produced a wage of a dollar and a half. . . . But it was enough—and this was the point—to keep that fragile young woman in the widow's veil, the Countess Apracsine, from starvation. It was enough to support, in part, at least, the families of those other ladies of the Czar's own household.

The venerable Princess confided to Mr. Collins that she and her royal associates learned the embroidery art by hiring "what you call professionals, two Frenchmen," but that in two weeks' time they could outwork the professionals. Fascinated by the cryptic word Yteb in silver letters on the street door of a fashionable dressmaking establishment, to which the Grand Duchess Marie sold some embroidery work, the author entered and learned that Madame Yteb was in reality the Baroness Wrangel, sister-in-law of the General Wrangel who had failed in his campaign against the Bolshevik Army. Mr. Collins remarks:

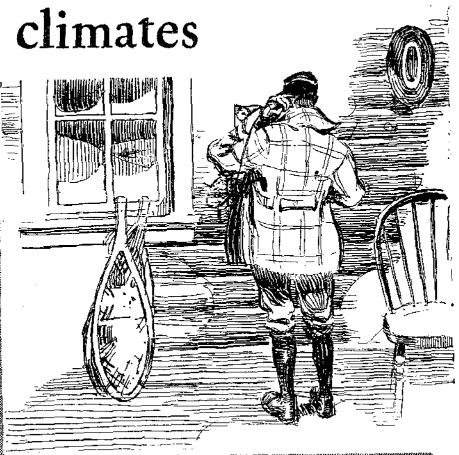
> In the most Parisian of Parisian atmospheres I had stumbled once more upon these inevitable Russians. I had followed their trail for weeks through most of the capitals of Europe, only to land at last in a French dressmaking salon—French in appearance and French in location, but Russian-owned and Russian-operated. . . .
>
> I looked with new eyes at the efficient young business woman in front of me, for I knew that this was the famous Princess Kougoucheff, who, through her courage and devotion, had saved her mother and her old governess and her two young children from the horrors of Bolshevism; who was personally responsible for the care of 48,000 refugees and the distribution of more than 300,000 articles of clothing in Constantinople, in those dark days following the Russian hegira. I was familiar with every detail of this young woman's heroism, for it is on the lips of thousands of Russian émigrés from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. . . .
>
> "That young woman over there," said the Princess, "is the Countess Gourno. She has become one of the best fitters in Paris." The Countess had just brought in on her arm a finished garment from the workroom, and was hanging it affectionately in a wardrobe behind one of the long mirrors that lined the pale gray room. "And several of the mannikins are also Russian women of the nobility. We have had many such in the house, the two Baronesses Meinard, for instance. Madame is very kind. She gives our people a chance whenever she can. But she is fair," she added proudly, "the Russian ladies can not keep their places unless they are good—as good as the Frenchwomen."

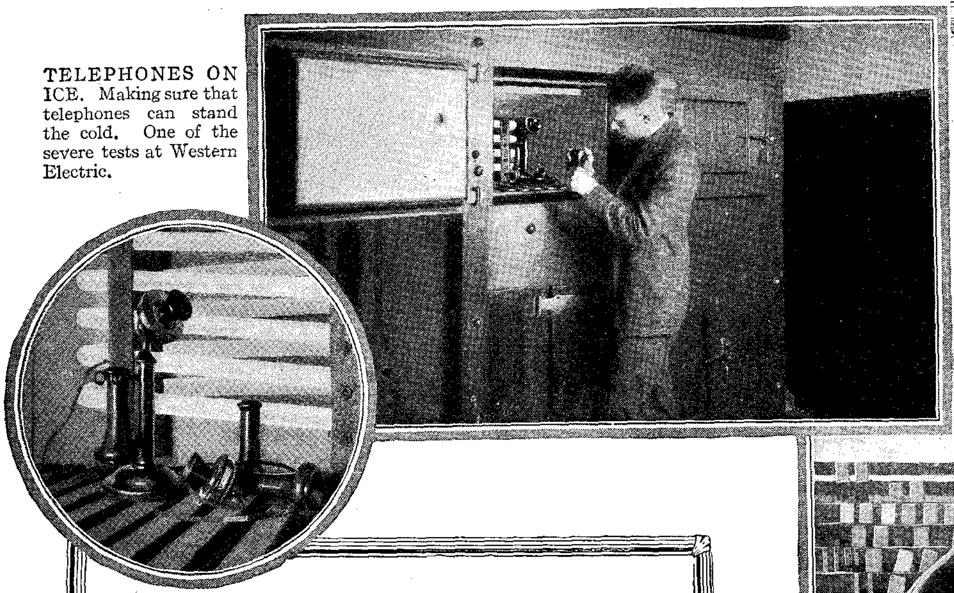
But Russian refugees are also finding employment of a very different sort. For instance, Mr. Collins discovered that three charming girls belonging to the exiled nobility were making a living by dancing in the chorus of the Folies Bergère, that center of the night life of Paris, which is half-way up the Montmartre. We read:

> Behind the scenes at the Folies Bergère—in a glittering confusion of paint and powder, tramped on by hurrying choruses of flower-girls and Roman beauties—sits a dear old lady, in a bonnet. You think you have seen the motherly face before, the kind wide eyes, the friendly smile; perhaps in your own home, long ago; perhaps in "Cranford." Perhaps her name is Mary Wilkins or Alice Brown. No, she is, or was, a lady of the Romanoff court. And her three young daughters, noblewomen like herself, are dancing in the Folies chorus!
>
> I saw them that night in gorgeous pearl and silver trappings, dancing with the American première danseuse, Miss Nina Payne, and in black and white costumes of velvet and fur, which made the spectacular "snow scene" a dazzling glory. Every night, as they prance down the stage through tinsel snows, they must turn back their memories to another night, another snow scene, far from the footlights of the

Frozen – soaked – steamed

Why telephones work in all climates





TELEPHONES ON ICE. Making sure that telephones can stand the cold. One of the severe tests at Western Electric.

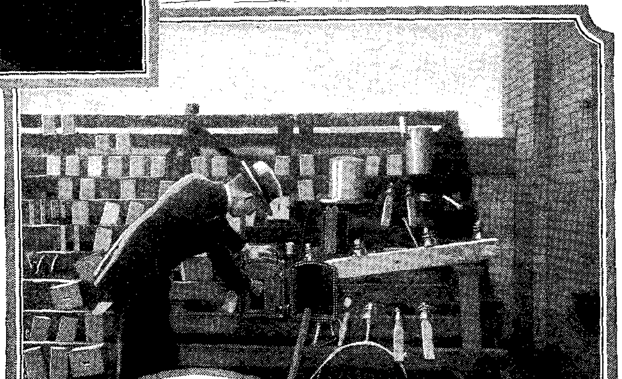
FROM frigid north to sweltering tropics, the telephone fears no climate. It has come through tests just as severe, right in the Western Electric workshop.

Not your own telephone, but instruments exactly like it must stand up under the extremes of temperature and humidity, in specially equipped laboratories.

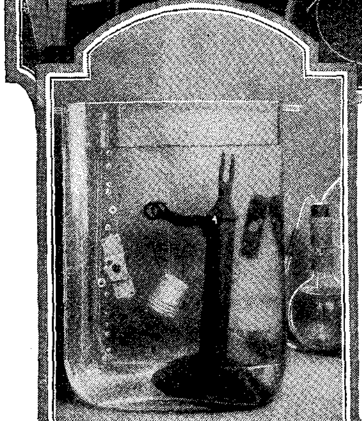
That is one reason why the efficiency of the telephone is no matter of guess work. Planning like this is typical of the care which Western Electric people apply to the whole job, from raw material to finished telephone.

Western Electric

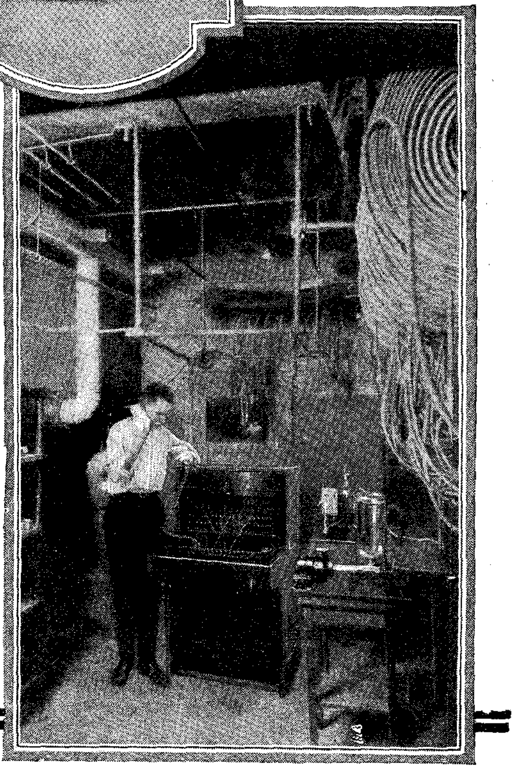
Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment



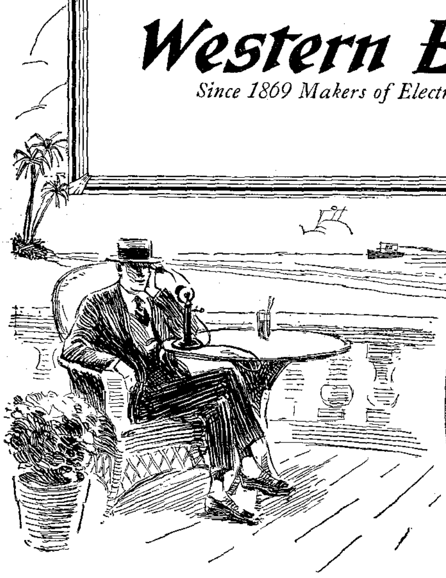
EXPOSED! Some telephone apparatus left out in the sun and rain for years—a test of woods and metal coatings.

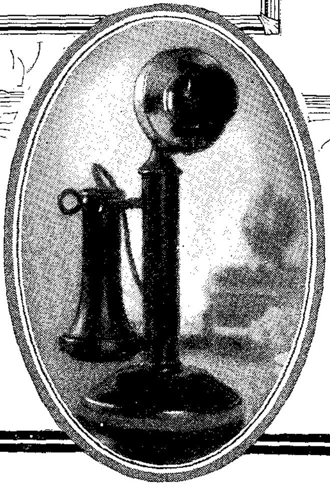


ORDEAL BY WATER. The metallic parts must be rust proof, and here's the test that finds out.



HOT ENOUGH? In this testing room a steaming, tropical atmosphere can be produced.





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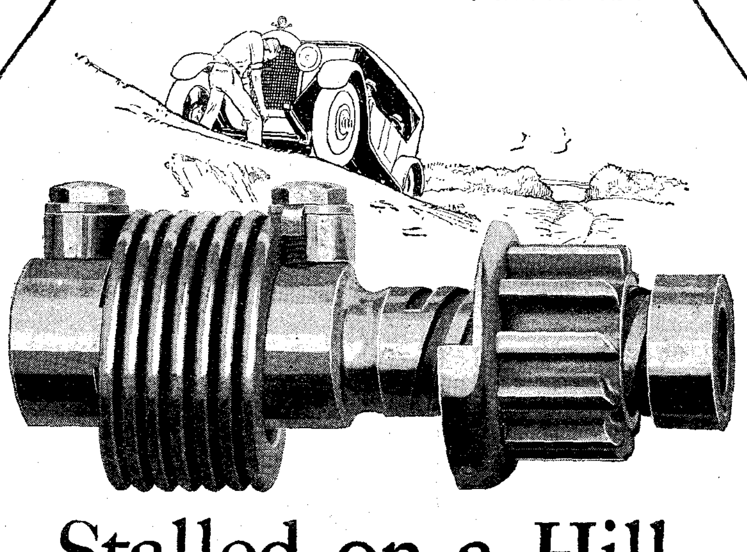

Stalled on a Hill

no more "hand-cranking!"

Up—up—almost to the top! Your engine gasps —dies! A hazardous situation in the old days of "hand-cranking!" Remember?

The electric starter brought a new day of ease, convenience and safety in motoring. On steep hills—at critical moments *anywhere*—your electric starter responds instantly. And here the Bendix Drive renders vital service.

The Bendix Drive is a "mechanical arm and hand", for which your starting motor supplies the "muscle".

The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your fly wheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically "lets go", and waits until you need it again.

The vast need filled by The Bendix Drive, and its dependable performance, are evidenced by the fact that it is standard equipment on the electric starters of a large majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

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WALKERVILLE, ONT.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Folies Bergère, on the somber, silent shores of the Baltic Sea. . . .

The old noblewoman is unwilling to expose her daughters to the temptations of this palace of pleasure; but her daughters can not see her starve. They apply for a job at the Folies and get it. They earn six hundred francs a month—about fifty dollars—a fortune for women born to wear jewels in their hair!

I have promised for the present to conceal the names of these four women. They have relatives, still within the reach of Bolshevik terror, who might suffer from the publicity. But every night on the Folies stage you may see these three daughters of the Russian court—three daughters, in fact, of a famous Russian general, the personal ward of the Czar. And, later, at the stage door, you can not fail to identify them. They are the ones with a chaperon! Their mother never leaves them.

Pathetic as the lot of these young émigrés doubtless is, Mr. Collins is of the opinion that the plight of the older outcasts is far more deplorable, especially that of the former military and naval commanders who have evidently outlived their usefulness in the only field for which they were fitted. "These old men get me," he says somewhat colloquially, and tells of a visit to Admiral Possokhow, seventy-six years of age.

Into a smelly side street, through a low doorway, across a cobble courtyard, up three flights of shadowy stairs, to a door which bore the inevitable inscription, "Furnished Rooms," lay the way to the hall bedroom of the former commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces at Archangel. Behind the soiled lady in a calico wrapper loomed the monumental figure of Admiral Possokhow—big body, big hands and feet, massive head and noble features, built on the Michelangelo plan. He filled the room with his size and dignity and presently be illumined it with his sad sweet smile.

The old hero seemed anxious to talk—about others. There was his middle-aged friend, General Somebody-or-other, who was wonderfully successful driving trucks; another younger nobleman who washed cars in a Paris garage; the colonel, decorated for bravery by the Czar, who made a fair living, working all day as a chauffeur and all evening, until midnight, as a waiter; and many young officers of the Imperial Guard who were chauffeurs and taxi men in the streets of Paris.

"They say I am too old to be a chauffeur," commented the Admiral. He had owned four Rolls-Royces at his place near Petrograd!

Then he told of his older friends, of General Wadinow, upholsterer of chairs in a little shop near the Gare de Lyon, of his fellow admiral, happy in the post of porter at the entrance to a Constantinople hospital. The latter's wife lives with him, a fact which appealed especially to the lonely old man before me. . . .

"And you?"

"Oh, I have work. I should not complain. And I have a little silver which I left with the British Consul at Archangel, and when I do not earn enough I sell a piece. That is all right, you see, only it is most gone, and I must move. With only two thousand francs, one can not afford to live in a place like this!" . . .

I am not sure, but I think there was a tear on the wrinkled cheek, a tear shed not for himself, but for his people. He might well shed a tear in self-pity, for the next day, which would be Monday, he must again become a peddler, a peddler who goes from door to door selling woolen to be made up into men's suits and overcoats. It was not very congenial work for this courtly old gentleman of seventy-six, who had earned by a lifetime of kindly service the right to sit quietly in his library, alone with his books and his memories.

"It is not such hard work," the old hero insisted, "only it doesn't pay much; and sometimes they send me away—like this." He imitated a gesture that I felt sure he had never himself used in the days of his authority at Archangel.

"It is too bad, isn't it," he said, without bitterness, "that people are not always kind?"

It is heartening to learn from the author that exile does not always mean tragedy for these Russians, but that sometimes it means relief and that even this hegira is not without its lighter side. For instance:

In a suburb of Paris, the old Duke Peter is doing odd jobs for one of his former servants, and living humbly in the servant's cottage; but he is, for the first time in his long life, a happy man. He has rid himself of one of those marriages of convenience, which had long been a decided inconvenience to him. He has married the woman of his choice, who would long since have been his wife except for imperial decree, and the bride, in her sixtieth year, added a serio-comic touch to the long-delayed nuptials by going to the altar in white lace veil and orange blossoms!

Peter and his first wife would have been very good friends if they had not been married; and they are good friends now. In fact, Peter celebrated his union with his second wife by sending a long telegram to his first. He must have described the bride's girlish costume, for the Grand Duchess, who was visiting the Dowager Empress of Russia, in Copenhagen, sent the following congratulatory reply:

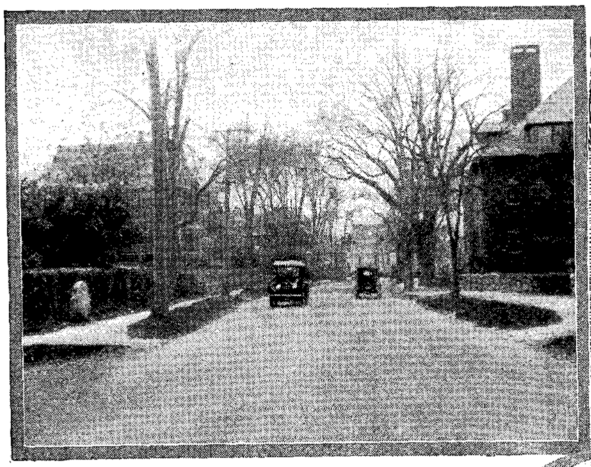
"When Auntie (meaning the Empress), and I received your telegram we laughed for two hours until we fell down on the floor. We are delighted and wish you every happiness. Olga."

The Grand Duchess could afford to laugh. She had just married the Duke's aide-de-camp, a young man half Peter's age, and was keeping house for him in a cottage all their own. . . . In this case four people at least had been exiled into happiness. Others may live to bless the cataclysm that sent them out into the world of men and labor. For the present, however, their problem seems insoluble.

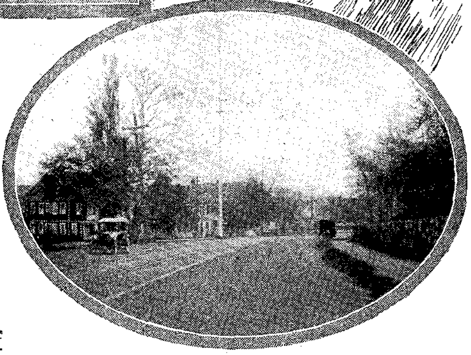
Same Here.—A Yankee soldier while in England was being shown over an old church beneath whose floor there were many graves.

"A great many people sleep within these walls," said the guide solemnly, as he indicated the inscription-covered floor.

"Is that so?" replied the Yankee. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?" —*Everybody's Magazine.*



Where Paul Revere Road passes through Arlington. This highway was constructed with Tarvia in 1918



Massachusetts Ave., Arlington, Mass. Constructed with Tarvia in 1918, this fine boulevard is typical of Tarvia roads.

Where Paul Revere Rode—

Old North Church, from whose belfry flamed the lanterns of liberty.

"On the Eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five," Paul Revere stood waiting on the Charlestown shore. Then two lights flashed in the tower of the old North Church. Swinging into the saddle, the patriot galloped through the darkness over the rough country roads—his horse now floundering through a mud-hole, now stumbling in the wagon ruts.

* * *

In 1923, on smooth, dustless, mudless Tarvia roads hundreds of motor cars follow the route of the Midnight Ride. For since Paul Revere's day, America has learned the lesson of good roads. But more than that. Experience has also proved that too costly road construction hinders the efficient development of any good roads program. Experience has proved that the country needs greater mileage of moderate-priced, low-maintenance, all-year highways.

Tarvia roads squarely meet this need. For Tarvia roads are not only firm, smooth, dustless and mudless all the year round—they are far less costly to build and maintain than any other type of modern highway. The use of Tarvia insures the most miles of good roads that can possibly be built and maintained, with the road funds available. There is a grade of Tarvia for every road purpose—new construction, repairs and maintenance.

If you want better roads and lower taxes in your community write to our nearest office. Your letter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

Illustrated booklets describing the various grades and uses of Tarvia will be sent free on request.

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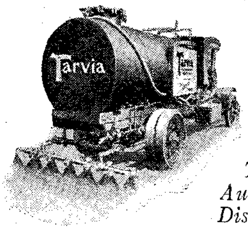

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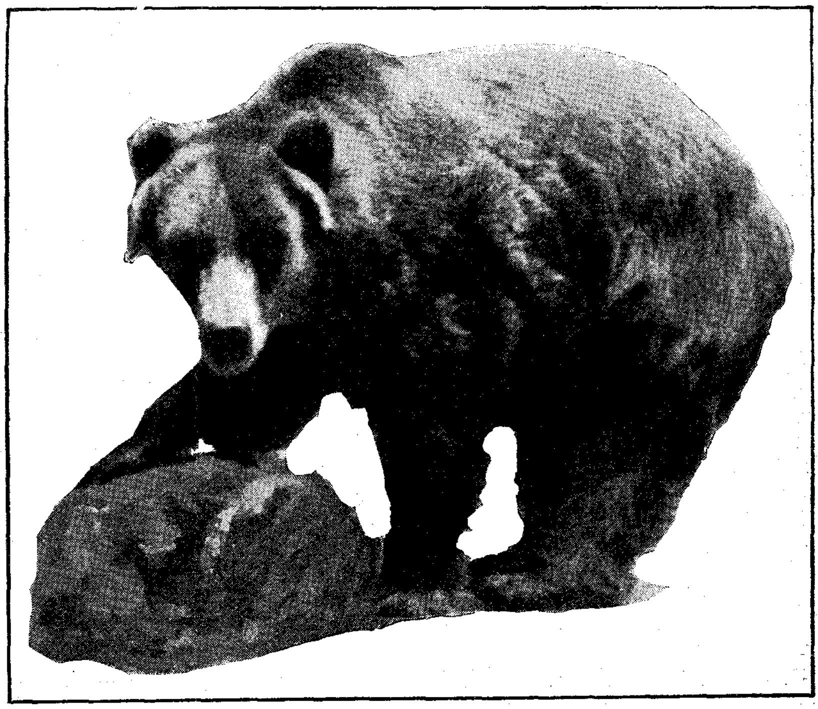
BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

"BIG BEAR," THE CATTLE MURDERER

IT WAS A WILD SURPRIZE to the cowboy who was watching his herd, and a tragic one to the cow itself, to have a huge grizzly bear leap out suddenly, fling his claws over the cow's nose, throw her violently on her back and tear her heart out, and yet that is exactly the dramatic stage-entrance of the wild robber and killer grizzly, later known as "Big Bear." The late Mr. Enos A. Mills tells us of "Big Bear's" criminal career in his book, "Wild Animal Homesteads." (Doubleday, Page & Co.) "Big Bear" was so strong and fierce and cunning, that he kept at bay, for fifteen years, single hunters and bands of determined men sworn to take his life. In all this time he was killing mild and defenseless cattle in the most bloodthirsty way. Mr. Mills tells of the grizzly's approach to the herd thus:



> The bear usually approached the herd and his intended victim by stealth. He slipt up, with the wind in his face, so that the cattle could not scent him. By using ravines, advancing from cover to cover, he picked his victim and, when close enough, made a dash for her.
>
> Sometimes Big Bear varied his clever and successful method of stalking. He introduced clowning, mingled humor with murder. With a somersault he would burst into view of a herd, and advance close with cart-wheeling, varied with the chasing of his tail.
>
> This novel exhibition appealed to the curiosity of the cattle, and commonly they advanced to meet him or waited for him, filled with wonder and astonishment. Of course, this clever performance was pulled off with the breeze blowing from the cattle to him. The herds were large, and many of the cattle had never seen a grizzly, tho all knew and feared him from his scent. Hence he worked from leeward, as the faintest scent from him would have stampeded the spellbound audience—and the picked victim.
>
> This picked victim was almost invariably a two-year-old heifer. As soon as she was thrown, the bear broke back her left foreshoulder and tore out her heart. The heart and the blood were eaten, but rarely anything else.

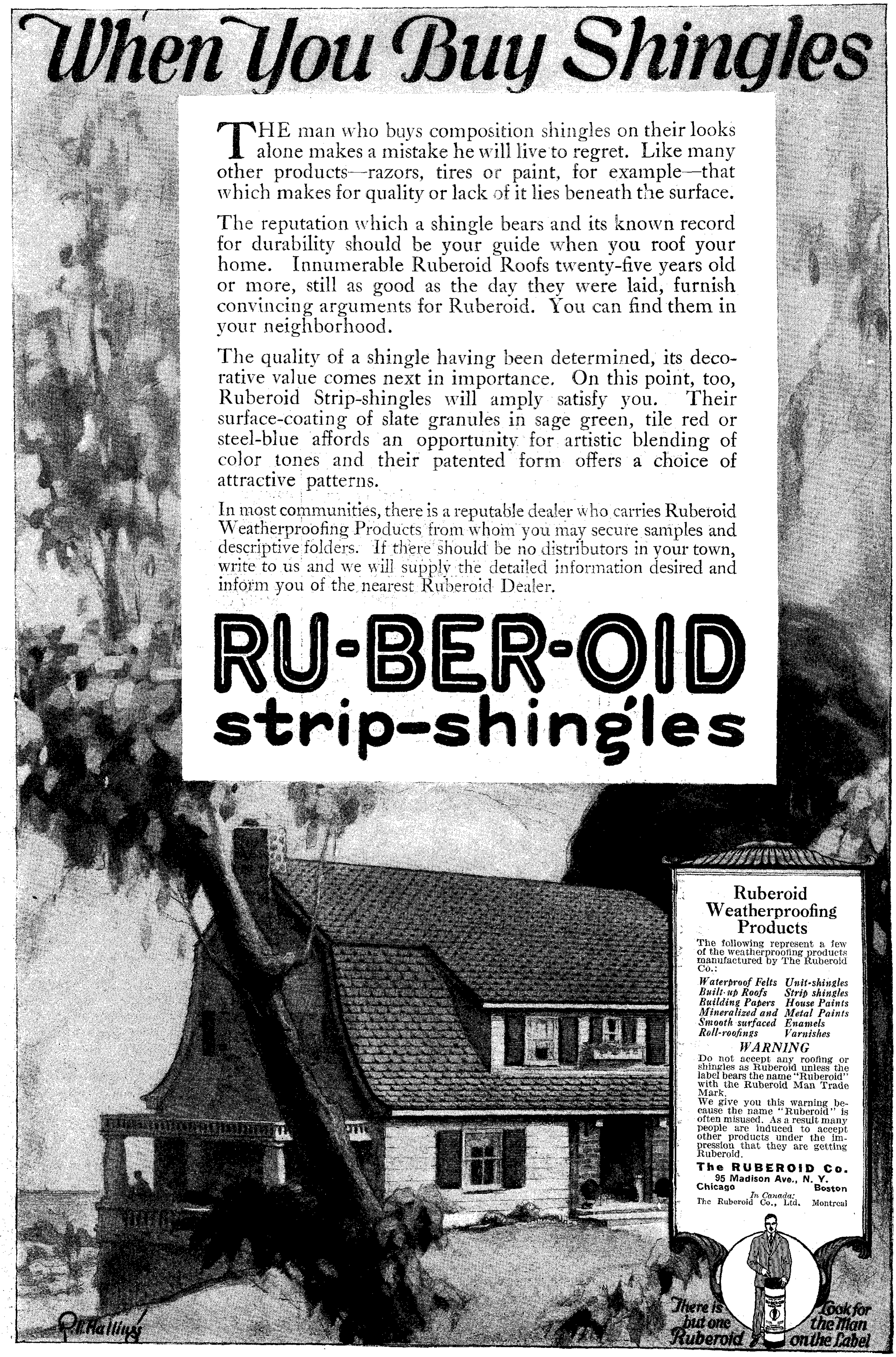
Large rewards were offered and concealed traps set, and his kills were often poisoned, but the only thing which happened was that he suddenly appeared in some other part of the country, perhaps twenty miles away, still at his murderous game. His movements were shrouded in a deep haze of uncertainty; the only thing certain was that he would escape. The reward was increased to $3,000 and hunters hired by the season, and "Big Bear" perhaps grinned bear fashion, and went along in his evil way, leaving a trail of dead cattle behind him.

He did not often come near enough to be seen, but Mr. Mills speaks of some of his dramatic appearances:

> Rarely did any one catch sight of him. It is doubtful if, during his entire life, he was seen a dozen times. During the fifteen years of his active, deadly hunting numerous hunters were constantly seeking him, but saw him not. When he was seen, it was by people who were not looking for him.
>
> One night he called upon two hunters who were trying to ambush him on one of his much-used trails. They were two of many who were in his territory trying to get a shot at him. They had concealed their tent in a thicket. He circled the tent at midnight, pushed in the door, entered, and calmly ate a number of trout that were to have been served for breakfast. Then he paused, to look quietly at the two men in bed. The one at the back was trying to get under the one in front, and the one in front in order to avoid being pushed over the rail gave up trying to get back. After observing the deep emotional nature of the peaceful hunters, the bear drank from a basin and backed out. He heard no comments; there was no pursuit.
>
> True to his grizzly nature, he was eternally vigilant. His trail showed that he always assumed that he was followed. He was never surprized in the rear. His cautious or bold advances showed that he knew the enemy was trying to meet him at every step. But there never was a meeting, tho numerous times one was thrillingly close.

However, all careers of crime sooner or later have an end, and "Big Bear's" was no exception to this rule. 1913 was the year destined to see the fall of this great outlaw grizzly, and Mr. Mills recounts the story of that epochal event in the following manner:

> The pursuit for Big Bear never ceased. For a time one hunter tried his skill, then another. Then a combination of trappers, cowboys and hunters tried, some of them following the trail day and night. At one time there were seven outfits trying to intercept Big Bear.
>
> New hunters were brought in, who had been successful against other outlaw grizzlies. One of these collected all the cattle of the territory into herds, and had them kept out of the rougher part of the region. The natural lines of approach to them were guarded. But Big Bear made a kill every day.
>
> One hunter picketed with scarecrow men three of the leading passes by which the bear crossed from one side of the mountain to the other. The bear appears to have accepted scarecrow guards, and for two days or longer to have hidden close to a pair of these dummy men with real rifles.
>
> The fourteenth year of slaughter he made one or more kills each day. In one ten-day period he killed thirty-four cattle. These activities occurred in thirty-four separated places in his territory. All this time, too, hunters were on his trail.
>
> Could any human outlaw have endured one-tenth as long as Big Bear? Human outlaws prolong their careers by remaining inactive for long periods, by lying low, and also by changing to a new territory.
>
> But Big Bear followed no such tactics. His numerous pursuers knew where he was. Nor did he discourage them by ceasing operations for a time. Instead of slowing down or ceasing to kill, for a time he speeded up and occasionally multiplied killings. He did these things in the presence of numbers of hunters, who were trying with the most effective known means to stop him. But man has a poor nose. Big Bear won by his nose.
>
> Driven almost to desperation by his prolonged and increasing



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New Invention Gives Voice Privacy and Permits Better Telephoning

THE necessity for voice privacy was the father of the phone booth. A waste of valuable space and still more valuable time; uncomfortable, stuffy to the point of suffocation, especially in hot weather—endured too long for its one virtue—it gave voice privacy for important, confidential telephone conversation.

A new invention called the Hush-A-Phone is rapidly supplanting the unsatisfactory booth in modern banks, brokerage offices, it is on the desks of purchasing agents, credit men, accountants, lawyers and executives in every business or profession. Wherever important conversations take place, there the Hush-A-Phone functions in three important ways. It gives:

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

slaughter, the cattlemen organized and launched a stupendous drive. Bear dogs and trailing dogs were brought in by the dozen; numbers of hunters and trappers assembled; camp bases were established and pack outfits put in motion.

When all was ready, the large force of men, dogs, and horses was divided into three detachments, each of which moved through a different part of Big Bear's territory. All worked under orders and in concert.

Scouts—real scouts—were sent in advance; cowboys dashed here and there, with rush orders. Trails were guarded day and night; dogs trailed day and night; every bit of the territory was combed and stormed.

The first day of the drive the bear made a kill within rifle-shot of the rear of one of the divisions. The following morning he made another kill, and this immediately in front of, but concealed from, another division. These daring raids stimulated the aggressive interest of every one to the highest point.

Again and again the bear broke through the lines of men, horses and dogs and flanked them; then, while a scouting party was trying to locate and corner him, he suddenly appeared miles away, in front of one of the other divisions. Repeatedly he passed within a stone's throw of sentinels and pickets.

The grizzly is a born adventurer. Perhaps Big Bear enjoyed this extraordinary campaign. In the midst of this terrific drive for his death, his business—making a living, killing—went on as usual; every day, as usual, he surprized a herd and made a kill. For seven days and nights the campaign was waged with incessant activity, with the chief actor everywhere present; but not a single individual in the drive so much as saw him.

N. T. Galloway, the famous beaver trapper, hunter, and Grand Cañon explorer, came on the scene. During 1912 he studied Big Bear's habits and became familiar with the territory. He was out for weeks alone; and whether, during this time, he attempted to hunt or to trap the bear is not known. But the season came to an end; the cattle were taken from the mountains, and the bear went somewhere to hibernate for the winter.

Early the following summer, 1913, Galloway took the field. He carried with him a bottle of scent of a secret character. This, probably of seasonal odor, he had concocted himself. During preceding years he had successfully trapt beaver where others had said there were no beaver, and he had succeeded simply by means of concocted scents, which reached the noses and appealed to the curiosity or the interest of the beavers.

In the end of a small box cañon he placed a quantity of this scent. Fifty or sixty feet down the trail, in the cañon, he concealed a number of bear-traps.

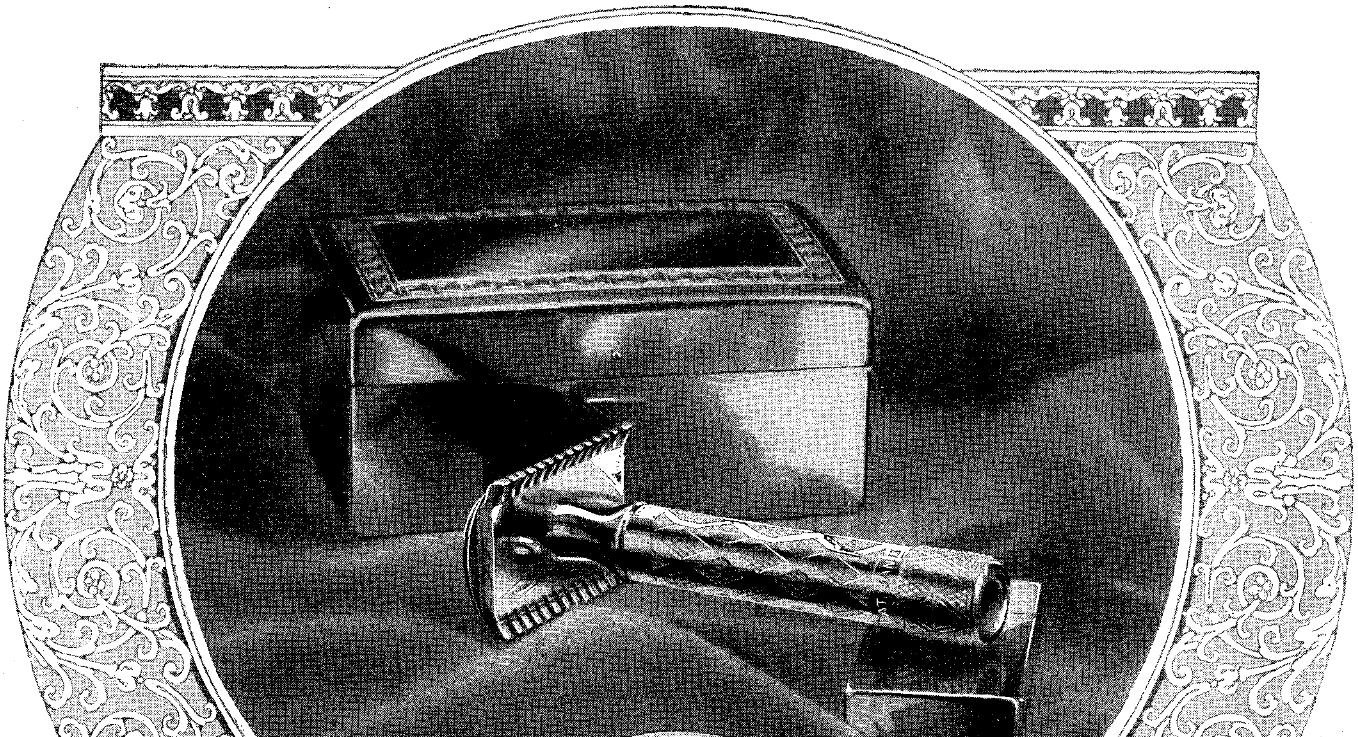
The odor of this strange scent floated afar. It reached the nose of Big Bear. It was promising—bewitching. He advanced cautiously toward it. As he approached, he became intoxicated by it, and forgot all caution. It told him that She had just passed that way, in maiden meditation, fancy free. He rushed after—and into a masked trap.

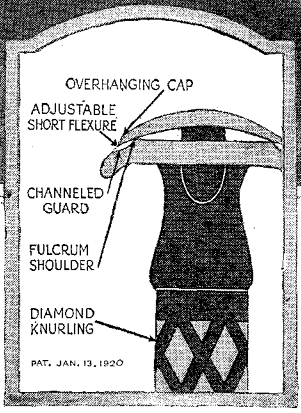
Thus ended the career of "Big Bear."

HOW SEEDS BREATHE

EVERY living thing has to breathe—even the seeds of plants. The packets of seeds lying on the shelf waiting to be planted are breathing. Sealed in a tight bottle so that they could get no air, they would die just as surely as a man would, tho not quite so quickly. Says Dr. E. E. Free, writing for Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> Breathing consists of taking oxygen gas out of the air and putting back into the air, in its place, another gas called carbon dioxid. This is what humans do when they breathe. Scientists who have been studying seeds find out that all seeds do exactly this same thing. The substance of the seed itself, the living matter inside it, is continually taking up oxygen and giving out carbon dioxid gas.
>
> The quantity of oxygen used by a seed is very small. Dry seeds use up so little of it that you need the most delicate and complicated chemical apparatus to make sure that it is being used at all. But always, no matter how dry the seed is or how small or how old, there is always a little oxygen being used up by it, so long as it is alive and retains the power of growth. Scientists have used this fact, even, as an extremely delicate and quite certain test to tell whether important samples of seeds are still alive or whether they have accidentally died.
>
> When seeds have been planted and are getting ready to grow, they use up more oxygen and breathe faster than when they are dry and are merely resting between seasons. This is why it is so necessary for air to penetrate into the pores of the soil before seeds will wake up and sprout in the spring. When they begin their real job of starting a new living plant they have to breathe faster, just as we get short of breath and begin to breathe more deeply when we work our muscles harder than ordinary.
>
> This faster breathing when they begin to grow applies to all ordinary kinds of seeds. But a Japanese scientist, Dr. Takahashi, discovered some years ago that there is one kind of seed that does not need air in order to wake up. This is the seed of rice. The ordinary rice grains of the stores are merely the inside of these rice seeds, with their yellowish husks or coats scraped off by machinery and thrown away.
>
> Rice seeds, Dr. Takahashi found, will start growing even inside a sealed bottle where there is no air at all, provided only that the seeds are wet enough and warm enough. Recently Dr. W. A. Cannon and I found another kind of seed that will do the same thing. It is the seed of a kind of wild grass that grows as a weed in the rice-fields of California. These two kinds of seeds, the rice seed and this grass seed of ours, are the only known kinds of seeds that have this extraordinary ability of starting off in the spring without needing any breath of air.
>
> But this does not mean that these seeds can really live and grow without breathing. They do breathe, but they are able, strangely enough, to breathe water. Water is a chemical compound of oxygen and hydrogen. What the rice seeds do, we believe, is to break up some of the water into its chemical elements, just as the chemist can decompose water with an electric current in the laboratory. Then the rice

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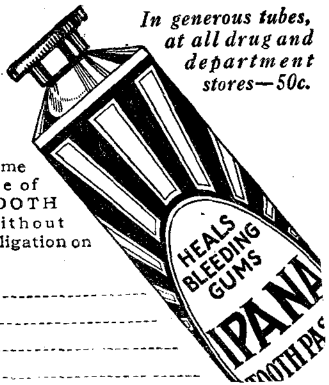


BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

seed breathes this oxygen that it has made for itself out of water, so that it doesn't need to get any from the air the way all the other seeds have to do.

O WONDERFUL HORSE!

"O HORSE, you are a wonderful thing; no buttons to push, no horn to honk; you start yourself, no clutch to slip; no spark to miss, no gears to strip; no license-buying every year, with plates to screw on front and rear; no gas bills climbing up each day, stealing the joy of life away; no speed cops chugging in your rear, yelling summons in your ear. Your inner tubes are all O. K., and, thank the Lord, they stay that way; your spark plugs never miss and fuss; your motor never makes us cuss. Your frame is good for many a mile; your body never changes style. Your wants are few and easy met; you've something on the auto yet."—*Ranger H. R. Elliott, of the Malheur, in American Forestry* (*Washington*).

WHY THE FLOWERS HAVE PETALS

THE following charming account of "Why the Flowers Wear Petal Dresses," by Dorothy Arno Baldwin, we run across in the *American Forestry Magazine* (Washington). It is poetic and imaginative, and also solves the long-discust problem of the petals, which we all have wondered about in our early childhood.

"Something must be done or the Flower People will die!"

It was Rose who spoke. All the Flower People were gathered around her, looking very sad. You never, *never*, would have guessed who they were, for not one of them had a petal dress and, what is more, they never had had any! Even the Rose wasn't much more than a stem and a few leaves, and at the top of the stem a clump of stamens to hold her pollen, and a pistil with tiny rooms inside in which to make seeds.

There was a long silence after the Rose had spoken, and just as it began to seem as if nobody would ever speak again, Mother Nature happened along. She had a way of appearing at just the right time.

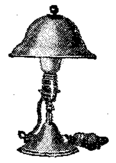
"Good morning, little Flower People," she said gaily. Then she stopt short.

"Dear me! What *can* make you all so sad this fine summer morning?"

"We have enough to make us sad," said Rose, "for scarcely one of the seeds we made last year sprouted this spring. The few that did sprout were so weak that the new plants aren't growing well at all. If things keep on in this way, there won't be any Flower People pretty soon."

"What can be the matter?" said Mother Nature. "Haven't you all had plenty of nice fresh pollen, and hasn't it been placed so it will fall in just the right spot to reach down into the seed chambers and help make your seeds?"

"Yes, we've always had plenty of pollen, and it always falls in the right place, but lately a good deal has been lazy and doesn't



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reach down far enough to find the seed-room. Maybe that's where the trouble is."

"Let's see now!" said Mother Nature, briskly, to the Rose. "Just shake a little pollen down onto your stigma. Why, you haven't any pollen left!"

"I've used it all up," said the Rose, "and not a single grain has gone to work. My sister still has a little, tho. Perhaps she'll lend me some."

"I'm sure she will," said Mother Nature, and taking a few grains of pollen from the stamens of the sister Rose, she sprinkled it on the stigma of the other.

"There! That's good pollen, and I don't see any reason why it shouldn't make seeds for you. Now you just sit quiet here for a while and see if anything happens while I set the winds to work."

While Mother Nature was calling the winds and giving them her orders for the day, the little Flower People made a ring around the Rose and waited to see if anything would happen. They could scarcely breathe, they were so excited. The Rose was excited, too, but pretty soon she began to smile, oh, ever so faintly! Then her smile grew a little brighter and a little brighter, and she said:

"I think"—then she stopt.

"Oh, *what?*" cried the Flower People all together. "Is the pollen beginning to work for you?"

"Yes! Yes! It is!" cried the Rose. "It's stretching out tiny fingers and reaching down, down toward my seed-room! It has found the door! Now it's pushing its way in!"

"Oh, Mother Nature! Mother Nature! The pollen has begun to work for me!"

Mother Nature sent the winds scurrying and hurried back to her little Flower People, who were all on tiptoe with excitement.

"Splendid!" said Mother Nature. Then she wrinkled her forehead and thought hard.

"Yes, it must be," she said, after a moment. "That has been the trouble with all of you, I'm sure. You all need pollen from each other. If your own pollen won't work for you, somebody else's pollen will."

Then Mother Nature wrinkled her forehead again.

"How am I *ever* going to find time to carry pollen back and forth for all of you? I simply can't do it. Why, there are millions of you everywhere!"

"Couldn't the Bees and the Butterflies and maybe the Humming-birds and some of the little Creeping Things help?" suggested the Rose. "There are millions of them, too."

"That's so," said Mother Nature, "they shall help. But you're all such tiny little things that they'll never be able to see you. I'll have to make some bright-colored dresses for you, so they will know where to find you."

Mother Nature hurried to her storeroom, and came back with her arms full of petal cloth, softer than silk. Some of it was red and some was blue, some was yellow and some was purple, and there were pink, and orange, and all sorts of other shades besides. With her scissors, Mother Nature cut out millions of petal dresses and fitted them to the flowers. Then she embroidered them with lines and dots of other colors that would show the Insect People where they must go to find the pollen, and where they were to leave it in each flower.

When the Flower People were all drest, Mother Nature took the honey jar out of her pantry and put a drop of sweet-smelling honey in the center of almost every flower.

"That's to be a reward for the Insect

Out of Focus!

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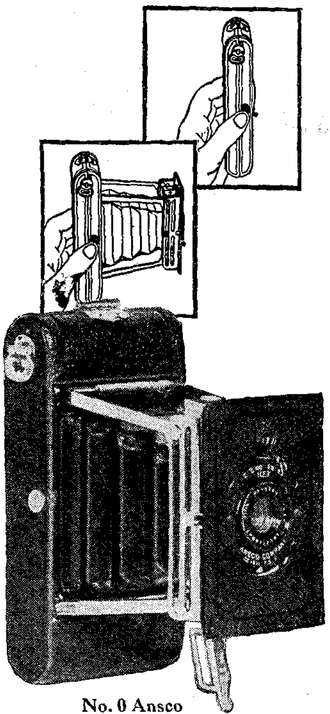

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

People," said Mother Nature. "They like sweet things."

No sooner was the last drop of honey placed in the last blossom than there was a tremendous buzzing, and the air was filled with Bees and Butterflies and Hummingbirds, and quantities of little Creeping Things came crawling from every direction to see what all these bright, sweet-scented things were.

Such excitement as there was! Each one of the Flying and Creeping Things chose the flower he liked best or thought the prettiest, and when they found that delicious honey hidden away inside, they worked with a will, carrying pollen from flower to flower. The next spring a whole army of seeds sprouted and grew into fine, strong plants, and ever since then the Flower People have worn gay petal dresses, so that the Flying and Creeping Things won't forget to visit them.

FRIENDS THE WILD FOWL TRUST

VISCOUNT GREY, of Great Britain, has some peculiar wild duck friends who vary their habits of swimming and fishing by building their nests in trees like other birds. One of the Viscount's wild ducks made its home in a hole 22 feet from the ground, and there the little wild ducklings were hatched and lived. The question in Viscount Grey's mind was how the young birds were to be got to the water, which was three hundred yards away. This amusing story is told us in *Our Animals* (Martinez, California), as follows:

At first thought this combination seems unlikely and unreal, but it is neither, for ducks, some ducks, nest in trees, and the tree-nesting duck is the burden of our story.

The story-teller is none other than one of the big men of the world, and that is a big thing to say. We think Viscount Grey, of Great Britain, is just so much bigger because he has a hobby, a hobby for wild nature. There at his sanctuary at Falloden, wild things knew they were cared for, loved and protected. There the wild squirrels knew when the "Big Chief" was at home and found a ready access to his library, through a big window purposely left open, and within that sanctum found welcome, safety, nuts, and everything. So Falloden became known to the little people of the air, land and water as an S. P. K. A., a sanctum providing kindness to animals. This sanctum became known to all the air travelers along the great highways of migration, and in their long, long journeys many would make a way-station of Falloden, alight upon the quiet pools and rest in the safe retreat. Joining the permanent boarders there they would be free from fear, and after a few days feed freely, even from the hand of the Master. When rested they would take to flight, winging their way north or south as the seasons called them.

Viscount Grey tells of one of his Carolina ducks that built its nest in an elm 300 yards from the water in a hole 22 feet from the ground. The nest was two feet below the level of the hole. Much interest was aroused as to how the young birds were to be got to the water. As soon as the birds were hatched the mother duck flew down into the long grass at the foot of the tree and called to the young. Presently the ducklings crept or scrambled to the edge of the nest-hole; one by one with the fearlessness of instinct they tumbled into the grass. When all had reported (wonder how the mother counted them) they marched off together to the pond. No surprize is it to have the story-teller comment upon this wonderful demonstration of nature's education and energy. Figure it out—newly hatched birds, never fed, scrambled up a dark tunnel for two feet, fell 22 feet and walked 900 feet to get to the pond, and then a life on the ocean wave! These wild fowl showed a very highly developed domestic life and great affection. True, they were merely ducks and drakes, but the pairs never separated all the year round and showed distinct signs of pleasure in each other's company. It was just home sweet home all the time.

Mr. J. Lake Morden, of Bowmanville, Ontario, is also a successful friend of wild birds, and has a sanctuary for them, as we are told by George A. Mackie in *Canadian Forestry*, Ottawa. He has one particular pet named "Babe," which from accounts, is a very well-behaved "child." Mr. Mackie says:

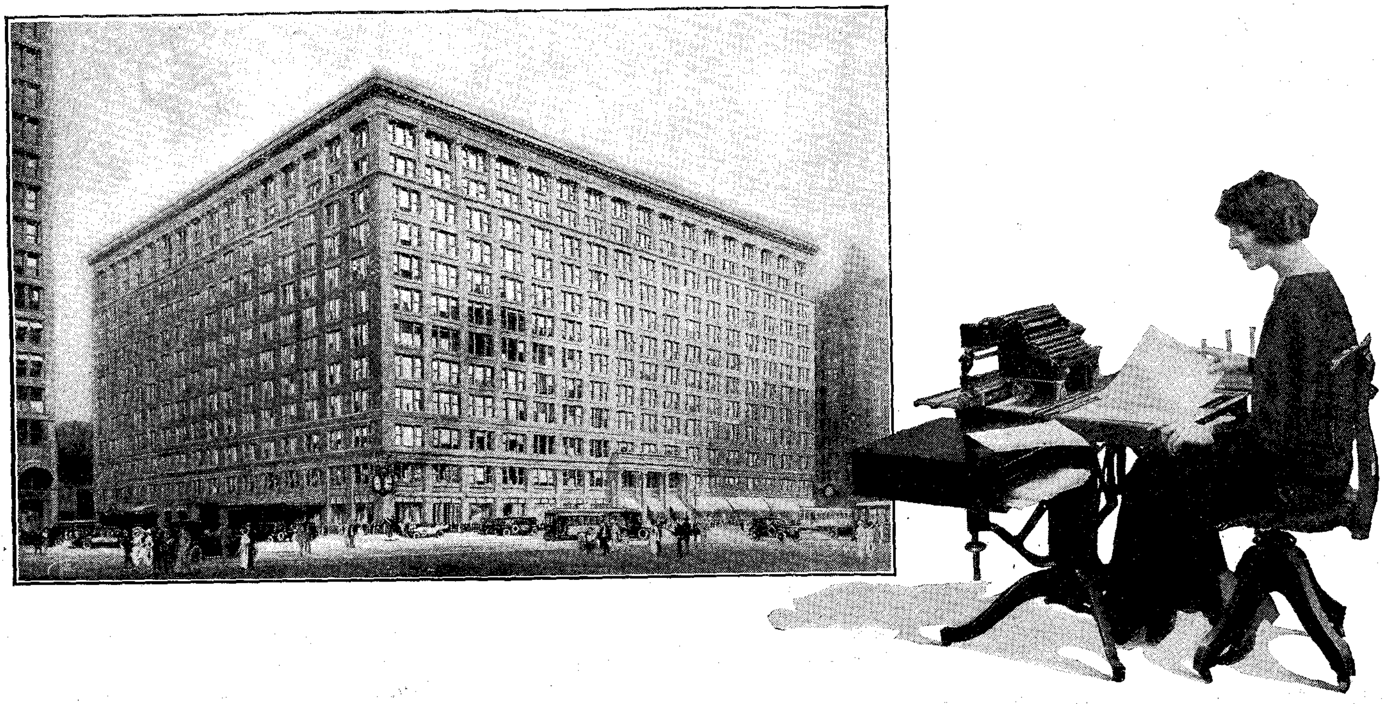
At Bowmanville, Ontario, about forty miles east of Toronto, Mr. J. Lake Morden maintains winter quarters for a flock of wild geese and wild ducks which is limited only in size by the accommodations he has to offer.

During the past winter Mr. Morden's flock of "tame wild fowl" consisted of eleven geese, a saw-bill, a keel, twenty-six mallards and ten white gull-ducks—these latter, Mr. Morden believing to be a cross between a sea gull and a wild duck. Mr. Morden feeds these ducks himself, and the fact that he is the president and general manager of John Mackay Company, Limited, manufacturers of Cream of Barley and other cereals, reacts very favorably on the physical well-being of his feathered protégés.

"You feed wild geese and they will not migrate as long as they have open water," says Mr. Morden, and he can verify this statement by his experience. His eleven geese have never been under cover and stay in the running water all night. The wild ducks are much the same. They stay in the water during the coldest days in winter and never seek cover at any time.

These fowl are all pets and will respond to their protector's call from any distance within earshot. This, by the way, is the only kind of shot which Mr. Morden permits on his land. One of these ducks is, however, a particular favorite, as will be seen in one of the illustrations herewith. "Babe" is her name and she is really more like a child than a wild duck. Her owner has refused twenty-five dollars, which you may rest assured was not the offer of a restaurateur or purveyor of wild fowl in a drest state, for this wise young bird. Mr. Morden enthuses over "Babe."

"Talk about a wise bird! There are few human beings who can beat her. My office is about one hundred feet from the mill and 'Babe' when she is hungry will call 'Quack,' 'Quack' until I open the door to let her in. She will follow me back to the mill where I mix her up a little porridge, and believe me, 'Babe' and her younger babes thrive on the treatment."



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

THE WILD TURKEY AT HOME

STORIES of turkeys that majestically sail through the air to light on the highest tree almost bring tears to the eyes of the careful housewife, as she is reminded sadly of the price of turkeys at Thanksgiving time, and their alleged scarcity. Anyway, it is cheering news, as told us by Archibald Rutledge in *The Outlook* (New York), in his article entitled "Make Room for the Turkey," that the American bird, tho roosting high, is increasing in number. There has always been, according to some people, "room for turkey," but alas, no turkey for the room. To find the turkey, Mr. Rutledge went forth three hours from Washington in his faithful car into a wild and lone valley, just before daybreak. It is a lovely and mysterious scene and hour Mr. Rutledge describes, at "dawn in the forest." There was the far-off bark of the wild fox, the silence and odor of the pines, the whisper of the leaves, the song of the little trickling rill, and in this setting and time he found the turkey. Mr. Rutledge says:

> Four hundred yards from the pine thicket I paused in a thicket of second-growth sprouts to reconnoiter. Not far off I heard a piece of bark fall. I knew that a squirrel must have dislodged it, or else that a turkey had become restless on his roost and had kicked it loose. In the woods every sound is likely to mean something. Looking up through the trees, I saw the flaring dawn, a faint and fading star, and, assuredly, certain great black shapes in the tall oaks and chestnuts. They were turkeys, still on the roost. Counting them, I numbered fourteen; but I knew that there must be others a little farther up the glen that I could not see. In the faint fog rising from the stream, the birds looked huge. One became querulous and gave a soft call. This was the old mother. Now they began to ruffle their feathers, and to crane their necks. They would soon be flying down. I stole a few yards closer, and from ambush behind a mighty poplar I watched an old gobbler go through a lazy awakening. He shifted his weight, seemed to shuffle his No. 10 shoes, thrust forth his head prodigiously, wabbled his tail to shake off the dew, and then settled back in heavy contentment.
>
> But the younger birds were more restless. One sailed down, and I was surprized at the little noise it made. Others joined it. Soon the whole flock was on the ground. They were so close to me that I could see every movement. They were, of course, foraging; but they were not yet scratching in earnest. In the leaves on the slopes of the glen the turkeys made as much noise as a troop of cavalry. A single bird seemed to make as much disturbance as a man walking carelessly. But there was a certain constant vigilance. There were alert pauses, crafty listenings, liftings of snaky blue heads in acute wariness. Once I saw an old gobbler pause while he had a great footful of leaves drawn back only half as far as he intended to pull it. He thought he detected a sound

that he did not like, or else he was aware of the noise he was making. This scene was to me as arresting almost as would be one in Sherwood, with Maid Marian and the others stealing through the glimmering forest.

Taking the back track, I climbed the ridge to the north of where the turkeys were feeding, intending to keep above them so as to study them better. I had gained the crest of the ridge when a weird sound literally burst over me. Comparable to the howling of a shell, it had something like wild, mad music in it. Looking up, I saw two gobblers coming. They had roosted high up on the mountain, a mile above me, and were now sailing down to feed.

This sailing of wild turkeys down the long slope of a mountain is one of the sights of nature which affects me deeply. Launching forth on their great wings, these proud and stately birds volplane, roaring down over the tree-tops at cyclone speed. A teal duck flying on a straight stretch of river has been accurately timed as making a hundred and twenty miles an hour. Turkeys, during this superb aerial coasting maneuver, assuredly make not less than a mile and a half a minute. These two that I saw joined the flock feeding below me.

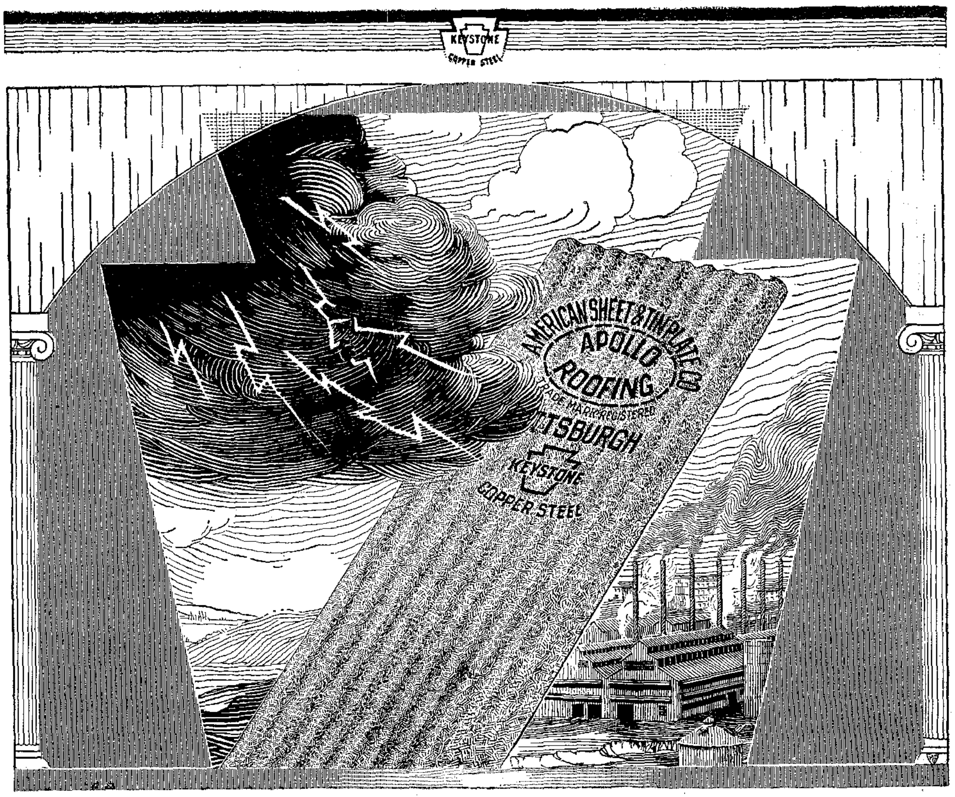
And on what were they feeding? As the time was November, they got little animal food save a few indiscreet beetles and grubs which had either not hibernated at all or had done so in slovenly fashion. These turkeys were reveling in fox grapes, with which these particular mountain slopes were riotously draped.

After watching this first flock for some hours, I went northward along the rolling ridges, through this wild vineyard. Two miles from where the first turkeys were seen I ran into a flock even larger. The woods were literally full of these magnificent game birds. And for fifteen miles on either side of the narrow valley this same kind of country extended. Into this region the great native has returned—perhaps not in all his original glory, but with sufficient splendor.

How has this result been obtained? Well, the sentiment in the region is favorable to the project. Game laws amount to nothing when sportsmen make up their minds to be lawless. But here sportsmen have a good association; no man hunts out of season (at least there is the strongest sentiment against it), the bag limit of one turkey a season is kept, and any infraction of the law is dealt with summarily and rigorously. The wild turkeys have come back, therefore, because the local sportsmen almost unanimously insist that they be dealt with fairly.

Mr. Rutledge feels that the native turkey can never return to its wild home unless a proper sentiment is created so that man views the bird in another light beside that of the materialist "who sees in a wild turkey only so many pounds of meat." Mr. Rutledge tells of the quaint old method, still in use, of calling turkeys. He relates:

In Pennsylvania there is a strict law against calling turkeys. I think the law should insist that every one who hunts turkeys should call them. Every one does, at any rate. During the season the woods are noisy with squawky boxes and squeaky bones. And these are great warnings to turkeys. The genuine calling of a turkey is really a high art, and not one hunter in a hundred can perform the feat.



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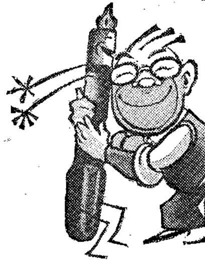

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

IS UNCLE HENRY A MIRACLE MAN?

DERISION is poured over various news items in the daily press about the activities, present or projected, of Henry Ford, by the writer of an editorial in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York), who complains that the newspapers seem to have combined to represent Mr. Ford as "a miracle man who will keep poor folks warm in winter." While freely admitting the genius of the Ford family "at making cheap cars and selling them," the writer inclines to think that its ability in some other directions has been overrated. He first takes up the published announcement that Mr. Ford has purchased undeveloped coal lands in Kentucky and intends not only to provide for his own fuel requirements but to induce others to join him in a "coal conservation scheme." We read:

The scareheads declare that he has a plan "to burn the coal twice" and that "he will ask all industrial users of his coal to install furnaces that will remove only the gas, leaving a fuel unimpaired for domestic purposes. The coal, after the process, would be sold to heat the homes of hundreds of thousands of workers throughout the country. According to a technical explanation of the gas-removing process, the fuel would then be more valuable than ordinary coal for heating." This reminds us of the "Dere Mable" letters. "That's teckenickle, Mable," said the swain, "you wouldn't understand."

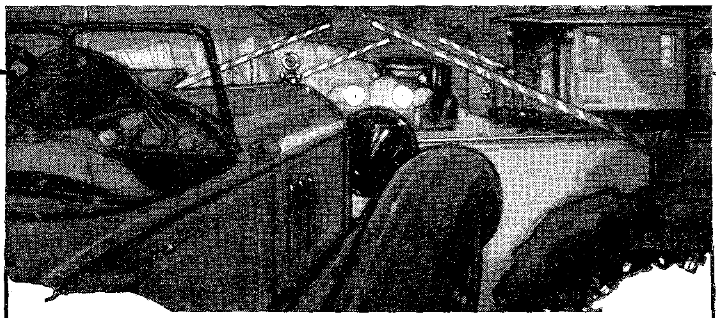
It probably takes a publicity bureau to put over a statement like the dispatch quoted. Editors do their best to avoid this kind of free advertising, but now and then a blurb of this sort gets through. In this instance the Associated Press and all its subscribers, followed by those who copied the news, have effectively joined to present Mr. Ford as a miracle man who will keep poor folks warm in winter. Many papers which printed this as an item of news would refuse to accept it as an advertisement if their business managers knew how misleading it was. The reason is, of course, that the man of science has no place in a newspaper organization. Without saying so, it appears from the statement that the great Henry Ford can induce manufacturers generally to equip their plants not only with a gas system but a briqueting outfit as well, or else that he can persuade the "hundreds of thousands of workers throughout the country" to burn coke. Thus far they haven't taken to it any too well. How does he propose to transport his domestic coke? And what argument has he for gas making that the manufacturers of gas equipment have not urged for years? Has he anything new? Not a word is said of his method. All we have is the misleading intimation that he plans to persuade manufacturers to "extract the gas" and that then they will have more heat units left over in the coke than they had in the coal. While not saying so in measured words, it gives the impression that Henry can do what others can not do. He may aspire toward conservation, but a more effective and immediate step in this direction would be to redesign the Ford automobile engine so that it consumes less gasoline. Mr. Ford is a genius at making cheap cars and selling them, and at getting rich, but thus far we have not heard of his successful efforts at conservation.

The article goes on to say that he will "devote his energies" to reforestation of the timber lands where he has half a billion feet standing, *without cutting down a single tree.* How can he reforest if he doesn't deforest? Without definitely announcing it, the impression is given that the hills are covered with virgin timber. And it is indicated that half a billion feet are ready for harvesting. If that is true, the mature trees should be cut. The only value in letting the timber stand would be to teach Mr. Ford what others know already.

TESTS FOR FATIGUE

MOST persons know well enough when they are tired, and tests to reveal fatigue may appear quite superfluous. Yet the study of fatigue is of the highest importance in the industries, and the lack of accurate methods to detect it in early stages and to measure its amount makes such study difficult or impossible. An editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) tells us that recent investigation has proved the untrustworthiness of some of the most complicated tests hitherto devised, and he urges further study of the subject. The present ways of handling the human machine, he asserts, are empiric and crude. Experience has taught most industrial managers what they believe to be the proper ways of dealing with the workers, and experience is conceived to be the best guide. The thought that the worker is a physiologic mechanism and should be treated as such, is regarded as fit for the laboratory, but not "practical" enough for the factory. He goes on:

> Every one realizes that the foremost limiting factor in work is fatigue, the antidote to which is rest. Incidentally, the condition of personal health is of great importance in the readiness with which fatigue ensues; and, conversely, some persons believe that fatigue has a larger share in the promotion or transmission of disease than has any other single casual condition. The admittedly important study of the phenomena of fatigue hinges on the availability of suitable methods of investigation. Fatigue must be detected with assurance and measured with some approach to reliability, if it is to be accepted as an index of bodily fitness, and if physical performance is to be gaged in accordance with its dictates.
>
> Within recent years a considerable number of physical tests have been proposed as indicators of fatigue in human beings. Some of them have found useful application in furnishing evidence of the changes in physiologic "fitness" attending pathologic states or exertion under extreme conditions of environment. There can be little doubt of the importance of having a procedure like Martin's "resistance strength-test" or "spring-balance muscle-test" for measuring the muscular impairment in such conditions as infantile paralysis. It is one thing, however, to detect pronounced physical deterioration, and another to measure physical fatigue



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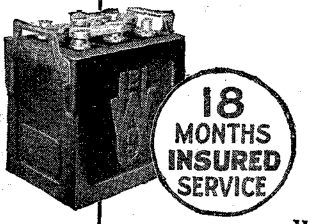

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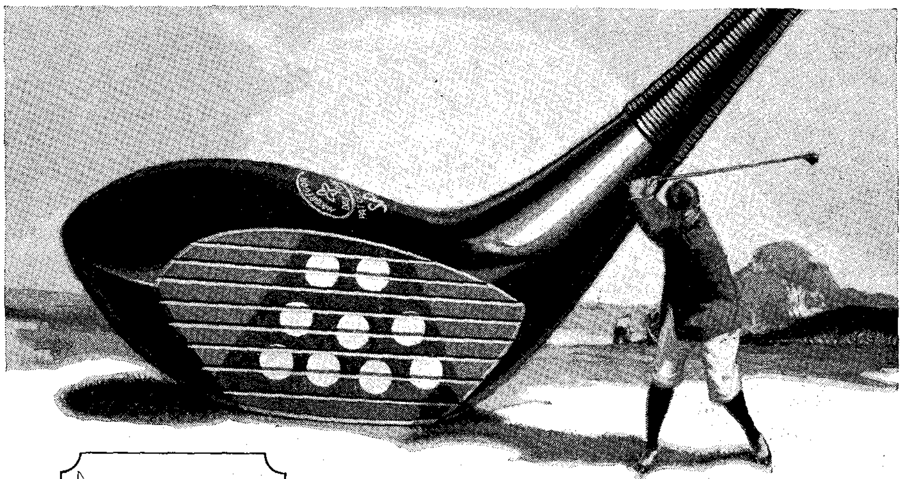

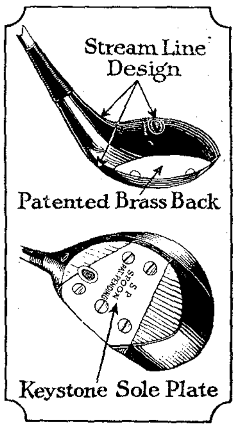

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

resulting from the usual routine of healthy work. In connection with the latter, Lee and Vanbuskirk of Columbia University have failed to find a reliable criterion of the daily physical fatigue of the individual in any of the tests heretofore proposed. The human electrocardiogram [record of heart-action] fails to reveal changes due to such exercise as walks of 14 miles entail in untrained persons. The skin reaction was undependable in healthy persons, as were the respiratory observations employed in detecting incipient stages in the breakdown of aviators suffering under the stress of flying.

The preservation of normal functions and reactions in healthy persons, despite ordinary vigorous exercise, speaks eloquently of the factors of safety in the human body. The cardio-vascular system, serving as it does the needs of the whole body, ought, in the interests of the organism, to maintain its efficiency and its capacity for work unimpaired as long as it is possible. Observations show that this indispensable condition is maintained, even after strenuous demands are made on this physiologic system. It is sensitive, and constantly reacts to a host of intrinsic and extrinsic influences. When these reactions are persistent and leave a continuing impress, they may be detected by appropriate tests; and here some of the tests that have been used appear to have proved practicable and valuable. But in the ordinary affairs of life the reactions are temporary and fleeting.

RACE AND MENTAL CHARACTER

A DISCUSSION on this subject between anthropologists and psychologists, held recently at a meeting of the two sections of the British Association having these sciences in charge, is reported in *Nature* (London). The reporter notes, to start with, that the works of travelers, geographers and historians, both ancient and modern, abound in characterizations of the mental qualities of various peoples, both civilized and uncivilized, but that when the ethnologist comes to the investigation of racial differences in mental qualities, he is confronted with a twofold difficulty. We are told that:

> On one hand he is dependent upon observation from which it is difficult to eliminate the personal factor, and, on the other hand, it is not clear how far mental characters can be correlated with the physical characters of races. In the solution of this problem it is essential that the anthropologist should secure the cooperation of the psychologist, and it was with this object that the discussion on "Mental Character and Race" was held. The discussion was opened by Professor J. L. Myres, who said that the principal consideration was that in many individuals in any modern society of mixed ancestry, dispositions and faculties differ. Such mental qualities are inherited like physical qualities and characters. It might be assumed that they stood in some direct relation to some element in the nervous system. Further, some mental qualities

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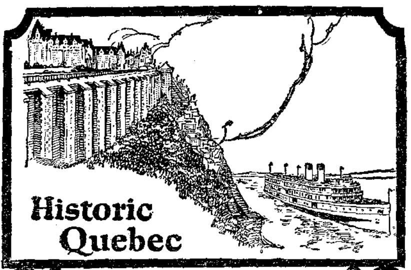

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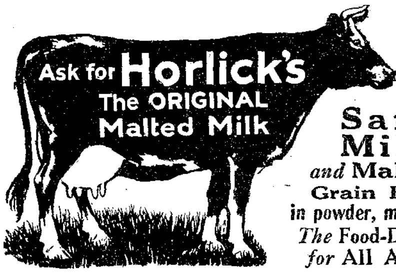

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seemed to be associated with some physical characters, as for example a "fiery" temperament with red hair. Some of these physical characters are racial, or (like red hair) seem to result from crossing of racial elements. The analogy from the artificial selection of the breeds of domesticated animals indicates that it is possible to enhance or combine mental qualities.

Professor Myres went on to point out that the older ethnologists characterized racial types by mental as well as physical characters. The individual has a post-natal experience as well as a pre-natal equipment, and in investigation it might be difficult to eliminate disturbing factors. Professor Myres stated, however, that he himself had found that the offspring of British fathers and Greek mothers brought up in a Greek environment differed as markedly from pure Greeks in their attitude toward discipline and labor as they did in physique, temperament closely following breed.

In summing up the problem, Professor Myres said that the ethnologist, and, in particular, the social anthropologist, must define more clearly the elementary terms in their characterization, while the psychologist must go further in laboratory work on such complex manifestations as the "sense of right or wrong," irrespective of race or breed.

Dr. C. S. Myers, president of the Psychological Section, said that the chief determinants controlling mental characters were heredity and environment. On the physical side environment—climate, temperature, food supply, and the like—acted directly and indirectly, especially on the internal secretions which affect the functions of the emotions. Environment must have played an important part in producing such differences as distinguished Americans, Australians, and New Zealanders; but it was not known with certainty how these differences came about, or how permanent they were likely to be. Different parts of the same country exhibited distinguishing characteristics.

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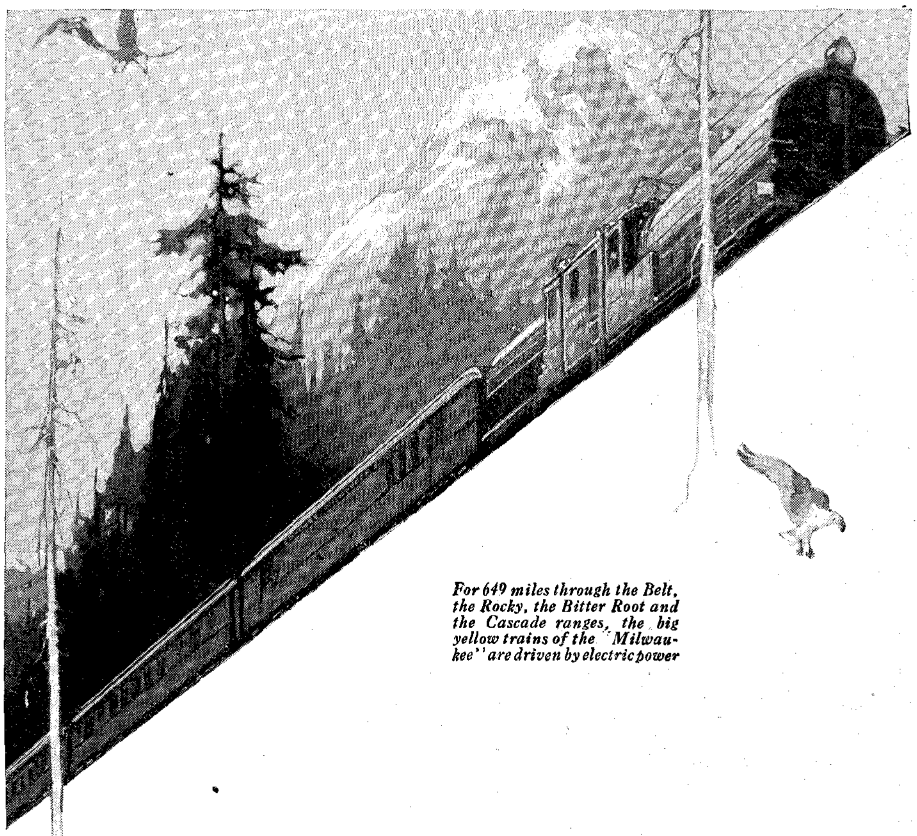

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN ON BUSINESS WITH RUSSIA

SOME straight talk on Russia—and there was incidentally some straight talk to Russians—comes from so representative an American business man as Irving T. Bush, of Bush Terminal fame. He thinks it will not be altogether impossible for mutually profitable business relations to be established between the United States and Russia as now governed. His general impressions from his present visit to Russia, he says, "are not unfavorable," and, as quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, he wishes to emphasize three points in particular:

> First, that all I can see and find out convinces me of the stability of the Soviet Government.
>
> Second, that in my short stay in Moscow I had an opportunity to talk with the real leaders of Russia, Trotzky, Kameneff, Tchitcherin, and others.
>
> Third, that I was able to talk to them quite frankly and without mincing words.

Not one American in ten thousand, concludes Mr. Bush, has any idea of the order and generally good conditions prevailing in Russia, and he believes that the leaders there are intelligent, courageous and sincere. Turning to the immediate prospects of Russo-American business, Mr. Bush continues:

> It seems that America on the whole is not a market for such commodities as Russia is now able to produce. We will take their furs and caviar, but their market for grain, flax, etc., is Europe. Similarly, it is likely that Russia will prefer to buy what she needs for the next few years in the cheaper markets of Germany, England and the rest of Europe than in America.
>
> But, if you consider the physical and economic aspects of Russia, you see at once what opportunities there are for American capital, enterprise, initiative and technic. This country to-day, speaking broadly, is in the same position as America sixty years ago, with immense undeveloped natural resources. Nothing could be more valuable to Russia than American cooperation, based on our own experience in this work of development.
>
> I find that, thanks to the American Relief Administration, Russians not only have a friendly and grateful feeling toward America, but a profound conviction that Americans are "on the level" and prepared to play fair with Russia, and that when they give their word they keep it. This sentiment is even more important than the general idea on the part of Russians that the admission of American enterprise to Russia is not dangerous because America has no political or territorial aspirations to any part of Russian territory, such as might be entertained by some great European Powers.
>
> But there is one thing these people have to learn, which I did my utmost to put before the leaders in the most direct terms, namely, that they can not expect American cooperation until they regain American confidence, and that to regain confidence not merely promises for the future are sufficient.
>
> I told them that before Americans would invest time, technical experience and money in Russia it would be necessary to have proof of Russian good faith in the shape of restitution for private American property seized in the acute revolutionary period, which is now terminated. I do not mean, of course, that Russia must immediately repay everything in cash; but some form of compensation by a funding scheme or otherwise is a *sine qua non* if they want American cooperation. I told them this straight, and I may say that the suggestion appeared less of a shock to them than I had been led to expect.

INCORPORATING A DUKE

THE break-up and transfer of large land holdings is one of the most notable results of the war in England. A peculiar incident in this movement is the announcement that the Duke of Buccleuch and his son, the Earl of Dalkeith, are to float a private joint-stock company for the acquisition of certain of the Buccleuch estates. *The Nation's Business* (Washington, D. C.) quotes these facts from the Manchester *Guardian Weekly:*

> The Duke and the Earl are to be sole principals of the company, which has a nominal capital of £100,000, divided equally into preference and ordinary shares of £1 each, and is to carry on the business of managing and developing estates and of farmers, graziers, sheep-farmers, and stock-owners.
>
> The estates to be acquired are in the counties of Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Dumfries. These include three principal residences, among them Dalkeith House, where Royalty has frequently been entertained. The Duke has in all five residences, and the remaining two are Boughton House, a mansion in Northamptonshire, and his London residence, 2 Grosvenor Place, S. W.
>
> According to one authority, the Duke's estates in Scotland consist of round about 400,000 acres. In Dumfries are 250,000 acres, in Roxburgh 100,000, in Selkirk nearly 6,000, in Edinburgh County approximately 3,000. These possessions stretch over large areas of hunting and fishing country, and contain a fair proportion of agricultural land. In addition there is considerable mineral wealth in County Edinburgh. He is also the owner of considerable land in England, principally in the Midland and Home Counties. . . .
>
> The duke has made a statement "which shows the burdens per pound of rental after deducting management, maintenance, and repairs. These range from 5s. 6d. in the pound in 1912 up to 19s. 7d. in the pound in 1920."
>
> The dukedom was created in 1663, and the Buccleuchs have for many centuries been reputed to be one of the richest families in the land, and many stories of the fabulous wealth of the present Duke's father were current.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 3.—A memorial tablet to the late Walter Hines Page, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's during the War, is unveiled in Westminster Abbey, as the "Friend of Britain in her Sorest Need."

July 4.—Art O'Brien, President of the Irish Self-Determination League in Great Britain, is sentenced to two years in prison, and Sean McGrath to ten years in prison for seditious conspiracy.

July 6.—The French and Belgian Governments notify the German Government that diplomatic relations will be suspended if the German Government does not repudiate the recent crimes in the Ruhr.

July 7.—The French Chamber of Deputies ratifies the Washington Treaty for limitation of naval armaments by a vote of 460–106.

The Council of the League of Nations endorses the report of the recent International Opium Conference, which recommended curtailed opium production.

July 8.—Accord is reached between the Turks and Allies at the Near East Peace Conference of Lausanne, but all reference to the Ottoman debt is removed from the prospective treaty.

The Roumanian-Jugo-Slav Defense Alliance is renewed for three years.

The German Governor-General of the Rhine province posts a proclamation condemning sabotage.

France will not change its coercive policy toward Germany, says President Millerand.

July 9.—Food riots occur at Nowawas, near Potsdam, where the disturbers compel the dealers to sell meat at 10,000 marks a pound, instead of 40,000.

The Angora Government authorizes Ismet Pasha to sign the peace treaty concluded at Lausanne, and demands that all Allied warships be removed from Turkish waters simultaneously with the land forces, that is, within six weeks after the ratification of the Treaty.

The Four-power Pacific treaty, signed at the Washington Armament Conference, is unanimously ratified by the French Chamber of Deputies. The treaty now goes to the Senate.

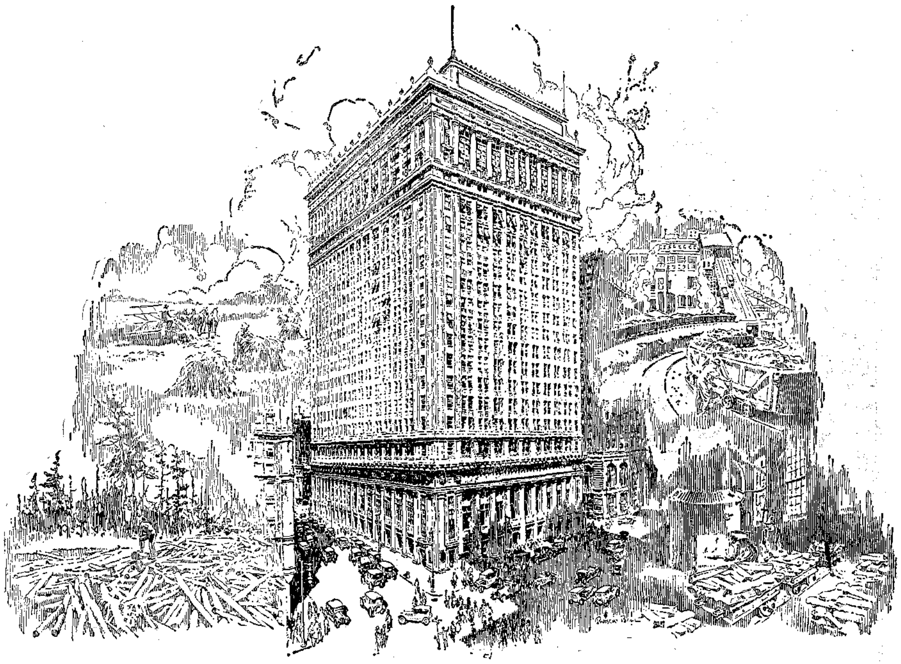
July 10.—The French Government prepares to reorganize its Army of 660,000 men for war, which, runs an announcement, "we are resolved to prevent."

DOMESTIC

July 4.—British marines take part in the Independence Day exercises at Portland, Oregon, where President Harding expresses the hope that the event will prove significant for the English-speaking peoples.

Jack Dempsey wins the decision in a fifteen-round bout with Tommy Gibbons, staged at Shelby, Montana.

July 5.—President Harding announces at Tacoma, Washington, that he has received a joint communication from a large majority of steel manufacturers in which they undertake to abolish the



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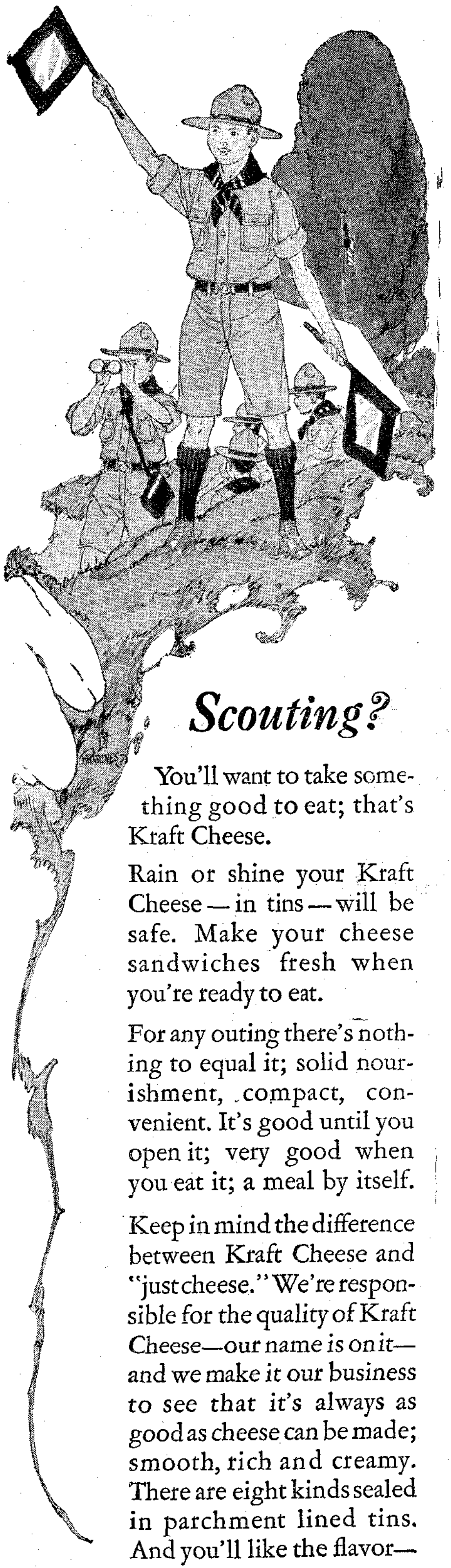

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

twelve-hour day in the steel industry at the earliest moment that the additional labor required is available.

The Federated Farmer-Labor party, with a platform under the direction of The Workers' Party of America, is formed at Chicago, but with the Farmer-Labor party itself declining to participate.

Nearly a score of persons were killed and hundreds injured, some perhaps fatally, by fireworks throughout the country, reports the Associated Press.

July 6.—A conference of anthracite operators and workers begins at Atlantic City, and the miners present their demands for an increase of 20 per cent. for contract miners and an advance of $2 a day for day men, abolition of the twelve-hour day for pump men and similar workers, and institution of the check-off system as "complete recognition of the union."

Congress can not regulate the amount of liquor a physician may prescribe, holds United States Federal District Judge George M. Bourquin in a decision handed down at Helena, Montana.

The Federated Farmer-Labor party and the Farmer-Labor Party of the United States, with individual platforms and candidates, are announced as entries in the 1924 political field.

July 7.—The United States naval balloon, piloted by Lieutenants L. J. Roth and T. B. Null, which left Indianapolis July 4 in the national elimination race, is found collapsed in Lake Erie.

Thomas Walter Higginbotham is sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for the murder of Martin Tabert, of North Dakota, whom Higginbotham is alleged to have whipt to death while Tabert was a prisoner in a convict lease camp in Florida.

Postal receipts for the fiscal year just ended show a 12.16 per cent. increase, the largest in the history of the postal service, with the exception of 1918, announces the Post-office Department. The total postal revenue for the year is estimated at $533,000,000, compared with $484,893,000 for the year previous.

July 8.—Government regulation and government intervention and operation of the coal-mines in emergencies are recommended in the report of the United States Coal Commission, appointed by President Harding to investigate the coal industry.

July 9.—Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan attempts a dawn-to-dusk flight from New York to San Francisco, but because of mechanical trouble is forced to land near St. Joseph, Missouri.

President Harding and his party arrive in Wrangel, Alaska.

The body of Lieut. L. J. Roth is found floating in Lake Erie, lashed to the basket of the naval balloon wrecked July 5.

William R. Day, former Associate Justice of United States Supreme Court, dies at Mackinac Island, Michigan, in his 75th year.

July 10.—The Interstate Commerce Commission orders an investigation into railroad rates, charges, regulations and practises governing the transportation of coal.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"L. P. R.," West Hartford, Conn.—*Feel* and *look* in such expressions as, "I feel *badly*," "You look *nicely*," have no reference to action but do specifically refer to a condition or appearance. For this reason the adjectives *bad* and *nice* should be used instead of the adverbs *badly* and *nicely*.

With reference to such terms as *look, smell, taste*, Dr. James C. Fernald ("English Grammar Simplified," p. 212) says: "We need to note carefully whether the reference is to the subject or to the verb. If the reference is to *a quality of the subject*, use the adjective; as, that hat looks *pretty;* the flowers smell *sweet;* this fruit tastes *good;* I feel *hot;* you look *sad.* But, if the reference is to *the manner of the action*, use the adverb; as, he looked *closely* at the signature; he smelt *suspiciously* the odor of the medicine."

"C. J. D.," Chicago, Ill.—(1) The following sentence is correctly punctuated: "John Jones and Mary Jones, his wife, Helen Black and Henry Black, her husband, and William Jones, a bachelor, convey to John Doe Lot Four."

(2) *Few* is sometimes improperly used for *little.* Measurement by count is expressed by *few*, measurement by quantity by *little;* as, "The loss of a *few* soldiers will make but *little* difference to the result." "The *fewer* his acquaintances, the *fewer* (not the *less*) his enemies." *Few, fewer,* and *fewest* are correctly used in describing articles the aggregate of which is expressed in numbers. *Little, less* and *least* are used of objects that are spoken of in bulk.—Vizetelly, *Desk-Book of Errors in English*, p. 84.

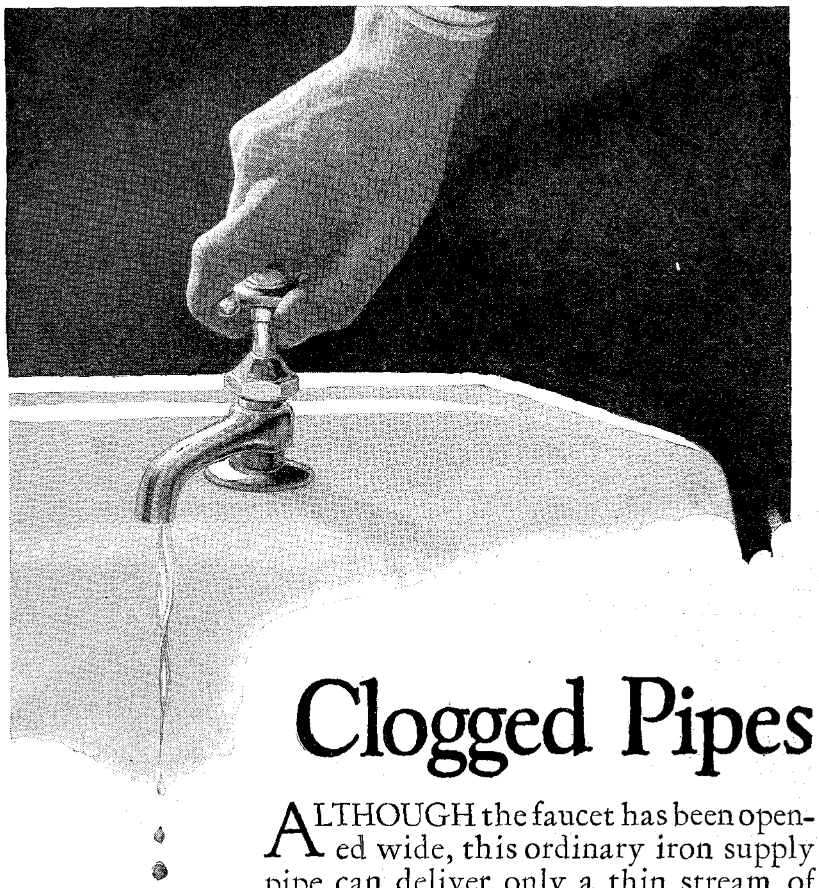
"R. L. T.," Newark, O.—By some purists the sentence, "The times were *every way* hard," might be condemned for an unnecessary ellipsis, "*in* every way" being the strictly grammatical form, but numerous instances may be cited from classic English in which "every way" is used without "in." See Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, act iv, scene 3: "You wrong me *every way*; You wrong me, Brutus!" In fact, this form found favor with the Bard of Avon, for it occurs repeatedly in his works. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v, scene 3; *Much Ado About Nothing*, act i, scene 3; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act i, scene 1; Fielding in *Tom Jones* writes of a lady whose "mind was *every way* equal to her person." Carlyle in his *Miscellanies*, volume I, p. 169, speaks of "a wide and *every way* important interval."

Because ellipses tend at times to obscure the meaning of a sentence, they should be avoided, but in view of the instances cited above, this particular form may be considered as an established idiom.

"G. W. G.," Lovettsville, Va.—In the sentence cited, the word *enough* may be placed either before or after *thousands*, either position being grammatically correct—"They are working day and night turning out thousands of cars, but not *enough* thousands to supply the demand." The Lexicographer, however, would prefer to place it after rather than before *thousands,* and in this is supported by the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY, which says under *enough:* "*Sufficient* usually precedes its noun; *enough* more frequently follows."

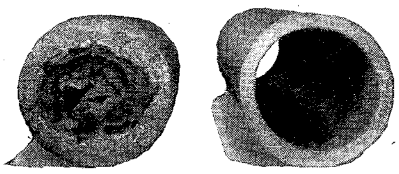
"H. C. G.," New York City.—(1) *Ennui* is pronounced *an-nwi'*, with the accent on the second syllable, the "a" as in *artistic*, the "i" as in *police*. The first syllable is nasalized but lacks the "g" sound.

(2) *Contents* is a plural noun. Therefore, a verb in the plural is required to agree with it. We may say, however, "The contents of a letter *are* noted," and also, "The content of the letter *is* illuminating." In the second sentence, *content*, altho a singular noun, has the collective force of "all that a thing contains." In custom-house usage, a *content* is a written declaration of the quantity and kind of cargo carried by a ship; also, the port of destination presented to a searcher before a vessel is cleared for sea on an outward voyage.



Clogged Pipes

ALTHOUGH the faucet has been opened wide, this ordinary iron supply pipe can deliver only a thin stream of discolored water. Rust—the inevitable enemy of iron—has choked the pipe.



Ordinary Iron Pipe Anaconda Brass Pipe
after four years of service

The two pieces of pipe illustrated were cut from cold water service lines installed side by side, in August, 1918, and photographed in April, 1922. After only four years the ordinary iron pipe is almost entirely clogged with rust and the outside surface is badly pitted. The Anaconda Brass Pipe is in excellent condition.

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BRASS PIPE

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Enlightening.—PERCY—"I have been greatly benefited by spending the evening with you. Your intellect appeals to me. Are you a literary woman?"

MERCY—"Oh, my, no; I am a teacher in an infant school."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Where They Go.—The head of the firm caught the office boy telling falsehoods.

"I'm surprized at you!" he said. "Do you know what they do with boys who tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply: "When they get old enough the firm sends them out as traveling salesmen."—*Boston Transcript.*

His Nose Knows.—"Do fishes smell?" says a heading in THE LITERARY DIGEST. I'll say they do!—*Longmont (Colorado) Call.*

So It Seems.—"Bertie," said mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty, I get another gray hair."

"My word!" replied Bertie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Hard Luck.—DESPONDENT TREMLOW (mournfully)—"Well, by gosh! This is the irony of fate for keeps. Here I've spent my last 50 cents ter commit suicide with gas, an' I git a room with 'lectric lights."—*Judge.*

Try This, Girls.—WIFE—"Dear, if you'll get a car I can save a lot on clothes during our vacation this summer."

HUB—"How do you mean?"

WIFE—"Well, you see, if we go to one hotel as formerly, I'll need seven dresses; whereas if we have a car I can get one dress and we'll go to seven hotels."—*Boston Transcript.*

Grand Row.—The couple were married and traveled to the lakes for their honeymoon. As soon as they arrived they took a boat out upon the lake.

The following morning the bride's mother got a postcard, which read:

"Arrived safely. Grand row before supper."

"My!" she muttered, "I didn't think they'd begin quarreling so soon."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

John Bull Misses Again.—Several Americans and an Englishman were touring the Pacific coast in an automobile. The Americans were much amused at a roadside sign which read:

"Three miles to San Francisco. If you can't read, ask the blacksmith."

When nearing San Francisco, the Englishman burst out laughing, saying that he had just caught the joke. When the Americans asked what it was, he said:

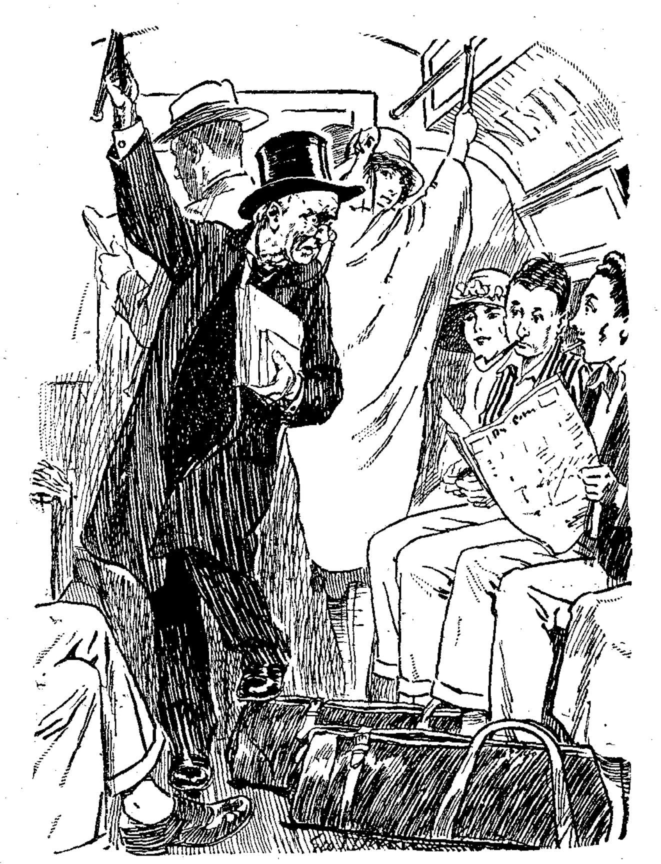
"Suppose the blacksmith wasn't at home?"—*The Open Road.*

Night Noises.—"Here," said the salesman, "is a pair of pajamas you'll never wear out."

"Er—yes, they are rather loud for street wear, aren't they?"—*New York Sun.*

Natural Inference.—BUTCHER—"My son—the one that used to help me in the shop here—he's gone in for boxing. Won a championship, too!"

CUSTOMER—"Ay, I remember him. I suppose he'll have won the lightweight championship?"—*The London Mail.*



SHORTSIGHTED AND TESTY OLD GENTLEMAN: "I am sorry to have to tread on your feet in this way, sir. But if you *will* stick them out all over the train, I can't help it."

—*Passing Show* (London).

A Biblical Scholar.—"And do you know your Bible, my child?"

"Oh, yes; I know everything that's in it. Sister's young man's photo is in it, an' ma's recipe for face cream, an' a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby, an' the ticket for pa's watch."—*Melbourne Punch.*

Nearing the End.—"I am not going to talk long this evening," said the speaker. "I've been cured of that. The other night I was making a speech when a man entered the hall and took a seat right in the front row. I had not been talking an hour when I noticed he was becoming fidgety. Finally he arose and asked:

" 'Shay, how long you been lecturin'?' "

" 'About four years, my friend,' I replied.

" 'Well,' he remarked, as he sat down, 'I'll stick around; you must be near through.' "—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*

Speed Maniac.—"Waiter," said a customer after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well you ought to go. You would enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past."—*Juggler.*

Sounded Difficult.—Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of them applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said finally. "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is, I ain't never washed a eagle."—*The Open Road.*

Its Mission.—"What's this Uncle?"

"That's a Zebra."

"What does it do?"

"Well, er—it's principally used to illustrate the letter Z."—*The London Mail.*

Spoiling Some Oratory.—"Your honor, the Constitution—"

"Now, my boy," interposed the kindly old Judge Wedge, "this is a ten-dollar dog case. The Constitution is not involved."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bosses Were Wise.—The heads of a big manufacturing plant had this notice posted at the beginning of the summer season:

NEW RULE FOR OUR EMPLOYEES

All requests for leave of absence on account of toothache, severe colds, and minor physical ailments, and on account of church picnics, weddings and funerals and the like, must be handed to the foreman in charge of your department before 10 A.M. on the morning of the game.—*Houston.*

Help Wanted.—Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbeth nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, I'm sure ye're very welcome."

SANDY (desperately)—"Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to suspect something?"—*The Continent (Chicago).*